













MODERN ELOQUENCE

VOLUME SEVEN

ADDRESSES

# MODERN ELOQUENCE

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

*The outstanding After-Dinner Speeches, Lectures and Addresses  
of Modern Times, by the most eminent speakers  
of America and Europe*

## VOLUME

- I—AFTER DINNER SPEECHES, A-D
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- IV—ADDRESSES—Business and Industry
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Educational, Professional
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Inspirational, Scientific
- IX—MASTERPIECES—European
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- XI—MASTERPIECES—World War
- XII—FIVE HUNDRED BEST ANECDOTES—INDEX

*Introductory Essays by Eminent Authorities giving a Practical  
Course of Instruction on the Important  
Phases of Public Speaking*

# MODERN ELOQUENCE

FOUNDED BY THOMAS B. REED

VOLUME SEVEN

ADDRESSES

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# INTRODUCTION

## ORATORY PAST AND PRESENT

BY THOMAS BRACKETT REED

"An Oratour is he, that can or may speke or reason in euery question sufficetly, elegantly and to perswade properly, accordynge to the dygnite of the thying that is spoken of, the oppertunitye of tyme, and pleasure of them that be herers."—SIR THOMAS ELYOT, *The Governor*, book I, ch. XIII.

THE Republican party, and the protectionists generally, if, as they claim, they have reduced white paper to the low price which now prevails, have a heavy responsibility upon their consciences. Not only are books now within the reach of all, but miniature libraries are springing up on all hands, and very soon the wonder of carpets and handsome furniture in the homes of the men whose daily toil is their only resource, will give way to the new wonder of libraries in every household. Newspapers, also, are enlarging their fields of endeavor, and seem to be more than keeping pace with the movement of the time. So far have they gone, both in the greater and the smaller cities, that the venerable persons who come down to us from a former generation are in much doubt as to whether the great Sunday editions are a joy or an affliction.

One would naturally suppose that the manifest change which has taken place in methods of displaying and receiving ideas would have left the old methods stranded high up on the shores of time. The earliest method of spreading information and molding opinions however, has not passed away. Men still talk to each other face to face, and oratory still plays a great part in the instruction of modern times. It is true that the orator reaches his largest audience by the aid of the newspaper, but the newspaper nowadays depicts the applause and dissent of the audience, and gives, so far as it can, the atmosphere with which the orator is surrounded, and makes the reader appreciate

the full human nature involved in the whole scene. The very postures, also, of the orator are displayed.

But, however well any article may be written, and however well any speech may be reported, there is a charm in the spoken word, in the utterance of the living man, which no beauty of style can imitate, and no collocation of words can equal. Probably Æschines never said: "You should have heard the lion himself," when in exile he praised his superior, but if he was made to say it—if the story was invented—it was because the truth was deeper than the fact.

What we call in America "Stump Oratory"—oratory in its roughest and most familiar shape—still plays a great part—a part which hardly seems to lessen in its influence over the people at large. To be fully satisfied, they must hear the man speak, and give themselves up to the sound of his voice. Whenever a campaign comes on, all the available vocal power is called into action, and whoever watches the effect will see that the oratory of the campaign is a very powerful and invigorating force. In 1872 a large number of the leading men and newspapers had placed themselves in opposition to General Grant, and there were weeks during which his election seemed more than doubtful; but the campaign orator had not been at work a fortnight before you could feel the change. Not only were there words, but you had looked into the face of the man who said them. When you read what is written, the power of the written word depends much upon your mood. When you hear a man speak, his power depends much on his mood. You naturally lend your thoughts to him. Moreover, the rest of your fellows in the audience do their part, and there comes on that irresistible power of human sympathy which gives you your share of the emotion of others and mingles your thoughts with theirs.

Of course, oratory can never again have the relative importance which it had in the early days when there were fewer things to do and fewer things to think of. In those old days you could meet and harangue the whole deciding multitude; for Athens in its prime had but twenty thousand free citizens; eight thousand was good attendance; and the human voice could have reached them all. In New York, Cooper Union holds less than three thousand people, and Madison Square Garden

thirteen thousand! If the orator could convert them all, he would hardly disturb the majority of either party. What a difference between an audience in either place and the audience Demosthenes addressed when, in the Oration on the Crown, he reached the summit of fame, whereon he has stood for three and twenty centuries in solitary and unapproached preëminence. Even Cicero himself, his only rival in historic renown, concedes that Demosthenes is the standard of perfection. His audience was all the people, and not an inappreciable fraction. His oration did not have to share place in Athenian minds with absorbing business and with newspapers laden with the doings of a world.

So, the preacher, in the early days, had the advantage of the influence of the next world, and a goodly portion of this. Men are so busy now with the things of earth that there is little room for thoughts of the hereafter. Chrysostom, he whose mouth was of gold, the great preacher of antiquity, would hardly be on the road to so wide a fame in this age as he was in the age wherein he lived. The advocate, also, is crowded into obscurity, and Hortensius and Sulpicius in the modern world would hardly preserve, in our age, what antiquity has given them, the shadow of a name, and even Cicero as an advocate would have to eke out his reputation at the bar with his fame as a statesman.

Nevertheless, oratory survives and seems in as great demand as ever, though the prizes have grown smaller, or, perhaps, strictly speaking, the other prizes of human endeavor have grown larger.

The lecture field is still open, and if oratory shares public attention more fully with other attractions and does not hold, as in the days of Beecher and Curtis and Wendell Phillips, its old preëminence, the audiences which listen to General Gordon and Henry Watterson have not lost their old interest and enjoyment.

Those who have reached the age which naturally praises the days gone by still look back on the old lecture platform as the golden time of oratory in the New World. The men who laid the foundations of American literature in those days shed their light from many eminences all over the land, and taught high thinking and clean living to eager listeners not yet wedded

to the pursuit of wealth, and not yet yearning for unwilling empire. They spoke to audiences which longed for the ideal life of the saints and sages, and made possible the dream of that freedom for all which Jefferson put into words in the Declaration of Independence, and Lincoln put into the deeds which preceded and followed his second inaugural. But, in this crowded world, when the work is done the instrumentalities pass away, for the earth does not long allow itself to be encumbered by the ruins of even its loftiest temples or its most sumptuous palaces. When the worship has ceased and the King is dead, time, the devourer, does his work, and institutions perish as well as the men who made them. Only vitality itself, the living germ, can resist decay, and even that must pay the homage of a new incarnation into a life not always loftier or more noble.

The oratory of Congress has certainly increased in volume, and for aught we know, has increased in ability, but, like all things else in a republic grown from three to seventy-six millions, it has lost its old proportion, and now struggles in vain for an audience as wide as of yore. No metropolitan paper publishes even a synopsis of the debates, and a member acquainted with its business cannot tell what is going on after a three days' absence. Each paper gives room to the doings of its own legislature, and erases Congress to give place to what used to seem to be smaller things. Probably the Record, the official publication, is to blame for this, and the member, to insure his appearing at full length in one place, has surrendered his chance to appear in all places. Nevertheless, a speech suitable for a campaign, and delivered at the proper time, may still have wide circulation and a three months' immortality.

Commencements have not lost their liking for orations, and as the number and size of colleges and universities have greatly increased, with them has also increased the desire for the spoken word. Whoever has reputation enough of any kind to make people anxious to see him will not lack invitations to appear before fine audiences and enforce whatever ideas he may have of life and duty. Of course, from all this effort on the part of orators and all this endurance on the part of the

people, there comes much diffusion of knowledge and a spread of thought and of new ideas which would wait long if only the printed word were at the service of the world. Parker and Phillips poured a great part of their noble work into these channels and were able to make men think as they did by the fact that the magic of their presence supported and sustained the magic of their words.

The funeral oration must have had, and did have, its origin in far antiquity. No time has ever been, and no time can ever be, when the closing of life will cease to be its great event. What it means to him who has passed away only revelation or fancy can depict. What, however, it is to him it will also be to all of us. We tread the path with no consciousness of companionship, and yet we know that all the countless generations of the myriad years of the past and all the years of the future are our sure companions. To us, then, who survive, there comes a certain tenderness of heart which has never come before. The rival is a rival no longer. His hopes and ambitions have fallen by the wayside. In like manner ours will surely fall. If we have been foes our greatest longing in the first revulsion of feeling is to call oblivion down upon the fierce fights of the past; our first desire is to atone for the selfish greed of power or money or place which led to the long and bitter contentions and the cruel enmities now ended forever. Before an audience thus disposed it is not difficult to stir to its depths the human soul. Here we tell the truth with all its warmth and none of its coldness. Our sentences may be well rounded, for they need not be strictly just.

Where we are at liberty to limit no adjective and curtail no sentence there results a beauty of diction, a tenderness of phrase, a full recognition of the hopes of an unknown world beyond, whose peace seems to be on us with the benedictions of the eternal. When we think of the foundation of the funeral oration, for the foundations of all moving speech must be in the audience, we cease to wonder that the most beautiful phases, the loftiest sentiments and the richest recognitions of immortal life, were the productions of an age which to-day the world, still wicked and still far from the glory of God,



looks down upon as an age of gilded sin fitly followed by the butcheries of Parisian mobs and the swift-running guillotine.

When you read the beautiful discourse of the "Eagle of Eloquence," whose name rises at once to your lips as you speak of the funeral oration, you know, if you know history at all, that you must forget the real lives of those whom Bossuet so lovingly praises in death if you are at all to be moved by the hope of triumphant glory which he depicts for those whose reverence for the Ten Commandments could have begun only after their death. The funeral oration, however, has not yet passed away, nor will it ever pass away until the last man has taken his place in the innumerable caravan. Families and friends love to treasure up the words spoken of their dead companions and to hold for truth forever the outbursts of kindly enthusiasm which death has ushered in.

In Congress the funeral oration still survives, and much eloquence still pervades the halls when death comes. Of course, there is much uttered which makes the judicious smile, but there is also much that is worthy of the themes, which, after all, are themes that involve all this world and all of its achievements with all the possibilities of the land across the barriers of which the dead man has been borne. Mankind, however, has been trying to phrase these great conditions which embrace all the past and all the future, ever since the world began. In conflict, therefore, with all past history the oration can have little hope of originality, and the temptation to borrow has sometimes been found to be irresistible. If we ever learn to treat the living with the tenderness with which we instinctively treat the dead, we shall then have a civilization well worth distributing.

The sermon may seem not to fully belong to the domain of the oration, which, in its ordinary acceptance, means a discourse against adversaries and involves immediate conviction and persuasion. As we think of an oration we think of a discourse which seems to be the sudden and consecutive outpouring of a full mind at that moment aroused to action by the opponent who stands before the speaker. The sermon, however, may have all those characteristics, and then become a pulpit oration, subject to the same laws of criticism. Such

certainly were the sermons of Martin Luther and of John Knox.

If it should be said that any sermon has to encounter the great adversary of the human race, or, if the preacher does not recognize the personality of Satan, that he at least has to encounter human nature, our greatest adversary, I presume I should have to admit that perhaps the difference is only one of degree, and that the sermon resembles all oratory, and that, in being more sober and using fewer arts, it in that very way accomplishes the work of persuasion.

Usually, however, the sermon is wholly or largely written out, and lends itself to the informing rather than the stirring of the audience. It can have little recourse to those enlivenments which come from wit and humor, though much has been permitted in these modern days which even so recently as Henry Ward Beecher's time shocked the religious mind. Dean Swift, himself a wit almost without an equal, cautions his young clergyman to avoid the endeavoring at wit, not only because the chances were little less than a million to one that he had none, but because he had better not use it in a sermon, even if he did have it. A sermon, the famous Dean seemed to think, was a means of permanent improvement of the human soul, and, therefore, it was out of place in the pulpit to use what he calls the "pathetic" or temporarily moving expedients of oratory. The victories of righteousness should be the permanent results of pitched battles, and not the display of the banners of the army and the sound of its trumpets.

The after-dinner speech, the antipodes of the funeral oration, has, like that, equal date with Andes and with Ararat. Hardly had the family relation been well established before the guild began. So far back as we know anything of the history of any people, we find them associating in groups of a character more or less permanent as the cause of association was temporary or persistent. With the association came the cementing influence of the banquet, with food and flowing bowl. To watch at any dinner now the gradual exhaustion of talk between neighbors, and the gradual extension of conversation to those farther off, is to understand in some measure the yearning for speeches which takes possession of any

large assembly. Either speeches or dispersion the multitude must have, and so people with the most honest intentions as to silence break forth into sound. To-day associations to protect rights and insure liberty are not so much needed, but the old habits prevail, and the after-dinner speech has, next to the banquet, become the main object of the festival, if, indeed, the interest in it does not exceed that of the main purpose, the banquet itself. Societies, the demand of which for comradeship arises from common nationality and common origin of any kind, have so multiplied in the land that every great city and many smaller ones renew every year the tribute of grateful memories to the land of birth and to the associations of the old home. Here can be easily seen great opportunities for the "pathetic" and for "wit," occasions where Dean Swift's young clergyman might solace himself for the abstention which the pulpit enjoins, where the statesman might, even in talking of public affairs, relieve himself from too sober a presentation of his cares, and where the lawyer might free himself from his duties to his client and find an audience who had not heard the facts which limit his eloquence at the bar.

Here there is room for all, and more than room for all, that are fit, for the demand for such oratory far exceeds the supply.

The popular notion is that this display of wit and eloquence is an easy task. But there is no audience more critical than the one which greets the after-dinner speaker. No party spirit helps him, and he has only the sympathy he himself creates. It is true that he cannot be too serious, but he may preach a serious discourse if he lights up the somber background by the light of eloquent diction or of quaint and humorous phrase. Before this audience he wins the highest praise who adds to the charm of his discourse the soundest wisdom of any orator, the knowledge or instinct of where to stop. The world owes many a worthy lesson to the orator who uses the "Puritan," the "Land o' Cakes," and the names of St. George and St. David to point a modern moral and to justify the doubtful present by joining it on to a past which is secure. The records of these societies show many examples of eloquence of the highest order, some of which ought to be given to a larger world than they reached when delivered.

It is a popular idea that those who are gifted with oratorical power have few other gifts, that their influence perishes with the moving of popular audiences and that they have not in other spheres the power they show in arousing the multitude. In many cases this is so, but those who move public sentiment move it in different degrees. Public sentiment also is of two different kinds: the voice of the people, which is the hurried result of the untrained and uninstructed emotions, and that voice of the people, uttered after due thought and experience, which is the solid and enduring basis of human action. Gales, which are but air in motion, may toss the surface of the seas into wild and ravening waves; but the great strength of the ocean is underneath it all, and, aided by the steadfast genius of man, transports to every shore the products of every land.

Men who stir the surface of thought for the moment may be inferior and command little permanent respect, but the great orators have left too many landmarks behind them to be confounded with rhetoricians and men of the moment. We have not one of his orations left by which we might judge for ourselves, but if there be anything in the testimony of all the men of his time, Julius Cæsar is entitled to rank among the greatest orators of his age. Yet, however much we may mourn over the passage of the Rubicon, we cannot deny to Cæsar the highest rank of all those who have managed the affairs of practical life. Daniel Webster, who was our greatest orator, has never been denied the rank of a great man. Henry Clay, whose oratory was of that sympathetic kind which we most suspect, was the most powerful party leader who ever dictated his will to others.

While we must acknowledge the faults of Cicero, we can also demonstrate that his great superior, "The Orator" himself, has not only left behind him orations which are the models for the emulation of all the world, but also the memory of a life of patriotic devotion and wisdom which, if the Immortal Gods had so willed, might have saved to Athens its pre-eminence among the cities of Greece and preserved the liberties of the ancient world.





ADDRESSES  
CHURCH, CAUSE, COUNTRY



# JANE ADDAMS

## SPEECH SECONDING THE NOMINATION OF ROOSEVELT FOR PRESIDENT, 1912

[Jane Addams was born in 1860 and has long been identified with the social settlement of Hull House in Chicago. She has written and lectured on many subjects of political and social reform. She is generally recognized as the most eminent woman in public life in this country. The following notable speech was made in seconding the nomination of President Roosevelt at the 1912 convention of the Progressive Party].

I RISE to second the nomination, stirred by the splendid platform adopted by this convention.

Measures of industrial amelioration, demands for social justice, long discussed by small groups in charity conferences and economic associations, have here been considered in a great national convention and are at last thrust into the stern arena of political action.

A great party has pledged itself to the protection of children, to the care of the aged, to the relief of overworked girls, to the safeguarding of burdened men. Committed to these humane undertakings, it is inevitable that such a party should appeal to women, should seek to draw upon the great reservoir of their moral energy so long undesired and unutilized in practical politics—one the corollary of the other; a program of human welfare, the necessity for women's participation.

We ratify this platform not only because it represents our earnest convictions and formulates our high hopes, but because it pulls upon our faculties and calls us to definite action. We find it a prophecy that democracy shall not be actually realized until no group of our people—certainly not 10,000,000 so sadly in need of reassurance—shall fail to bear the responsibilities of self-government and that no class of evils shall lie beyond redress.

The new party has become the American exponent of a

world-wide movement toward juster social conditions, a movement which the United States, lagging behind other great nations, has been unaccountably slow to embody in political action.

I second the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt because he is one of the few men in our public life who has been responsive to the social appeal and who has caught the significance of the modern movement. Because of that, because the program will require a leader of invincible courage, of open mind, of democratic sympathies, one endowed with power to interpret the common man and to identify himself with the common lot, I heartily second the nomination.

# MAGNUS WASHINGTON ALEXANDER

## CITIZENSHIP

[Mr. Alexander, born in New York, 1870, is now consulting engineer on economic issues of the General Electric Co. This address was delivered at the commencement of Trinity College, June 20, 1921.]

PERMIT me to give a word of vital information out of the book of experience and to sound a note of warning.

It was the custom in ancient Athens to hold each year a festival at which all young men who had attained their eighteenth year were admitted to citizenship. There in the Temple of Aglaurus, in the presence of the Elders of the city and of many citizens, and with the gods of ancient Hellas as his witness, each of the young men took a solemn oath in these terms :

"I will never disgrace these hallowed weapons or abandon my companions beside whom I am placed in battle, but will fight for both sacred and secular things with my fellows. I will not leave my country less, but greater and better by sea and by land. I will obey the rulers appointed and the established laws and whatsoever new laws the state may lawfully establish. And if anyone attempt to abolish the existing ordinances or disobey them, I will resist him and defend them individually and with the rest."

(Translation from Pollux by Sir Richard Jebb.)

You young men who are about to leave this college, have reached a period in life similar to that of the youth of Athens. Commencement is your time for taking the Athenian oath. This festival attended by your elders in learning, by the officers and trustees of the college, by some of the citizenry and by many of those dear to you, has very aptly been called "Commencement," for it is for you the beginning, the commencement of a broader period of activity.



Most of you leave these college walls to seek your fortunes in the world. You are indeed fortunate that you are entering the world of activity at such a time as the present, for this is a period of momentous and world-wide change. It is a time that has shaken some of the oldest nations to their very roots. We are now emerging from a great world war, the significance and effects of which we cannot clearly see because of our proximity to it. Almost three years have elapsed since the termination of this war, but political and economic world conditions still appear chaotic. The present world-wide depression of industry is but one of the waves in the backwash of this war. No one can tell how long a period will yet elapse before conditions again approach a state of normality.

In this world of momentous and far-reaching change, you in common with the rest of the citizens of this country will have to take your part. It is a part that is all the more difficult because of the position of leadership which our young country has attained among civilized nations.

You will find that in national as well as in international activities, the economic elements dominate, for economics is nothing but the study of the relations of man and man in society. It is little more than the study of how men earn their bread and butter. Economic life to-day is highly organized; national boundaries and territorial demarkations do not limit it. It is like a delicate web encompassing all our activities. A single tension at any one point is immediately reflected in other parts, and a weakening in one place is followed by a weakening in other places.

Thus a strike of sheep shearers in Australia may mean not only a serious curtailment in the wool clip in Australia, but the enforced idleness of men and women in the woolen mills of New England and, in turn, may be reflected in higher prices of woolen wearing apparel in France, Italy, China and other countries to which we export woolen clothing. Similarly, the failure of the wheat crop in the United States or the serious curtailment of the cotton crop, due to the depredations of the boll weevil, may not only throw food or cotton manufacturing plants in other countries into idleness, but may result in a higher cost of living, in suffering and even in starvation for many. The strike of coal miners in Great Britain is result-

ing in the enforced reduction of manufacturing activities in Italian factories which are dependent upon British coal for their power generation.

These widely differing examples may suffice to illustrate the far-spread international interrelation of economic movements.

Those of you who have studied economics in the classroom know, and those of you who will study economics in its practical workings will learn, that economic life is determined by certain laws. There is a law of supply and demand, a law of diminishing returns, and there are certain laws governing prices, wages and profits. Those laws are not man-made; they are the expression of the conclusions derived from the study of the operation of natural economic phenomena.

You will also find that in the economic sphere there is a continued assertion and demand for recognition, by law or otherwise, of certain rights. This battle for rights is nothing new in human development. Indeed, history is little more than a chronicle of the struggle for the recognition or abridgment of certain rights. The Magna Charta, which is a promise of King John of England to his people that their rights shall be the same as those that prevailed in the time of their fathers, is a case in point. So is the Bill of Rights promulgated in England in 1689. In the United States, the first ten Amendments to our own Federal Constitution are sometimes referred to as our Bill of Rights. They recognize such rights as those of freedom of worship, freedom of speech and of the press and assembly, the right to bear arms, the right to trial by jury, and the right to freedom from search and seizure. These rights are essentially political in character.

We are now confronted with demands for the recognition or limitation of what are loudly asserted to be "the right to strike," "the right to organize," "the right to bargain collectively," "the right to a living wage," "the right to a job," "the right to a voice in the management of industry," and "the right collectively to bestow or withhold patronage." These rights are essentially economic in character.

These economic rights differ from the political rights in one vital respect. Political rights refer to guarantees to the individual; so-called economic rights outlined herein refer

largely to groups of individuals. The one is an individual right; the other a collective right. The former recognizes that what is the right of one individual is the right of every other individual; the other seeks to establish the rights of one group as against those of other groups.

The word "right" has always a certain appeal. It carries with it the idea of a square deal. The demand for recognition of a right suggests that the claimant's just dues had been denied. It must, however, be apparent that what may be right for an individual to do, may not always be right for a group to do in concert. An individual may quite properly quit his employment for such reasons as may appeal to him. A group of individuals acting collectively may not, however, have the same right or, if they have, it may be essential in the public interest that the right be abridged in some way. An employee of the Water Department of Hartford has a right to terminate his employment at any time if thereby contractual relationships are not violated. The sudden termination of their employment by all of the employees of the Hartford Water Department in combination may, however, give rise to a situation in which the life and comfort of the community is imperiled to such a degree that the abridgment of the collective right to strike may not only be justifiable but essential in the public interest.

The question of these "collective rights" has come to the forefront as a major problem in our economic relationships. In 1916, the Adamson Act was enacted as a direct consequence of the threat of railway workers collectively to strike unless their demand for the basic 8-hour day was recognized, and involved in this demand was an appeal not for shorter work hours but for a larger remuneration. In essence, the Adamson Act is legislation in the field of wage adjustment and not in that of regulating work time.

In England, we saw recently the threat of a strike by the combined miners, transport workers and railway men. Such a condition seriously threatened the welfare of the entire English nation. David Lloyd George in the House of Commons frankly recognized the danger of this threat and even pointed to the possible need of an appeal to arms in order to protect the community. The sober second thought of the other two trade

unions involved, led them to draw apart from the miners' union and thus to avert a national calamity. By this result, however, the problem of "right to strike" and its necessary limitations has not been settled and is certain to come to the front again in England, as it will sooner or later in the United States and in all important industrial countries.

Nearly all of these "economic rights" give rise to serious problems and often involve conflicting interests. Thus the demand of the trade unions of the United States for the recognition of the alleged right collectively to bestow and withhold patronage, with its recognition of the right to the secondary boycott, strikes at the very fundamentals of industrial liberty. A single individual may properly withhold his patronage from a dealer with whose methods or goods he is dissatisfied; a group may properly withdraw its patronage, but when a group, because it is organized, seeks to use its collective power of organization to force other parties not to trade with a person against whom the group may have a grievance, quite a different issue is involved.

These questions are but a few in the economic arena upon which a decision will have to be made. You as participants in our economic life and as citizens of our country will be called upon to help make a decision in some of these questions. In doing so it will be necessary for you to weigh matters impartially and carefully, for not only your own good but the good of the whole country may be affected by these decisions. You will, therefore, have to look at these matters from the broadest possible point of view, and you may even have to view them from an international angle because of the international character of most economic problems and situations.

Finally, it will be essential for you to consider carefully the consequences of any action that you may take in respect to important economic questions, in order that you may not travel a road or influence others to travel a road which, in spite of your good intentions, may lead you and others to grief and perhaps even to disaster.

In any period, but especially in one of such tremendous readjustment as the present period, there are those who are quite ready to criticize the existing order, who are eager to rush forward into the unknown without any care for the history of



human effort or a sane evaluation of the consequences of their suggested actions. They seldom have anything at stake, and in their haste to usher in the millennium they call everybody, more cautious than themselves, a reactionary; and with their attack upon him they attack the whole economic system of the present time. Yet, if these critics knew history, they would realize that haste must be made slowly in order that it may bring enduring beneficial results. They think in terms of hours where they should think in terms of decades; they lack the proper perspective.

The critics of the conditions of to-day do not take all this into account. They attack our government, the schools, the economic system, our industry—in fact anything and everything that moves too slowly for them. They forget that we can build solidly only on a foundation of healthy evolution—not of rash revolution. They confound motion with progress.

Economics, as previously stated, is the study of the relations of man to society in his effort to earn a living. The economic relationship is a fundamental relationship. Decisions on economic problems must, therefore, be approached with sanity and clarity of thought, with full understanding of underlying principles and of the consequences that may flow from any action, and essentially with a clear recognition that the activities of the human race of to-day are the results of the experiences of untold centuries of civilization. Human activities cannot, therefore, be ruthlessly torn out of their historic and evolutionary setting and transplanted into an entirely new and as yet untried sphere with any justified hope that thereby wholesome and enduring progress may be made.

Progress is the natural law of human life. We move forward, sometimes slowly to be sure, but we move forward nevertheless. Nature's law is evolution and evolution is a slow process. There is too much at stake in civilization for it to be wrecked by hasty and unwise judgments and actions.



# HENRY JUSTIN ALLEN

## THE KANSAS INDUSTRIAL COURT <sup>1</sup>

[Henry J. Allen, journalist and publisher, was born in Warren County, Pennsylvania, 1868, and was governor of Kansas 1919-1921. Nation-wide interest was aroused during his term of office by the passage of an industrial law establishing a court for the determination of industrial disputes. This law was the subject of a debate between Governor Allen and Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, held in Carnegie Hall, New York, May 28, 1920. The speech which follows is Governor Allen's first presentation of his case in the debate.

The Hon. Alton B. Parker presided, and made the following introductory remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Two great leaders of men are to speak through you to-night to more than one hundred millions of people. What they have to say will command at the outset wider consideration by both the press and the people than the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate. This is so first, because all of the people of the United States are interested at this moment in the questions which they are to discuss, and, second, for the reason that in addition to the great skill of the debaters, they have had for a long time since a record of work that demonstrates their faith in the positions which they are to take to-night. Each of these men is a man of high character, of demonstrated patriotism, of great ability, and endowed with moral courage which enables them to confront all comers in a struggle for that which they believe to be right and just. These qualities have given to each of these men a large and independent following. This following is well and equally represented here to-night in this audience, each and every one of whom I am sure is imbued with the American spirit of fair play. Fair play demands that the partisans of each speaker on this occasion shall give courteous and respectful attention to the speakers who are making arguments in opposition to their views. This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is due to the speakers who are addressing millions of attentive but absent persons as well as the thousands within this hall.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I think I agree with most of the history which the

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted with permission of author and publisher from "Debate between Samuel Gompers and Henry J. Allen." Copyright E. P. Dalton & Co.

distinguished President of the American Federation of Labor has phrased and reviewed for us to-night. I think we have all been hearing those wonderful phrases all through the growing industrial quarrels. I have come to-night to you, not as a representative of capital, or a representative of Labor, but as a representative of us all, the general public, to tell you what we have done in Kansas. [Applause.] So I must hark back to the coal strike of last winter, and when I do that I do not do it for the purpose of passing any judgment upon the merits of the controversy. I do not know who was the most to blame.

The fuel ban had been lifted by Dr. Garfield, and coal went up. Then the miners came, demanding an increase of 65 per cent. in their wages, and a shortening of their hours to five days in the week, six hours in the day. I was concerned in reference to that only as the executive of a state, which when the strike came on, was out of coal except as to the operators and the miners. Within two weeks from the hour the strike began, there was the necessity to close down the school-houses and to shorten all of the activities of industry. Finally, there was suffering in homes and in hospitals, and there was coal in Kansas mines enough and to spare.

And so, acting under what I believed to be my moral duty as the Executive of the state, I went before the Supreme Court with the request that the state be given over the mines in order that we might produce coal for a people who were threatened with freezing.

After the receivership was granted, I went for a week or ten days holding meetings in the mining district, begging the miners to go back under the assurance that whatever was granted to them in the way of benefit in the negotiations then going on in Washington, would be made retroactive, pledging them moreover that if by the first of the year—it was then November—their own officers and the operators' representatives had not agreed upon an acceptable wage scale the state would take up the subject, make a fair and just wage scale and the scale thus made would be retroactive. I wish to say in justice to a great number of the miners, that they desired to go back to work. Frequently they said to me in open meeting, "We would like to go back," but somehow they had lost that boasted liberty which the distinguished president of the Ameri-

can Federation of Labor has told us about to-night. [Great applause.] One man had the temerity to stay on his job, a man by the name of Guffy, and the union suspended him from membership for ninety-nine years; union officials went to the grocery store where the man had bought his groceries and threatened the extinction of the business of that grocery store if they sold to Guffy, and then they went to Guffy's landlord, and said, "You can't keep Guffy in your house any longer. The union has suspended him from membership for ninety-nine years." That is your personal liberty! [Great applause.]

When the miners did not go back to work we called for volunteers, and after twenty-four hours, more than eleven thousand people of Kansas who had no interest in the subject of the quarrel between capital and labor, but thought only of the dire emergency, responded to the call and said, "Let us dig coal." [Great applause.]

From that great offering we chose enough men to operate the strip-mines of the state. We chose them from the lads who had been in the service of their country. I had seen many of these lads in France, and as I had observed them overcoming obstacles that seemed insuperable, I could not harmonize in my mind the belief that coal could be digged only in a certain way, by certain individuals, at certain hours of the day, under certain fixed regulations. I knew better. [Applause.]

And so these lads, most of them dressed in their service uniforms, landed one day in Pittsburg, Kansas, the capital of the mining district, and the miners were there to receive them. In a perfectly orderly array they came. The miners came with certain things to say to these lads, things that are in their literature, things that have been said to strike breakers before. Then these lads unloaded—keen, kindly, clean faced young chaps, dressed in their uniforms. They were so obviously what they were [Applause], patriotic, good natured Americans, unloading as quietly as though there were no disturbance. I remember seeing a lad in whom I had an interest marching along beside his comrade; a miner came up to him and said, "Say, bo, you ain't goin' to the mines to-night. Why, you couldn't do anything out there. The mines have been shut down three weeks, the pits are full of water, the machinery is out of repair. Why, we couldn't mine coal this kind of weather." It was bad

weather, the thermometer was below zero, and the Kansas zephyr was functioning. The boy said, "Yes, we are going out to-night; we are going to begin to mine to-morrow. There is need of coal, the people are freezing."

The miner said, "You cannot do it; you cannot turn a wheel," and this lad, without looking at the miner as he trudged along, just spoke to him out of the corner of his mouth, saying, "Did you ever see any trenches in France?"

So those lads went to the mine. The first day they produced a car of coal. It was not very good coal. It more nearly resembled slack than coal. These boys were inexperienced in the use of dynamite; they used too much. But we sold it for coal; it helped. In ten days we had mined enough coal to relieve the emergency in two hundred Kansas communities. [Applause.] And as these great American lads mined this coal, they realized finally that they were doing something even more fundamental than producing fuel for a suffering population—they were proving to themselves and to the state that government does have the right to protect the public. Ah, my friends, if the strike were as gentle a thing as our distinguished labor chief has told us to-night, I do not think we would ever have passed the Kansas law. If the strike merely related to the privilege of men to quit work, we would not to-day be subjected to the nervousness that characterizes the whole United States over the subject.

We have not forbidden to any man the right to quit work. We have not taken away from any man his divine right to quit work. We merely have taken away from Mr. Gompers his divine right to order a man to quit work. [Applause, cheers and boos.] I know rather well how you feel and now let us just take that as an expression from both sides as your attitude upon this, and give me the liberty to go on. [Laughter and applause.]

A great deal is said about the growth of Brotherhood, and I am not unconscious to-night of all the progress that has been made by organized labor through its solidarity. I am not unconscious of the victories it has won from reluctant capital, and I am glad for the legitimate progress of every labor union organization in the United States to-day. [Applause.]

I am myself the employer of a considerable number of people, and every man who works in my publishing establish-



ment is a union labor man and has his labor contract, but when they talk to me of brotherhood, I have this memory with me, gathered at Pittsburg. While we were mining, there came this incident out of the hospital—a beautiful hospital, builded out of the pride of the community through public subscription. It was filled with sick people and it was “flu” weather; more than half of the sick population were union miners. One day there came to me two men who had been mining a small shaft to provide coal for the hospital, and they said, “Governor, you will have to give us some coal.” I said, “Why?” They said, “We have been warned not to produce any more coal.” I said, “Surely, your leaders would not be so mean as to deprive the hospital of fuel at a time like this.” They said, “We have been warned to produce no more coal,” and so I went out to a mine near the city where a group of Kansas University men were mining coal and got them to mine some coal for the Pittsburg hospital, and then two days later these same miners came to me and said, “Governor, can you haul the coal to us?” I said, “Why?” They said, “The truckmen have gone on a sympathetic strike,” and so I had to mine their coal and haul it to them, or else there would have been death in that hospital. Ah, friends, surely government may do better than that for poor people. [Applause.]

A woman came to me from Weir City, bearing all the marks of hopeless poverty which linger on a life, and she said, “I have come to tell you my troubles.” I said, “What are your troubles?” She said, “My husband has been out on this strike of the Central Coal & Coke Company for six months. He doesn’t even know what the strike is about. He would like to go back to work. We have been living for six months on strike benefits. We have been trying to pay for a little home at Weir. We are hard up, and yesterday when your miners came to the Italiana mine, I went down there to see if I couldn’t get some work from those boys, some mending and some washing, and I brought home quite a lot of it.”

I said, “I am glad you did.” And she said, “Yes, but last night a committee from my husband’s own union came to me and told me that I was not to attempt to do that work, and I was not to go back to that mine.” I said, “Go on, do the work, they will not molest you.” She said, “I don’t think they would



while you are here, but when you go away I think they would burn my house." Ah surely, surely, government may foster a better spirit of brotherhood than that. [Applause.] And then we called a session of the Kansas Legislature to pass a law which would prevent in the future the recurrence of a thing as dangerous to the public as a fuel famine. When the legislature met almost everybody who belonged to any union got in touch with Topeka. There was again the contest between the conservative union labor man and the radical. I do not need to explain that contest. There is not a union labor man here that is not acquainted with it. There is not a great leader of labor here that has not had to fight on account of it. The radicals wanted to make their protest against the law emphatic and dramatic; they wanted to bring 50,000 laborers to Topeka and march seven times around the capital building. The conservatives said they had better make their protest by committees, and so the committees came, representing both union labor and organized capital. Union labor said, "This law is involuntary servitude." Capital said, "This law is state socialism." The capitalists were more cunning, of course. The union labor leaders came frankly, saying "We won't have it, we won't have it, and that is the end of it." They used the same language that President Gompers used in New Jersey not long ago, "If you take away the right to strike, we will find some other way." And before the debate ceases to-night, I implore Mr. Gompers in behalf of the country that is waiting to know, to tell us what other way he has in mind.

The law was passed after full discussion.

As I say, the laborers said they did not want it. The capitalists were a little more reasonable in their language. They said, "This is a great law, this is the greatest movement forward since the days of Adam. But the law should be changed in this respect and in this respect and in this respect." [Laughter.] The capitalists wanted the law with the teeth all located on the lower jaw. [Laughter.] I am glad to tell you that when the law was finally framed it had the teeth located on the upper jaw and on the lower jaw. [Applause and laughter.] And when it was passed, only four men in the Senate voted against it, and only seven men in the House voted

against it. It became a law with almost unanimous approval. [Applause.]

Will any man say that government has not the right, backed by public sentiment, to protect the public? Does Mr. Gompers deny the right of those legislatures to pass that law?

And what is the history of Kansas on labor legislation? The first law we passed in Kansas touching labor was in 1871. It was a law forbidding an engineer of a railroad train the right to strike between stations. [Laughter.] Then we passed a voluntary arbitration law in 1886. It has worked about like other arbitration laws have worked. Why, when I select a man representing one side of a controversy and you select a man representing the other side, and the two of them select the umpire, he may do one of three things: He may join your side and get a partisan decision, he may join my side and get a partisan decision, he may dicker back and forth and get a compromise, but into the consideration of that Board of Arbitration there never comes any concern for the party whose right is chiefly at interest in an essential industry—the general public. [Applause.] Then we passed a law in 1897 forbidding black-listing, and then the next law provided seats for women and girls in stores and elevators and wherever they worked. Then we passed a Child Labor Law and to-day in Kansas no child under 16 years of age labors. [Great applause.] Talk about the divine rights being taken! Why, society has taken over the divinest rights. The quarrel between capital and labor is the only private conflict which government still allows to go on. We have done away with every other conflict from duelling to fist-fighting.

We have taken away the right of the husband to control his wife. [Laughter.] We regulate the sacred relations of the parent over the child. We have done everything we could to protect the public and if to-night two men should get into a quarrel in front of my window and scratch each other up and tear each other's clothing and wake me up, I could have them both placed in jail, not for what they were doing to each other, but for waking me up. [Laughter.] There was an hour when men believed it was all right to fight things out hammer and tongs, claws and hoofs. There was a day when our first

question concerning a fight was, "Was it a fair fight?" To-day our first question is, "Where was the officer of the law?"

Thirty-five or thirty-six years ago, when President Gompers took charge of organized labor, it was not so intricate a machine with which he had to deal, but to-day, through the far-flung avenues of distribution and production and transportation, we have become interdependent, and no one unit of production or transportation may cease to function without throwing the entire machinery out of gear. Thirty-five years ago a milk strike would have held no terror for Chicago or New York. Thirty-six years ago a port strike in New York would not have tied up transportation of food supplies for this great city. What was the exercise of the liberty then is the exercise of tyranny now. Organization is the secret. If one person rushes to one side of an excursion steamer there is no effect. If there is a general running about there may be no appreciable effect. But if a thousand people should, by pre-arrangement, rush to one side all at once, the boat would turn over. What would be the exercise of liberty in the case of an individual becomes a most dangerous and suicidal proceeding when such exercise is organized. Organization has become a huge thing, like a Frankenstein in its potentiality. Its power seems unsuspected by Mr. Gompers, who has watched it since its inception as a crude, rudimentary thing, devoted to simple and laudable objects. He still visualizes organized labor as it was thirty-five years ago.

In Kansas, we have taken away nothing from labor, we have provided protection in all the industries, we have forbidden convict labor to come in competition with other labor, we have established a free employment service, we have provided an industrial welfare commission, we have provided that no injunction, whether interlocutory or permanent in any case between employer and employee or between persons employed, or persons seeking employment, growing out of a dispute concerning terms, conditions and so forth shall be issued without previous notice and an opportunity to be heard in behalf of the party enjoined. We have established liens to protect workers, we have established the small debtor's court, we have established the eight hour day in mines and mining, we have established

everything that has been established in the history of the progress of this great industry.

I remember that when we were establishing by state law the provision that every operator should make a suitable bath house for the miners, the mine owners said, "It won't do any good. What is the use of it? You cannot take away from any man the inalienable right not to take a bath, if he doesn't want to." [Laughter.] Judge Curran said, "It was urged against this law (and he said this the other day in holding the Industrial Court law of Kansas constitutional) that the miners could not be compelled to take baths, but when the bathing facilities were provided it could not then be urged that the state had not provided for the health and comfort of the miners, whether the miners decided to avail themselves of the privilege or not." Well, they did use the bath house: they struck one day because one of the bath houses was too hot. They struck another time because it was too cold.

The president of that district tells us that we have taken away from labor the only weapon it had in its right to strike. I contend that it is an adequate answer to say that we have given him in every honorable controversy the more reliable weapon of the state government.

How does he use the weapon? Why, down in that district for the three years that ended with the beginning of the operation of the Kansas law, there were 407 separate strikes, an average of over 15 strikes a month, and these 15 strikes a month had given to the miners—these 407 strikes—in monetary victories, something like \$870. And they had cost the miners in wages out of their pocket over \$3,000,000; and it cost the miners out of their dues last year alone, \$157,000 to maintain their strike bureau. Surely, surely, just government may do better than this.

Society in Kansas is stratified according to the following percentages: At the top, possibly 1½ per cent. of employing capital, an organization builded for war, having no soul, concerned with profits. At the bottom 5½ per cent., representing organized labor, builded to meet the war machine. In the center, is ninety-two per cent., representing us—a good-natured, protoplasmic mass, having no power save the good-natured power of passive resistance.



And now we are criticized because we say in behalf of these, the submerged nine-tenths [Applause] that they shall have protection! [Applause, cheers and laughter.]

My friends, the Kansas law does not do away with collective bargaining. It gives to miners the legal right, organized or unorganized, and it protects the sanctity of their contract. It says to the operators, "You shall not close down your plant for any purpose to effect a wage controversy or to effect the price of your commodity to the public." It says to the operator, "There shall be reasonable continuity in the operation of your industry." This means that the miners being able to work during the summertime, will build a reserve of coal, and we will begin the winter in Kansas hereafter with a coal reserve instead of a fuel famine. It says to the miners not "You shall not quit work," but "You shall not conspire for the purpose of closing down the operation of this industry, whose product is necessary to the welfare of the people." [Applause.] This is in line with the oldest law in the world; it was one of the twelve inscribed upon the Roman tablets, "*Salus populi suprema lex esto*"—"Let the safety of the public be the supreme law." You may build around this all the phraseology that belongs to the history and the philosophy of the labor movement, but you will not be able to wipe out that fundamental fact, and at any time when in the history of this country the general public arises to say, "We have had enough of this economic pressure," it is over! [Great applause.]

Mr. Gompers, within the last three days, has issued an ukase calling upon all the members of organized labor to assemble themselves around the political effort to see that no man goes to Congress who is not in favor of his program. Do we want that? Do we want a shackled, bridled Congress? Ah, let me tell you: The political party in the forthcoming campaign that has not the constructive courage to stand out and pledge to the public protection against the wrongs and terror of industrial warfare will travel down the pathway of cowardice to defeat. [Great applause.]

What have we done since the Kansas law was passed? Let me read you the record printed by Mr. Fear, the editor of the *Missouri Trades Unionist*, a labor leader doubtless well acquainted with all these distinguished representatives of or-



ganized labor assembled here to-night. Mr. Fear said: "Copies of the new Industrial Court law are being eagerly sought by Missouri workmen, and many want to see how it operates before declaring for or against the law. Seven of the first ten cases filed in the new Industrial Court were from the miners' unions and from railroad brotherhood locals." All the cases that have been adjudicated have seen the awards accepted by both sides.

In the award of the Joplin & Pittsburg Railway Company the case was brought by Mr. W. E. Freeman. Who is he? He is the president of the State Federation of Labor in Kansas. He is one of Mr. Gompers' state officials. He invoked the new law which Mr. Gompers tells us shall never be used by labor and secured an adjudication providing for an increase in wages of the carmen, and then the other employees of this railroad, and the railroad operators, took the basis of the court's award and agreed together upon a new schedule for the entire industry. Last year there were two strikes in that railway's operation. The last year of the war there was a strike in that industry that laid it out for two months, costing employees of the industry thousands upon thousands of dollars in loss of wages.

In quoting the court's decision in this case, I want to show you an indication of the spirit of the Kansas industrial court. A living wage had been asked for. The presiding judge, Mr. Huggins, declined to make use of the term "a living wage." He explained that a living wage is a wage sufficient only to meet the cost of living, and therefore we have decided in this case that which we believe to be a fair and just wage. What is it?

In his decision, Judge Huggins said, "Such persons, in all fairness, are entitled to a wage which will enable them to procure for themselves and their families all the necessities and a reasonable share of the comforts of life. They are entitled to a wage which will enable them by industry and economy not only to supply themselves with opportunities for intellectual advancement and reasonable recreation, but also to enable the parents working together to furnish to the children ample opportunities for intellectual and moral advancement, for education, and for an equal opportunity in the race of life. A fair wage will also allow the frugal man to provide reasonably for sickness and old age."

We found a very harmful example of greed which had been going on in the mining district for years. By law, pay day was once every two weeks. When a man came in to collect his wages in advance of pay day—that is, wages which he had already earned and which he needed to meet some emergency in his finances, the operators would pay him the wages due him, but would take a discount of ten per cent. because it was paid in advance of pay day. This greedy practice had been going on for years. The district president had not protested against it. When it was brought to the attention of the court it was promptly wiped out. We are carrying on there now to-day a welfare canvass of the district for the purpose of improving housing conditions, labor conditions, working conditions. Kansas is one of the three states which maintains mining rescue stations at the expense of the state. [Applause.]

When you tell me that the principle of this law has not the support of the labor leaders, let me read you some of the witnesses, who have declared for orderly adjudication under law of their grievances. Here is Mr. Fear, editor of the *Missouri Trades Unionist*, who has already been quoted, "We know that workingmen with whom we have discussed the question declare that the law is a move in the right direction for peace in the labor world. Why not give the law a trial and have it amended if amendment is needed?"

Why not? Why is it that union labor officials began to fight this law before they had read it? If it is a bad law, it will go the way of the laws of the 13th century to which Mr. Gompers referred. Has any man yet offered a constructive remedy, except this one?

Here is a great witness, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. [Cheers.] You all remember the hour when the members of the Four American Brotherhoods sat in the gallery of Congress and held their stop watches while Congress under coercion passed the Adamson law.

Here is what the President said, referring to that incident: "Matters have come to a sudden crisis in this particular dispute and the country has been caught unprovided with any practical means of enforcing the principle of arbitration, by whose fault we will not stop to inquire. A situation had to be met whose elements and fixed conditions were indisputable.

The practical and patriotic course to pursue, it seems to me, was to secure immediate peace by conceding the one thing in the demands of the men which would bring peace.

"At the present moment, circumstances render this duty particularly obvious. Almost the entire military force of the nation is stationed upon the Mexican border to guard our territory against hostile raids. It must be supplied and steadily supplied with whatever it needs for its maintenance and efficiency that should be necessary for the purpose of national defense to transfer any portion of it upon short notice to some other part of the country for reasons now unforeseen. Ample means of transportation must be available, and without delay."

After discussing this emergency and the unprotected position of the general public, the President then said: "There is one thing we should do if we are true champions of arbitration. We should make all awards and judgments by record of a court of law in order that their interpretation and enforcement might lay not with one of the parties in arbitration, but with an *impartial* and *authoritative* tribunal. These things I urge upon you, not in haste or merely as a means of meeting a present emergency, but as permanent and necessary additions to the laws of the land suggested indeed by circumstances we hoped never to see, but imperative as well as just, if such emergencies are to be met in the future. I feel that no extended argument is needed to commit them to your favorable judgment."

The President was appealing for the passage of a law exactly in compliance with the principles upon which we have written the Kansas law of industrial relations. [Applause.] Mr. Gompers in a speech delivered not long ago paid great tribute to the success of the anthracite coal strike. I call your attention to the historical fact that what happened in the anthracite matter was not attendant upon the success of the strike, but upon the success of an impartial judicial tribunal appointed by President Roosevelt of the United States. [Applause.]

In the minute that remains I should like most respectfully to ask President Gompers if he will answer this question:

When a dispute between capital and labor brings on a strike

affecting the production or distribution of the necessities of life, thus threatening the public peace and impairing the public health, has the public any rights in such a controversy, or is it a private war between capital and labor?

If you answer this question in the affirmative, Mr. Gompers, how would you protect the rights of the public?

And in addition, I wish him to define for us, if he will, who had the divine right to forbid the switchmen to strike in their outlaw strike? Who controls this divine right to quit work?

# MATTHEW ARNOLD

## NUMBERS; OR, THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT

[Address by Matthew Arnold, poet and critic (born in Laleham, England, December 24, 1822; died in Liverpool, April 15, 1888), delivered first in New York, Chickering Hall, October 30, 1883, opening his series of "Discourses in America" (the others being "Literature and Science" and "Emerson") given during his visit to the United States in the autumn and winter of 1883-84. When Mr. Arnold made his first appearance in Boston, with this lecture, in Horticultural Hall, November 7th, he was introduced by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, as follows: "*Ladies and Gentlemen:* The position in which I find myself this evening reminds me of a story told me by a schoolmate, a nephew of the late Washington Allston, in reference to Mr. Edmund Dana. He was of short stature, and was walking the streets of London with a gentleman much taller than himself, when the latter was run against by one of those persons styled roughs, but more fittingly ruffians. The gentleman who experienced the collision promptly handed his coat to the little man, and struck an attitude of resistance. The conference was not a long one, and the tall man having got the better of it, one of the English crowd, who always like fair play, shouted, 'Hurrah for the gentleman!' Another voice supplemented the cry with, 'And hurrah for the little man that held his coat.' [Laughter.] The friend who was to have played the part of the 'little man' of my story was Rev. Phillips Brooks, who is unfortunately prevented from coming this evening by indisposition. I have been asked to fill his place, which, in my point of view, is beyond my capacity. [Laughter.] Happily, little is required of one who is to introduce the distinguished speaker of this evening. Were it only that he is the son of Thomas Arnold his welcome would be as wide as the realm over which the English language is spoken. Were he of unknown parentage he would be welcomed as a poet, the writer of noble verse, lofty and inspiring; as a critic, incisive, plain-spoken, honest, going to the heart of his subjects, the terror of Dagon and the Philistines; as a man, worthy of the grand name he bears. I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Matthew Arnold." The term "the remnant," as Mr. Arnold subsequently wrote home to one of his friends, went the rounds of the United States, and, he added, "I now understand what 'Dizzy'<sup>1</sup> meant when he said that I performed a 'great achievement' by 'launching phrases.'"]

<sup>1</sup> Disraeli.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—There is a characteristic saying of Dr. Johnson: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." The saying is cynical, many will even call it brutal; yet it has in it something of plain, robust sense and truth. We do often see men passing themselves off as patriots, who are in truth scoundrels; we meet with talk and proceedings laying claim to patriotism, which are these gentlemen's last refuge. We may all of us agree in praying to be delivered from patriots and patriotism of this sort. Short of such, there is undoubtedly, sheltering itself under the fine name of patriotism, a good deal of self-flattery and self-delusion which is mischievous. "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" In that uncompromising sentence of Bishop Butler's is surely the right and salutary maxim for both individuals and nations.

Yet there is an honorable patriotism which we should satisfy if we can, and should seek to have on our side. At home I have said so much of the characters of our society and the prospects of our civilization, that I can hardly escape the like topic elsewhere. Speaking in America, I cannot well avoid saying something about the prospects of society in the United States. It is a topic where one is apt to touch people's patriotic feelings. No one will accuse me of having flattered the patriotism of that great country of English people on the other side of the Atlantic, amongst whom I was born. Here, so many miles from home, I begin to reflect with tender contrition, that perhaps I have not—I will not say flattered the patriotism of my own countrymen enough, but regarded it enough. Perhaps that is one reason why I have produced so very little effect upon them. It was a fault of youth and inexperience. But it would be unpardonable to come in advanced life and repeat the same error here. You will not expect impossibilities of me. You will not expect me to say that things are not what, in my judgment, they are, and that the consequences of them will not be what they will be. I should make nothing of it; I should be a too palpable failure. But I confess that I should be glad if in what I say here I could engage American patriotism on my side, instead of rousing it

against me. And it so happens that the paramount thoughts which your great country raises in my mind are really and truly of a kind to please, I think, any true American patriot, rather than to offend him.

The vast scale of things here, the extent of your country, your numbers, the rapidity of your increase, strike the imagination, and are a common topic for admiring remark. Our great orator, Mr. Bright, is never weary of telling us how many acres of land you have at your disposal, how many bushels of grain you produce, how many millions you are, how many more millions you will be presently, and what a capital thing this is for you. Now, though I do not always agree with Mr. Bright, I find myself agreeing with him here. I think your numbers afford a very real and important ground for satisfaction.

Not that your great numbers, or indeed great numbers of men anywhere, are likely to be all good, or even to have the majority good. "The majority are bad," said one of the wise men of Greece; but he was a pagan. Much to the same effect, however, is the famous sentence of the New Testament: "Many are called, few chosen." This appears a hard saying; frequent are the endeavors to elude it, to attenuate its severity. But turn it how you will, manipulate it as you will, the few, as Cardinal Newman well says, can never mean the many.

Perhaps you will say that the majority is, sometimes, good; that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. Yes, but it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow; sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong. Even a popular orator, or a popular journalist, will hardly say that the multitude may be trusted to have its judgment generally just, and its actions generally virtuous. It may be better, it is better that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class, possessing property and intelligence. Property and intelligence cannot be trusted to show a sound majority themselves; the exercise of power by the people tends to educate the people. But still,

the world being what it is, we must surely expect the aims and doings of the majority of men to be at present very faulty, and this in a numerous community no less than in a small one. So much we must certainly, I think, concede to the sages and to the saints.

Sages and saints are apt to be severe, it is true; apt to take a gloomy view of the society in which they live, and to prognosticate evil to it. But then it must be added that their prognostications are very apt to turn out right. Plato's account of the most gifted and brilliant community of the ancient world, of that Athens of his to which we all owe so much, is despondent enough. "There is but a very small remnant," he says, "of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few, and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession is wisdom, and who can fully see, moreover, the madness of the multitude, and that there is no one, we may say, whose action in public matters is sound, and no ally for whosoever would help the just, what," asks Plato, "are they to do? They may be compared," says Plato, "to a man who has fallen among wild beasts; he will not be one of them, but he is too unaided to make head against them; and before he can do any good to society or his friends, he will be overwhelmed and perish uselessly. When he considers this, he will resolve to keep still, and to mind his own business; as it were standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind; and he will endure to behold the rest filled with iniquity, if only he himself may live his life clear of injustice and of impiety, and depart, when his time comes, in mild and gracious mood, with fair hope."

Plato's picture here of democratic Athens is certainly gloomy enough. We may be sure the mass of his contemporaries would have pronounced it to be monstrously overcharged. We ourselves, if we had been living then, should most of us have by no means seen things as Plato saw them. No, if we had seen Athens even nearer its end than when Plato wrote the strong words which I have been quoting, Athens in the very last days of Plato's life, we should most of us probably have considered that things were not going badly with Athens. There is a long sixteen years' administration—the administration of Eubulus—which fills the last years of Plato's life,

and the middle years of the fourth century before Christ. A temperate German historian thus describes Athens during this ministry of Eubulus: "The grandeur and loftiness of Attic democracy had vanished, while all the pernicious germs contained in it were fully developed. A life of comfort and a craving for amusement were encouraged in every way, and the interest of the citizens was withdrawn from serious things. Conversation became more and more superficial and frivolous. Famous courtesans formed the chief topic of talk; the new inventions of Thearion, the leading pastry-cook in Athens, were hailed with loud applause; and the witty sayings which had been uttered in gay circles were repeated about town as matters of prime importance."

No doubt, if we had been living then to witness this, we should from time to time have shaken our heads gravely, and said how sad it all was. But most of us would not, I think, have been seriously disquieted by it. On the other hand, we should have found many things in the Athens of Eubulus to gratify us. "The democrats," says the same historian whom I have just quoted, "saw in Eubulus one of their own set at the head of affairs;" and I suppose no good democrat would see that without pleasure. Moreover, Eubulus was of popular character. In one respect he seems to have resembled your own "heathen Chinees"; he had "guileless ways," says our historian, "in which the citizens took pleasure." He was also a good speaker, a thorough man of business; and, above all, he was very skilful in matters of finance. His administration was both popular and prosperous. We should certainly have said, most of us, if we had encountered somebody announcing his resolve to stand aside under a wall during such an administration, that he was a goose for his pains; and if he had called it "a falling among wild beasts" to have to live with his fellow-citizens who had confidence in Eubulus, their country, and themselves, we should have esteemed him very impertinent.

Yes;—and yet at the close of that administration of Eubulus came the collapse, and the end of Athens as an independent State. And it was to the fault of Athens herself that the collapse was owing. Plato was right after all; the majority were bad, and the remnant were impotent.

So fared it with that famous Athenian State, with the bril-



liant people of art and intellect. Now let us turn to the people of religion. We have heard Plato speaking of the very small remnant which honestly sought wisdom. The remnant!—it is the word of the Hebrew prophets also, and especially is it the word of the greatest of them all, Isaiah. Not used with the despondency of Plato, used with far other power informing it, and with a far other future awaiting it, filled with fire, filled with hope, filled with faith, filled with joy, this term itself, the remnant, is yet Isaiah's term as well as Plato's. The texts are familiar to all Christendom. "Though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return." Even this remnant, a tenth of the whole, if so it may be, shall have to come back into the purging fire and be again cleared and further reduced there. But nevertheless, "as a terebinth-tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, though they be cut down, so the stock of that burned tenth shall be a holy seed."

Yes, the small remnant should be a holy seed; but the great majority—as in democratic Athens, so in the kingdom of the Hebrew nation—were unsound, and their State was doomed. This was Isaiah's point. The actual commonwealth of the "drunkards" and the "blind," as he calls them, in Israel and Judah, of the dissolute grandees and gross and foolish common people, of the great majority, must perish; its perishing was the necessary stage toward a happier future. And Isaiah was right, as Plato was right.

No doubt to most of us, if we had been there to see it, the kingdom of Ephraim or of Judah, the society of Samaria and Jerusalem, would have seemed to contain a great deal else besides dissolute grandees and foolish common people. No doubt we should have thought parts of their policy serious, and some of their alliances promising. No doubt, when we read the Hebrew prophets now, with the larger and more patient temper of a different race and an augmented experience, we often feel the blame and invective to be too absolute. Nevertheless, as to his grant point, Isaiah, I say, was right. The majority in the Jewish State, whatever they might think or say, whatever their guides and flatterers might think or say, the majority were unsound, and their unsoundness must be their ruin.



Isaiah, however, does not make his remnant confine itself, like Plato's, to standing aside under a wall during this life and then departing in mild temper and good hope when the time for departure comes; Isaiah's remnant saves the State. Undoubtedly he means to represent it as doing so. Undoubtedly he imagines his Prince of the house of David who is to be born within a year's time, his royal and victorious Immanuel, he imagines him witnessing as a child the chastisement of Ephraim and the extirpation of the bad majority there; then witnessing as a youth the chastisement of Judah and the extirpation of the bad majority there also; but finally, in mature life, reigning over a State renewed, preserved, and enlarged, a greater and happier kingdom of the chosen people.

Undoubtedly Isaiah conceives his remnant in this wise; undoubtedly he imagined for it a part which, in strict truth, it did not play, and could not play. So manifest was the non-fulfilment of his prophecy, taken strictly, that ardent souls feeding upon his words had to wrest them from their natural meaning, and to say that Isaiah directly meant something which he did not directly mean. Isaiah, like Plato, with inspired insight foresaw that the world before his eyes, the world of actual life, the State and city of the unsound majority, could not stand. Unlike Plato, Isaiah announced with faith and joy a leader and a remnant certain to supersede them. But he put the leader's coming, and he put the success of the leader's and the remnant's work, far, far too soon; and his conception, in this respect, is fantastic.

Plato betook himself for the bringing in of righteousness to a visionary republic in the clouds; Isaiah—and it is the immortal glory of him and of his race to have done so—brought it in upon earth. But Immanuel and his reign, for the eighth century before Christ, were fantastic. For the kingdom of Judah they were fantastic. Immanuel and the remnant could not come to reign under the conditions there and then offered to them; the thing was impossible.

The reason of the impossibility is quite simple. The scale of things, in petty States like Judah and Athens, is too small; the numbers are too scanty. Admit that for the world, as we hitherto know it, what the philosophers and prophets say is true: that the majority are unsound. Even in communities

with exceptional gifts, even in the Jewish State, the Athenian State, the majority are unsound. But there is "the remnant." Now the important thing, as regards States such as Judah and Athens, is not that the remnant bears but a small proportion to the majority; the remnant always bears a small proportion to the majority. The grave thing for States like Judah and Athens is, that the remnant must in positive bulk be so small, and therefore so powerless for reform. To be a voice outside the State, speaking to mankind or to the future, perhaps shaking the actual State to pieces in doing so, one man will suffice. But to reform the state in order to save it, to preserve it by changing it, a body of workers is needed as well as a leader;—a considerable body of workers, placed at many points, and operating in many directions.

This considerable body of workers for good is what is wanting in petty States such as were Athens and Judah. It is said that the Athenian State had in all but 350,000 inhabitants. It is calculated that the population of the kingdom of Judah did not exceed a million and a quarter. The scale of things, I say, is here too small, the numbers are too scanty, to give us a remnant capable of saving and perpetuating the community. The remnant, in these cases, may influence the world and the future, may transcend the State and survive it; but it cannot possibly transform the State and perpetuate the State: for such a work it is numerically too feeble.

Plato saw the impossibility. Isaiah refused to accept it, but facts were too strong for him. The Jewish State could not be renewed and saved, and he was wrong in thinking that it could. And therefore I call his grand point this other, where he was altogether right: that the actual world of the unsound majority, though it fancied itself solid, and though most men might call it solid, could not stand. Let us read him again and again, until we fix in our minds this true conviction of his, to edify us whenever we see such a world existing: his indestructible conviction that such a world with its prosperities, idolatries, oppression, luxury, pleasures, drunkards, careless women, governing classes, systems of policy, strong alliances, shall come to nought and pass away; that nothing can save it. Let us do homage, also, to his indestructible conviction that States are saved by their righteous remnant, however clearly

we may at the same time recognize that his own building on this conviction was premature.

That, however, matters to us little. For how different is the scale of things in the modern States to which we belong, how far greater the numbers! It is impossible to overrate the importance of the new element introduced into our calculations by increasing the size of the remnant. And in our great modern States, where the scale of things is so large, it does seem as if the remnant might be so increased as to become an actual power, even though the majority be unsound. Then the lover of wisdom may come out from under his wall, the lover of goodness will not be alone among the wild beasts. To enable the remnant to succeed, a large strengthening of its numbers is everything.

Here is good hope for us, not only, as for Plato's recluse, in departing this life, while we live and work in it. Only, before we dwell too much on this hope, it is advisable to make sure that we have earned the right to entertain it. We have earned the right to entertain it only when we are at one with the philosophers and prophets in their conviction respecting the world which now is, the world of the unsound majority; when we feel what they mean, and when we go thoroughly along with them in it. Most of us, as I have said already, would by no means have been with them when they were here in life, and most of us are not really with them now. What is saving? Our institutions, says an American; the British Constitution, says an Englishman; the civilizing mission of France, says a Frenchman. But Plato and the sages, when they are asked what is saving, answer: "To love righteousness, and to be convinced of the unprofitableness of iniquity." And Isaiah and the prophets, when they are asked the same question, answer to just the same effect: that what is saving is to "order one's conversation right"; to "cease to do evil"; to "delight in the law of the Eternal"; and to "make one's study in it all day long."

The worst of it is, that this loving of righteousness and this delighting in the law of the Eternal sound rather vague to us. Not that they are vague really; indeed, they are less vague than American institutions, or the British Constitution, or the civilizing mission of France. But the phrases sound vague

because of the quantity of matters they cover. The thing is to have a brief but adequate enumeration of these matters. The New Testament tells us how righteousness is composed. In England and America we have been brought up in familiarity with the New Testament. And so, before Mr. Bradlaugh on our side of the water, and the Congress of American Freethinkers on yours, banish it from our education and memory, let us take from the New Testament a text showing what it is that both Plato and the prophets mean when they tell us that we ought to love righteousness and to make our study in the law of the Eternal, but that the unsound majority do nothing of the kind. A score of texts offer themselves in a moment. Here is one which will serve very well: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are elevated, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise; have these in your mind, let your thoughts run upon these." [Philippians iv, 8.] That is what both Plato and the prophets mean by loving righteousness, and making one's study in the law of the Eternal.

Now the matters just enumerated do not come much into the heads of most of us, I suppose, when we are thinking of politics. But the philosophers and prophets maintain that these matters, and not those of which the heads of politicians are full, do really govern politics and save or destroy States. They save or destroy them by a silent, inexorable fatality; while the politicians are making believe, plausibly and noisily, with their American institutions, British Constitution, and civilizing mission of France. And because these matters are what do really govern politics and save or destroy States, Socrates maintained that in his time he and a few philosophers, who alone kept insisting on the good of righteousness and the unprofitableness of iniquity, were the only real politicians then living.

I say, if we are to derive comfort from the doctrine of the remnant (and there is great comfort to be derived from it), we must also hold fast to the austere but true doctrine as to what really governs politics, overrides with an inexorable fatality



the combinations of the so-called politicians, and saves or destroys States. Having in mind things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report; having these in mind, studying and loving these, is what saves States.

In the United States (for I come to the United States at last) you are fifty millions and more. I suppose that, as in England, as in France, as everywhere, so likewise here, the majority of people doubt very much whether the majority is unsound; or, rather, they have no doubt at all about the matter, they are sure that it is not unsound. But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along; and let us suppose that in the present actual stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has passed hitherto, the majority is and must be in general unsound everywhere—even in the United States, even here in New York itself. Where is the failure?

I have already, in the past, speculated in the abstract about you, perhaps, too much. But I suppose that in a democratic community like this, with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality, the danger is in the absence of the discipline of respect; in hardness and materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. "Whatsoever things are elevated"—whatsoever things are nobly serious, have true elevation [ *Ὅσα σεμνά* ]—that perhaps, in our catalogue of maxims which are to possess the mind, is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority, in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie. At any rate let us for the moment agree to suppose so. And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of States, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are



elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably suffer and be impaired more and more, until it perish.

Then from this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves to the more comfortable doctrine of the remnant. "The remnant shall return;" shall "convert and be healed" itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majority. And you are fifty millions and growing apace. What a remnant yours may be, surely! A remnant of how great numbers, how mighty strength, how irresistible efficacy! Yet we must not go too fast, either, nor make too sure of our efficacious remnant. Mere multitude will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian Empire had multitude, the Roman Empire had multitude; yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant any more than Athens or Judah could produce it, and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.

But you are something more than a people of fifty millions. You are fifty millions mainly sprung, as we in England are mainly sprung, from that German stock which has faults indeed—faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction and the interest of its history, and which seems moreover just now, from all I can see and hear, to be passing through a not very happy moment, morally, in Germany proper. Yet of the German stock it is, I think, true, as my father said more than fifty years ago, that it has been a stock "of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues." You come, therefore, of about the best parentage which a modern nation can have. Then you have had, as we in England have also had, but more entirely than we and more exclusively, the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever, or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as means for enabling that poor inattentive and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate and make part of his being divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid

or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value.

Well, then, you are not merely a multitude of fifty millions; you are fifty millions sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country. Even supposing, therefore, that by the necessity of things your majority must in the present stage of the world probably be unsound, what a remnant, I say—what an incomparable, all-transforming remnant—you may fairly hope with your numbers, if things go happily, to have!

# LADY ASTOR

## WOMEN IN POLITICS

[Lady Astor, who was one of the famous Langhorne sisters of Virginia, before she married Viscount Astor, was the first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons. The following address, made up from newspaper reports, was given in the Town Hall, New York, on April 9, 1922. This was her first address in this country; subsequently she spoke in many cities.]

I KNOW that this welcome has nothing to do with me. Ever since I entered the "Mother of Parliaments" I realized that I ceased to be a person and had become a symbol. The safe thing about being a symbol is this—you realize that you, of yourself, can do nothing, but what you symbolize gives you courage and strength and should give you wisdom. I certainly have been given courage and strength, and I won't say too much about wisdom.

My entrance into the House of Commons was not, as some thought, in the nature of a revolution. It was an evolution. It is rather interesting how it came about. My husband was the one who started me off on this downward path—from the fireside to public life. If I have helped the cause of women he is the one to thank, not me. He is a strange and a remarkable man.

First, it was strange to urge your wife to take up public life, especially as he is a most domesticated man; but the truth is that he is a born social reformer. He has avoided the pitfalls which so many well-to-do men fall into. He doesn't think that you can right wrongs with philanthropy. He realizes that one must go to the bottom of the causes of wrongs and not simply gild them up.

For eleven years, I helped my husband with his work at Plymouth—I found out the wrongs and he tried to right them—and this combination of work was a wonderful and happy combination and I often wish that it was still going on.

However, I am not here to tell you of his work, but it is interesting in so far that it shows you how it came about that I stood for Parliament at all. Unless he had been the kind of a man he was, I don't believe that the first woman member of the oldest Parliament in the world would have come from Plymouth, and that would have been a pity. Plymouth is an ideal port to sail from or to. It has been bidding godspeed to so many voyagers. I felt that I was embarking on a voyage of faith, but when I arrived at my destination some of the honorable members looked upon me more as a pirate than a pilgrim.

A woman in the House of Commons! It was almost enough to have broken up the House. I don't blame them—it was equally hard on the woman as it was on them. A pioneer may be a picturesque figure, but they are often rather lonely ones. I must say for the House of Commons, they bore their shock with dauntless decency. No body of men could have been kinder and fairer to a "pirate" than they were. When you hear people over here trying to run down England, please remember that England was the first large country to give the vote to women and that the men of England welcomed an American born woman in the House with a fairness and a justice which, at least, this woman never will forget.

The different ones received me in different ways. I shall never forget a Scotch labor leader coming up to me, after I had been in the House a little while, and telling me that I wasn't a bit the sort of woman he thought I would be—"I'll not tell you that, but I know now that you are an ordinary, homely, kindly body," and he has proved it since by often asking my advice on domestic questions.

Then there was an Irish member who said to me, "I don't know what you are going to speak about, but I am here to back you." And the last was from a regular Noah's Ark man, a typical squire type. After two and a half years of never agreeing on any point with him, he remarked to some one that I was a very stupid woman but he must add that I was a "very attractive one," and he feared I was a thoroughly honest social reformer. I might add that being the first woman, I had to take up many causes which no one would call exactly popular. I also had to go up against

a prejudice of generations, but I must say their decency has never failed, though my manners must have been somewhat of a trial.

Now I must leave the more personal side and get to what it is all about and why we are here. Women and politics—some women have always been in politics, and have not done badly, either. It was when we had the Lancastrian Kings that it was said that the Kings were made Kings by act of Parliament—they did rule by means of Parliament. Then Henry VIII., that old scalawag, accepted the principles of the Lancastrians to rule by Parliament, but he wanted the principle in an entirely different way. He made Parliament the engine of his will: he pressed or frightened it into doing anything he wished. Under his guidance Parliament defied and crushed all other powers, spiritually and temporally, and he did things which no King or Parliament ever attempted to do—things unheard of and terrible.

Then Elizabeth came along. It is true she scolded her parliaments for meddling with matters with which, in her opinion, they had no concern, and more than once soundly rated the Speaker of her Commons, but she never carried her quarrels too far, and was able to end her disputes by some clever compromise; in other words, she never let Parliament down, and that is what I don't believe any wise woman will do in spite of the fears of some of the men.

Now, why are we in politics? What is it all about? Something much bigger than ourselves. Schopenhauer was wrong in nearly everything he wrote about women—and he wrote a lot, but he was right in one thing. He said, in speaking of women, "the race is to her more than the individual," and I believe that it is true. I feel somehow we do care about the race as a whole, our very nature makes us take a forward vision; there is no reason why women should look back—mercifully we have no political past; we have all the mistakes of sex legislation with its appalling failures to guide us.

We should know what to avoid, it is no use blaming the men—we made them what they are—and now it is up to us to try and make ourselves—the makers of men—a little more responsible in the future. We realize that no one sex can govern alone. I believe that one of the reasons why civiliza-



tion has failed so lamentably is that it has had a one-sided government. Don't let us make the mistake of ever allowing that to happen again.

I can conceive of nothing worse than a man-governed world except a woman-governed world—but I can see the combination of the two going forward and making civilization more worthy of the name of civilization based on Christianity, not force. A civilization based on justice and mercy. I feel men have a greater sense of justice and we of mercy. They must borrow our mercy and we must use their justice. We are new brooms, let us see that we sweep the right rooms.

Personally, I feel that every woman should take an active part in local politics. I don't mean by that that every woman should go in for a political career—that, of course, is absurd—but you can take an active part in local government without going in for a political career. You can be certain when casting your vote you are casting it for what seems nearest right—for what seems more likely to help the majority and not bolster up an organized minority. There is a lot to be done in local politics, and it is a fine apprenticeship to central government; it is very practical, and I think that, although practical, it is too near to be attractive. The things that are far away are more apt to catch our eye than the ones which are just under our noses; then, too, they are less disagreeable.

Political development is like all other developments. We must begin with ourselves, our own consciences, and clean out our own hearts before we take on the job of putting others straight. So with politics if we women put our hands to local politics, we begin the foundations. After all, central Governments only echo local ones; the politician in Washington, if he is a wise man, will always have one eye on his constituency, making that constituency so clean, so straight, so high in its purpose, that the man from home will not dare to take a small, limited view about any question, be it a national or an international one. You must remember that what women are up against is not what they see, but the unseen forces.

We are up against generations and generations of prejudice. Ever since Eve ate the apple—but I would like to remind you, and all men, why she ate the apple. It was not

simply because it was good for food or pleasant to the eyes, it was a tree to be desired to make one wise. "She took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." We have no record of Adam murmuring against the fruit—of his not doing anything but eat it with docility. In passing, I would like to say that the first time Adam had a chance he laid the blame on woman—however, we will leave Adam.

Ever since woman's consciousness looked beyond the material, men's consciousness has feared her vaguely, he has gone to her for inspiration, he has relied on her for all that is best and most ideal in his life, yet by sheer material force he has limited her. He has, without knowing it, westernized the harem mind of the East. I don't believe he knows it yet so we must break it to him gently. We must go on being his guide, his mother and his better half. But we must prove to him that we are a necessary half not only in private but in political life.

The best way that we can do that is to show them our ambitions are not personal. Let them see that we desire a better, safer and a cleaner world for our children and their children and we realize that only by doing our bit by facing unclean things with cleanliness, by facing wrongs with right, by going fearlessly into all things that may be disagreeable, that we will somehow make it a little better world.

I don't know that we are going to do this—I don't say that women will change the world but I do say that they can if they want and I, coming in from the Old World which has seen a devastating war, cannot face the future without this hope—that the women of all countries will do their duty and raise a generation of men and women who will look upon war and all that leads to it with as much horror as we now look upon a cold-blooded murder. All of the women of England want to do away with war.

If we want this new world, we can only get it by striving for it, the real struggle will be within ourselves, to put out of our consciousness, of our hearts and of our thoughts all that makes for war, hate, envy, greed, pride, force and material ambition.



ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN



# SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN

## WALK, AND NOT FAINT

[A speech at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Queen's Hall, London, England, May 2, 1917. Other speeches by Sir Robert Borden are to be found in Volumes II and XI, where there is also a brief biographical note.]

I KNOW that you must all very deeply regret—but no one so much as myself—the inability of the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom to be here this morning to address you. I was spoken to late last evening, and, knowing the tremendous engagements and duties which he is called upon to discharge in these times of stress and urgency, I could not refuse the request he made of me to come here and speak, however inadequately and unworthily, in his stead. I have not come here with any set address. I have come with hardly any notes, so I must speak to you from my heart to-day in appreciation of the great work which this Society has done, not only in this Mother-country and in the oversea Dominions, but throughout the world; a work the importance of which it is perhaps difficult for us to estimate; a work which I hope will be even more splendid and more worthy in the future than it has been in the past.

I am very glad indeed to know that the Dominion which I have the honour to represent has contributed something to the great cause which this Society serves. In days gone by we may have leaned upon you in the Motherland for that purpose; but in this, as in other respects, the young giant beyond the seas has learned to know his strength and to put that great and constantly increasing strength to a high purpose.

We are met under the shadow of events so great that



probably we who are passing through them do not realize their magnitude or the significance which the historian of the future will attach to them. Every generation is in some sense, and in no small sense, a trustee for the future; but upon the men and women of this generation there rests to-day, and has rested for nearly three years, a responsibility greater perhaps than was ever laid upon the shoulders of mankind before. And I am very proud to say, and I know that you are all very proud to feel, that the spirit of our people, whether in this Motherland or elsewhere throughout the Empire, has risen fully responsive to the need. Beyond question we were very much absorbed in our own material concerns for many years before this war broke out. But when the call did come, all these ideas about immediate progress and development—the veneer, if I may call it, of materialism—were brushed aside in one moment, and we found that there was hid beneath that surface a spirit which has been constant and steadfast up to the present, and which, please God, will remain constant and steadfast until the end.

No more peace-loving population ever dwelt in any part of the King's Dominions than the people of Canada, but they realized the cause of this war; they realized from the first your purpose in the United Kingdom in undertaking it; they realized to what extent democracy, liberty, the civilization, the future of the world, rested upon the issue which had been prepared by Germany. And so they, in common with all the people of the King's Dominions, were prepared, and are still prepared, to do their duty in this war to the end. It has already had a profound influence upon our people, and it must continue in all the years to come to have perhaps an even more profound influence. I have seen in hospitals and in convalescent homes hundreds, thousands of my own countrymen, who had come across the Atlantic at the call of duty, who had gone beyond the Channel to discharge the highest duty of a citizen to his country, who had offered themselves for the supreme sacrifice if necessary, and who had fought in a splendid comradeship with men from these islands, from India, and from all the oversea Dominions. What will be the outlook of these men, what the outlook of the men from

these islands, after the war is over? They will come back, surely, realizing that while this Empire has been called in the past the greatest human agency for good that the world has ever known, yet it may have in the future still higher and greater opportunities for service to the world and they will come back inspired with the desire that these great responsibilities will be fulfilled. They will come back, further, conscious that in these great events in the world's greatest theater of action they have played no inconspicuous part, and they will realize—I am speaking of the men from our Dominion—that in the contact of nations in the great events of to-day they have demonstrated, not only to you in this Mother Country, but to all the Allied nations and to the world at large, that Canada has raised herself to the full rank and dignity of nationhood in every worthy way. We have sent from the manhood of Canada to this war, in one way and another, no less than 360,000 men. I mention this to show you the spirit of self-sacrifice, self-denial, and devotion which has animated our people; it has been good for them, as for the cause which they are supporting, and it has been good in its spiritual influence upon our nation as a whole. I may tell you that the people of Canada by voluntary contributions for one benevolent patriotic purpose after another since the commencement of this war, have raised well-nigh sixty millions of dollars, or twelve million pounds, and they have done it willingly and splendidly, in no grudging spirit, but with a full sense of their responsibility. The gratitude of the people of the whole Empire must go out to its womanhood for their splendid devotion. God bless the women of the Empire for all that they have done for the service of the nation and of the world in this great struggle in which we are now engaged.

But what, after all, is the meaning of this war to the world? What is its meaning now, and what shall be its meaning in the years to come? On the other side of the Atlantic is a great kindred nation, which after exercising infinite patience has found itself constrained by the cause for which we are fighting to throw its force into the conflict—a force which cannot be over-estimated and which can have no

small influence in bringing this war to that issue which we all have at heart. In that great nation there are, to my personal knowledge, more associations and societies designed and established for the purpose of maintaining the peace of the world than there are in all the other nations put together. It may be that some of the ideals of these societies may under present conditions be entirely beyond practical realization. I care not for that. I say that the purpose is good, and I count among the great agencies which shall influence the opinion of the world those societies and the great work of a society like this. For though we may speak as much as we like of the influence of democracy, of the possibility of peace-keeping leagues of nations, the future peace of the world must rest upon one firm basis, and one firm basis alone—and that is the public opinion of the world.

The organized life of this nation and of the Dominions of the British Empire rests, in the final analysis, upon the public opinion of the people. It is upon that that our national life and our national institutions rest. And so, when we speak of leagues of nations organized to keep the peace—and no one would welcome more heartily than I would all organized efforts for that purpose—I hold that in the community of the world, as in the community of any national life, there must be the public opinion which will command the peace of the world, and that it cannot be commanded in any other way. And so I hope that this war will inspire war-weary humanity with an earnest and purposeful effort to bring about that peace; because I do not conceal from you my own conviction that unless the democracies of the world can find some means by which war on so gigantic a scale, with such awful results to humanity, can be avoided in the future, then the existing social order cannot last. But on what, after all, does democracy rest? The ideals of democracy, the purpose of democracy, the result of democracy, must rest upon the collective conscience of the people in any community, and democracy will attain results, great or small, in so far as the conscience, the purpose, and the ideals of the people are guided by that Book which it is the purpose of this Society

to circulate. And so it is the public opinion of the world that we must try to influence, and I repeat once more my high appreciation of the service that you are giving to humanity of the present and of the future in carrying on the great purpose which you have at heart and on behalf of which I have to speak to-day.

I believe that you have had in the United Kingdom, as we have had in Canada, a great spiritual uplift as the result of this war. Men and women are more concerned to-day with things spiritual than they were four years ago. It could not be otherwise; there has been so much devotion and so much self-sacrifice. More than that, there has been sorrow brought to so many a home—sorrow mingled with a most solemn pride that those who have gone forth have proved themselves worthy of the highest ideals of humanity and the best traditions of the race. It would be impossible that all this should take place without its exercising a very powerful influence indeed upon the people; and perhaps our concern should be not so much as to how that will be maintained during the war—because I believe it will be—but as to what will come afterwards. I remember, many years ago, hearing a great divine in my own country preach a sermon I shall never forget upon a text which I think I can recall: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." And he asked us, what was the meaning of the prophet in the order of this statement? Was it merely an anti-climax, or was there some great and profound thought beneath it all? And he pointed out that it is not so difficult for the nation or the government to have a great spiritual uplift under a great inspiration and to maintain it while that inspiration lasts; but there is something greater and more difficult still in maintaining that high purpose when the inspiration has passed away and when the ordinary round and routine of everyday life have come. It may be easier to mount on wings as eagles than to walk and not faint. And so I pray that the great influence which I believe has permeated all the nations of our British Com-

monwealth may be maintained in the future. I pray that after this war is over and material considerations have again to be taken into account, strength may be given to you in this Homeland and to us in the oversea Dominions that we may walk and not faint.





LOUIS D. BRANDEIS



# LOUIS DEMBITZ BRANDEIS

## TRUE AMERICANISM

[An oration delivered before the City Government and citizens of Boston in Faneuil Hall, on the 139th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of these United States, July 5, 1915. The first Fourth of July oration in Faneuil Hall was delivered in 1783 by John Warren; before this, March 5, the date of the Boston Massacre, had been similarly celebrated since 1771. Among the orators in the unbroken list from 1771 to the present time have been, Joseph Warren, killed at Bunker Hill, John Quincy Adams, Edward T. Channing, Horace Mann, Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John D. Long, Edward Everett Hale, and Charles W. Eliot. Mr. Brandeis, born at Louisville, Kentucky, 1856, was appointed justice of the U. S. Supreme Court in 1916.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—*E pluribus unum*—out of many one—was the motto adopted by the founders of the Republic when they formed a union of the thirteen states. To these we have added, from time to time, thirty-five more. The founders were convinced, as we are, that a strong nation could be built through federation. They were also convinced, as we are, that in America, under a free government, many peoples would make one nation. Throughout all these years we have admitted to our country and to citizenship immigrants from the diverse lands of Europe. We had faith that thereby we would best serve ourselves and mankind. This faith has been justified. The United States has grown great. The immigrants and their immediate descendants have proved themselves as loyal as any citizens of the country. Liberty has knit us closely together as Americans. Note the common devotion to our country's emblem expressed at the recent Flag Day celebration in New York by boys and girls representing more than twenty different nationalities warring abroad.

On the nation's birthday it is customary for us to gather together for the purpose of considering how we may better

serve our country. This year we are asked to address ourselves to the newcomers and to make this Fourth of July what has been termed Americanization Day.

What is Americanization? It manifests itself, in a superficial way, when the immigrant adopts the clothes, the manners and the customs generally prevailing here. Far more important is the manifestation presented when he substitutes for his mother tongue the English language as the common medium of speech. But the adoption of our language, manners and customs is only a small part of the process. To become Americanized the change wrought must be fundamental. However great his outward conformity, the immigrant is not Americanized unless his interests and affections have become deeply rooted here. And we properly demand of the immigrant even more than this. He must be brought into complete harmony with our ideals and aspirations and coöperate with us for their attainment. Only when this has been done will he possess the national consciousness of an American.

I say, "He must be brought into complete harmony." But let us not forget that many a poor immigrant comes to us from distant lands, ignorant of our language, strange in tattered clothes and with jarring manners, who is already truly American in this most important sense; who has long shared our ideals and who, oppressed and persecuted abroad, has yearned for our land of liberty and for the opportunity of aiding in the realization of its aims.

What are the American ideals? They are the development of the individual for his own and the common good; the development of the individual through liberty, and the attainment of the common good through democracy and social justice.

Our form of government, as well as humanity, compels us to strive for the development of the individual man. Under universal suffrage (soon to be extended to women) every voter is a part ruler of the state. Unless the rulers have, in the main, education and character, and are free men, our great experiment in democracy must fail. It devolves upon the state, therefore, to fit its rulers for their task. It must provide not only facilities for development but the opportunity of

using them. It must not only provide opportunity; it must stimulate the desire to avail of it. Thus we are compelled to insist upon the observance of what we somewhat vaguely term the American standard of living; we become necessarily our brothers' keepers.

What does this standard imply? In substance, the exercise of those rights which our Constitution guarantees—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Life, in this connection, means living, not existing; liberty, freedom in things industrial as well as political; happiness includes, among other things, that satisfaction which can come only through the full development and utilization of one's faculties. In order that men may live and not merely exist, in order that men may develop their faculties, they must have a reasonable income; they must have health and leisure. High wages will not meet the worker's need unless employment be regular. The best of wages will not compensate for excessively long working hours which undermine health. And working conditions may be so bad as to nullify the good effects of high wages and short hours. The essentials of American citizenship are not satisfied by supplying merely the material needs or even the wants of the worker.

Every citizen must have education—broad and continuous. This essential of citizenship is not met by an education which ends at the age of fourteen, or even at eighteen or twenty-two. Education must continue throughout life. A country cannot be governed well by rulers whose education and mental development are gained only from their attendance at the common school. Whether the education of the citizen in later years is to be given in classes or from the public platform, or is to be supplied through discussion in the lodges and the trade unions, or is to be gained from the reading of papers, periodicals and books, in any case, freshness of mind is indispensable to its attainment. And to the preservation of freshness of mind a short workday is as essential as adequate food and proper conditions of working and of living. The worker must, in other words, have leisure. But leisure does not imply idleness. It means ability to work not less but more, ability to work at something besides breadwinning, ability to work harder while working at breadwinning, and



ability to work more years at breadwinning. Leisure, so defined, is an essential of successful democracy.

Furthermore, the citizen in a successful democracy must not only have education; he must be free. Men are not free if dependent industrially upon the arbitrary will of another. Industrial liberty on the part of the worker cannot, therefore, exist if there be overweening industrial power. Some curb must be placed upon capitalistic combination. Nor will even this curb be effective unless the workers coöperate, as in trade unions. Control and coöperation are both essential to industrial liberty.

And if the American is to be fitted for his task as ruler, he must have besides education and industrial liberty also some degree of financial independence. Our existing industrial system is converting an ever increasing percentage of the population into wage-earners; and experience teaches us that a large part of these become at some time financial dependents, by reason of sickness, accident, invalidity, superannuation, unemployment or premature death of the breadwinner of the family. Contingencies like these, which are generally referred to in the individual case as misfortunes, are now recognized as ordinary incidents in the life of the wage-earner. The need of providing indemnity against financial losses from such ordinary contingencies in the workingmen's life has become apparent and is already being supplied in other countries. The standard worthy to be called American implies some system of social insurance.

And since the child is the father of the man, we must bear constantly in mind that the American standard of living cannot be attained or preserved unless the child is not only well fed but well born; unless he lives under conditions wholesome morally as well as physically; unless he is given education adequate both in quantity and in character to fit him for life's work.

Such are our ideals and the standard of living we have erected for ourselves. But what is there in these ideals which is peculiarly American? Many nations seek to develop the individual man for himself and for the common good. Some are as liberty-loving as we. Some pride themselves upon institutions more democratic than our own. Still others, less

conspicuous for liberty or democracy, claim to be more successful in attaining social justice. And we are not the only nation which combines love of liberty with the practice of democracy and a longing for social justice. But there is one feature in our ideals and practices which is peculiarly American. It is inclusive brotherhood.

Other countries, while developing the individual man, have assumed that their common good would be attained only if the privileges of their citizenship should be limited practically to natives or to persons of a particular nationality. America, on the other hand, has always declared herself for equality of nationalities as well as for equality of individuals. It recognizes racial equality as an essential of full human liberty and true brotherhood, and that racial equality is the complement of democracy. America has, therefore, given like welcome to all the peoples of Europe.

Democracy rests upon two pillars: One, the principle that all men are equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and the other, the conviction that such equal opportunity will most advance civilization. Aristocracy, on the other hand, denies both these postulates. It rests upon the principle of the superman. It willingly subordinates the many to the few, and seeks to justify sacrificing the individual by insisting that civilization will be advanced by such sacrifices.

The struggles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries both in peace and in war were devoted largely to overcoming the aristocratic position as applied to individuals. In establishing the equal right of every person to development it became clear that equal opportunity for all involves this necessary limitation: Each man may develop himself so far, but only so far, as his doing so will not interfere with the exercise of a like right by all others. Thus liberty came to mean the right to enjoy life, to acquire property, to pursue happiness in such manner and to such extent only as the exercise of the right in each is consistent with the exercise of a like right by every other of our fellow citizens. Liberty thus defined underlies twentieth century democracy. Liberty thus defined exists in a large part of the western world. And even where this equal right of each individual has not yet been accepted as a political right, its ethical claim is gaining recognition.

America, dedicated to liberty and the brotherhood of man, rejected the aristocratic principle of the superman as applied to peoples as it rejected the principles when applied to individuals. America has believed that each race had something of peculiar value which it can contribute to the attainment of those high ideals for which it is striving. America has believed that we must not only give to the immigrant the best that we have, but must preserve for America the good that is in the immigrant and develop in him the best of which he is capable. America has believed that in differentiation, not in uniformity, lies the path of progress. It acted on this belief; it has advanced human happiness, and it has prospered.

On the other hand, the aristocratic theory as applied to peoples survived generally throughout Europe. It was there assumed by the stronger countries that the full development of one people necessarily involved its domination over another, and that only by such domination would civilization advance. Strong nationalities, assuming their own superiority, came to believe that they possessed the divine right to subject other peoples to their sway; and the belief in the existence of such a right ripened into a conviction that there was also a duty to exercise it. The Russianizing of Finland, the Prussianizing of Poland and Alsace, the Magyarizing of Croatia, the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Rumania, are the fruits of this arrogant claim of superiority; and that claim is also the underlying cause of the present war.

The movements of the last century have proved that whole peoples have individuality no less marked than that of the single person, that the individuality of a people is irrepressible, and that the misnamed internationalism which seeks the obliteration of nationalities or peoples is unattainable. The new nationalism adopted by America proclaims that each race or people, like each individual, has the right and duty to develop, and that only through such differentiated development will high civilization be attained. Not until these principles of nationalism, like those of democracy, are generally accepted will liberty be fully attained and minorities be secure in their rights. Not until then can the foundation be laid for a lasting peace among the nations.

The world longs for an end of this war, and even more

for a peace that will endure. It turns anxiously to the United States, the one great neutral country, and bids us point the way. And may we not answer: Go the way of liberty and justice—led by democracy and the new nationalism. Without these, international congresses and supreme courts will prove vain and disarmament "The Great Illusion."

And let us remember the poor parson of whom Chaucer says:

"But Criste's loore, and his Apostles twelve,  
He taughte, but first he followed it hymselfe."

## CHARLES HENRY BRENT

### THE CALL TO THE CHURCH TO DEVELOP A CHRISTIAN INTERNATIONAL LIFE

[Bishop Brent, chief of the chaplain service of the A. E. F. in France, was formerly Bishop of the Philippine Islands and is now Bishop of Western New York. This address was delivered before the Federal Council of the Churches at Indianapolis, Dec. 15, 1922.]

THE ambitious duty of the Church from which it can never be released is to develop a human society which will be dominated by the Christian motive. This done, the kingdoms and republics of this world, though retaining each one its identity, will have become one body under the Supreme Sovereignty of God.

At the very beginning there was no doubt as to the purpose of Christ. It was to establish a Christendom as wide as humanity and as long-lived as the end of the world. Put the closing words of St. Matthew's Gospel at the latest date that criticism dares to set, and it still remains indisputable that they inspired and controlled the lives of those who knew Jesus of Nazareth in the days of His mortality. They are superb words, full of courage and certainty, breathing the mind of the Christ. Listen to them anew: "Full authority has been given to me in heaven and on earth; go and make disciples of all nations, baptize them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, and teach them to obey all the commands I have laid on you. And I will be with you all the time, to the very end of the world." The moment the Church accepts this commission as its supreme and age-long duty, it will renew its youth. The Christianizing of nations has largely ceased to be an endeavor of the Churches, with the unhappy consequence that leaves the world to-day without a



single Christian nation, rightly so-called, unless in our charity we recognize the Armenians as being so loyal to Christ that almost to a man, or to a child, they are ready to die rather than renounce Him.

The call to the Church for the re-creation of human society comes not from the imagination or fatuous hope of sanguine men, ignorant of facts, and heedless of obstacles. It comes from the mind of God who conceived and shaped life on earth and who knows it from the inside, having lived it in His own Person. God is more human than humanity in that He is humanity's source and origin. If we accept Christianity at all, we must accept the cornerstone on which it stands. Here it is. The whole human race is potentially God's family and no groupings within the race, domestic, tribal, or national, may be used to obscure its essential oneness without dire penalties.

In the magnificence and spaciousness of this vision we move out into our duty. Individual safety can be discovered and secured only in social safety. If we take a common interpretation of the Church to-day, that it is a little company of likeminded people formed chiefly for their own spiritual prosperity, with no serious obligation for or genuine interest in the nation's welfare, much less the world's, we negate the Christian motive and hinder Christian progress. There never was, there never can be, a narrower work for the Christian Church than the world. Whatever sails on a lesser sea is not the ark of salvation, nor does it even belong to the Christian fleet.

During the days when the covenant of the League of Nations was being drafted I wrote as follows to President Wilson:

"If, in the proposed draft of the League of Nations, there is no clause indicating God's purpose to bind all nations into one, could not something of the sort be inserted, even if it were only a single sentence? The more I have thought of the attempt which we are making to create world order, the more I have concluded its hopelessness without looking to God to do the work above and beyond as well as through us, which is necessary for anything permanent. I merely throw this out as a suggestion, and believe that it would tend to stabilize our

idealism, if the first mention of unity were referred to as the product and purpose of God's mind."

To which the President replied:

"I need not tell you that the suggestion your letter contains appeals to my heart, but I am afraid, with the peculiar make-up of our Commission on the League of Nations, it would be useless to propose such a sentence as you suggest for the Covenant of the League."

I recognize the implication and justice of this reply. A phrase could be only a phrase unless it represented the mind of those who made it their own. The blame lay at the door of the Christian Church. Its work had been so faulty in Christianizing the nations that their representatives were not in a position honestly to maintain that they were working out God's great and beneficent purpose for the race, instead of weaving a fabric out of their own substance. I believe that the Churches of our shattered Christendom are slowly waking up to their full responsibility and opportunity, but many of them have not yet been able to distinguish between propagating their own exclusive tenets with sectarian intent, and that fearless unveiling of the Incarnate God which draws all men unto Him.

This, then, is our first and most deep-seated duty—to recognize, as the Church of Christ, that our business is with "all nations," and that we must secure what has been termed "the return of Christendom," that is to say a society dominated by the Christian motive. The concerted acceptance of such a commission, unreservedly and honestly as their only justification for existence, would do more to unify and vitalize the Church than any other one activity. The difficulty of the task is proportionate to its importance, but it represents a goal which, let obstacles be what they may, must never be abandoned. Unless the Christian begins with and adheres to it all else will be futile.

Assuming our acceptance of God's great purpose, we face the puzzle of coöperating with Him in working it out. It is a puzzle. But like all divinely constructed puzzles there is a key to it. That key is fellowship—fellowship with God and in God with one another. Fellowship is not merely a unifying force but also unity itself. It is the only end which is its

own means. Under its influence all interests can be reconciled with mutual goodwill born of mutual understanding and mutual forbearance. It is the foremost business of the Churches to promote goodwill among their own members and with one another. But just now we are not considering individual but group Christianity. The same key, however, applies corporately as well as personally. The fellowship between nations must be controlled by love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control. Conferences of representatives of the nations, in view of the impossibility of conferences of the nations themselves, are the greatest instrument for the promotion of goodwill at our disposal.

Herein consists the chief and sufficient cure for war. Let us remember what war is. It is sectional goodwill, a perversion of the Christian motive. By its organized confusion it degrades the saving principle of fellowship into a means of injury and destruction. The world does not need any further exhibition of war's museum of horrors to entice men away from its pseudo-glory. We all hate it. But we must not forget the great position it has held from the beginning of the world till now—it is the final arbiter in international disputes. It is just as irrational as trial by fire. But throwing stones at it does no good. Declaring it outlawed is futile, for the outlaw is a particularly dangerous enemy. If we dethrone it, we must have a superior monarch to occupy its place.

Again we are confronted by a puzzle. Our theories are good but human nature is not good so that practical application is the perplexity of the moment. So far as the Churches are concerned there remain still some elementary measures to be taken. Now is the time to establish a league of peace among the whole assortment of Christian denominations which clutter up the landscape. During the late war Christian fought against Christian, and, worse still, members of the same Christian body fought one another. I recognize that it would be inadequate for us to agree that we would not fight. But why could we not set ourselves as Christians to discover the substitute for war, and then pledge ourselves to demand of our respective governments use of the substitute to the exclusion of war? Veterans of many countries, tens of millions strong, are already banded together in La Federation Inter-

alliée des Anciens Combattants as the sworn enemies of war and with a clearly defined policy how to replace it with a rational arbiter between nation and nation. Even the Buddhists in the Orient have massed their strength similarly. We too are making some progress in the same direction by existing organizations of the Churches, but our latent and unexploited forces are greater than those which have been called into activity. What is specially needed at this hour is constructive and "preventive statesmanship" in the Churches. There has been a lot of loose talk of late among Churchmen and equally loose criticism of the Churches by non-Churchmen on the subject of war. But I am speaking for unnumbered multitudes when I affirm that there are no more deadly foes of war on earth than the great mass of Churchmen.

I would lack in frankness and be trifling with facts were I to pass by the competitive character of the majority of Christian Churches as the greatest obstacle to our influence on nations. We of America need to unify our own household in matters both of faith and morals, and even when that is done American Christianity will still remain a permanent debtor of, as well as a permanent contributor to, the Christianity of the Old World. We of the New World are inclined to be impatient with the disciplines of history. If the tendency of the immediate inheritors of the past is to have foundations without a house, our tendency is to have a house without foundations. The roots of the Church are not only in recent history, or in pet epochs of history, but in the whole stretch of history which is our rich heritage. Christianity is not ashamed to have as tributaries Hellenism and Judaism, grand historic philosophies, conspicuously Aristotelianism and Platonism, and world religions like Buddhism. None can be neglected. The frank recognition of this might tame ecclesiastical fanaticism, with its zest for proselyting from other Christian Churches and its dogmatic exclusions. Until there is peace among the Christian Churches, their propaganda for peace among the nations must be lame and ineffective.

Let us face the main problem before us. What is the duty of organized Christianity in America in relation to shaping the international mind and policy of our nation? We accept the conclusions of our distinguished fellow citizen and states-



man, Elihu Root, that the demand of the people of a democracy for control of foreign affairs is "a step in the direct line of development of democratic government, which, according to the nature of democracies, will not be retraced. . . . The usefulness of this departure is subject to one inevitable condition. That is, that the democracy which is undertaking to direct the business of diplomacy shall learn the business." No one will dispute the function of representative government to interpret and apply the mind of the people, but in order that it may do this the voice of the people must be heard. Organizations of commerce, of literature, of health must be unfailing in registering the popular mind on these matters in Washington. Organized Christianity must be alert equally in pressing on the attention of the Government the mind of its constituency in all matters that pertain to the moral responsibility of the nation and the sanctity of human life. Of course our representatives in Washington are our leaders. We look to them as experts for distinctness of policy. Where this is lacking we have a duty rather than a right to use our prerogative of offering definite plans for their consideration. A democratic government that merely awaits the mandate of the people without a progressive course of education of its citizenry, is abdicating leadership. With the desire not to embarrass but to help the Government, representatives of American Christianity recently approached the Secretary of State with well weighed proposals which were received with courteous attention.

It is the duty of the Church to aid the Government in giving practical expression to the accepted fact of the community of nations. Should the Churches agree on a way of reaching this end, the formulation and presentation of their thought is a normal feature of democracy, liable to no resentment, capable of great usefulness. I am expressing the thought of multitudes of American Christians when I express the hope that our Government might give the country a clearer idea of its mind on the community of nations. Quoting again words of Mr. Root, words with which this time, I cannot agree: "This great fact of the community of nations is not involved at all in any question about the 'League of Nations' or any other association of nations founded upon contract. The 'League of Nations' is merely a contract between the signers



of the instrument by which they agree to super-add to the existing usages, customs, laws, rights, and obligations of the existing community of nations, certain other rights and obligations of the existing community of nations, certain other rights and obligations which shall bind the signers as matter of contract. Whether a country enters into that contract or not, its membership of the community of nations continues with all the rights and obligations incident to that membership."

Mr. Root's conclusion is illogical and contrary to human experiences. Had the founders of our Republic acted on this theory there could never have been a United States of America. For what is our country but an "association of nations founded upon contract?" Ideals demand embodiment. The alternative is their death. President Wilson presented an embodiment which was rejected by our nation. But it will redound to his undying credit that he had courage to experiment. In rejecting the embodiment, the nation did not reject the ideal. As I view it we are in honor bound either to ally ourselves to the League of Nations in some real way in which we shall accept responsibility as well as give advice, or else produce a superior substitute. The President's latest message to Congress leads us to suppose that a substitute is about to be born. Whatever happens, the Church may not relax its vigilance, or relinquish its duty. The Church is guardian for all time of the family character of mankind.

The moment is a tense one. In Lausanne America, swaying great influence, sits as an "observer," with a voice but without a vote. Through the courtesy of the nations we are allowed representation without responsibility. And yet the existing confused situation in the Near East is due in part at any rate to America's fault. I am not distinguishing between Administration and Administration. I am speaking in terms of continuous national life. It is no use harking back to the past and indulging in recrimination. The only worth while thing we can do now is to admit the fact that as a nation we share in common with Europe its fault for the world's dilemma. Such an admission immediately constrains us to extraordinary effort to play our part in extricating mankind from the snare into which it has been trapped.

Thus far we have been considering chiefly nations which are courteously denominated Christian. But there is a more tremendous problem still for us to meet—our duty to Moslem nations and Islam as a whole. The problem is an inheritance from the Middle Ages which for centuries has stood in history as a warning how not to do it. The Crusades, whatever their by-products, were a dead failure in the end they sought. After the Saracen had been vanquished and Constantinople, Asia Minor and the Holy Land brought under Christian control, the allies of the day, Constantinople and Rome, quarreled and the Turk came marching in. The one bright spot of the times is the figure of that lowly figure, St. Francis, appearing before the Moslem conquerors to deliver his simple message which the living Christ had bidden him carry thither. If he and those inspired by him failed in their end, the failure was due to the times and not to the message.

The Churches can do what no government can do by supporting existing schools of Christian goodwill that are already in operation in the Near East, and by increasing their number. They should be schools to serve, not to proselyte. The Turk cares not for theoretic religion. He is accustomed to live his. What must he think of the people who approach him with the Gospel of Peace in their left hand and the Sword of War in their right? If he kills he does so at Allah's command. But we can conceive of his saying as he reviews the history of Europe during the last decade: "How those Christians do kill one another!" The religion that competes with Islam must be a practicing religion and not a theoretic one.

So we face our responsibility in all its immensity. Ultimate victory is certain but progress cannot be other than slow. It may be that we are on the confines of the dark ages of modern history. There is much to lead us to suppose so. The Dark Ages of medieval times began with barbarism from without. Our dark ages, if they come, will be brought upon us from barbarism from within, the deadliest of all foes. But the business of the Church is to keep her light shining brilliantly for mankind. The monuments and literary creations of Christianity may be destroyed, or worse still, perverted to an unworthy use. But the life of the Church is within the people

who are loyal to Christ and they pass on from generation to generation the eternal gospel of the living God.

“Before us the darkness—  
Sunward, O sunward!  
Rough is the highway—  
Onward, still onward!  
Dawn harbors surely  
East of the shadows.  
Facing us somewhere  
Spread the sweet meadows.”

# NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

## TRUE AND FALSE DEMOCRACY

[President Butler of Columbia University is one of our most effective public speakers. He has already been represented in Volumes I and VI of "Modern Eloquence." In the latter volume will be found a biographical note. The following address is a thoughtful analysis of political and economic conditions in the United States and represents the general attitude which President Butler has taken in public affairs. It was delivered before the University of California on Charter Day, March 23, 1907. Reprinted here by permission of author and publishers from the volume of addresses "True and False Democracy," copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.]

THE idols of the market-place, those words and phrases which pass current among men carelessly and without testing, are even more devotedly worshiped to-day than they were when Bacon first described them. We speak lightly and in familiar terms of the words which stand for the greatest achievements of man, and too seldom do we stop to ask ourselves whether we truly grasp and understand their significance. The word democracy is one of these. The theme which it suggests is a fascinating one, and it is worth while to point out some far-reaching distinctions between a democracy which is true and stable, and one which is false and illusory.

In each of the progressive nations of the earth it is clearly recognized that the pressing questions of the moment are not so much political, in the narrow sense, as they are economic and social. Human welfare, for which in a vague and general way governments were built, has now become in a precise and specific way a main object of government everywhere. The upbuilding of character and intelligence by providing opportunity and instruction; the securing of comfort and prosperity through justice as well as by philanthropy; the protection of the individual from disease as well as from

attack, are all tasks of common concern wrought at by a collective agency. Only a beginning has been made in the establishment of this new order of political thought and political action. In Germany, in France, in England, in Italy, in Japan, as well as in America, parliaments and legislatures are busying themselves with these newer problems, the common characteristic of which is that they appear to involve in their solution a vast and rapid extension of the field in which men work collectively through their political agents, rather than individually through their own wills and hands. Those who are alarmed at this tendency and who see in it a force and movement antagonistic to ideals and principles in which they whole-heartedly believe, name it socialism and call upon us to make war upon it as such. But, as Lord Salisbury told the listening peers years ago, the time has gone by when to call a measure socialistic is a sufficient reason for opposing it. The new proposals must be examined on their merits, and no argument by epithet should be allowed to blind us to the truth, wherever it may be.

We Americans approach these present-day problems in the spirit of democracy, and with more than a century of schooling in democracy behind us; but are we quite sure that we know what democracy means and implies? Have we so fast a hold upon principle that not even the allurements of greed and envy or the promptings of angry passion will sweep us from our moorings? For there is a democracy false and a democracy true, and it is just when the economic or social problem presses hardest for solution that the sharp contrast between the two is lost sight of and the line which divides them is blurred. To consider the true and the false conceptions of democracy is to equip ourselves with the armor of sound and well-tested principle to meet the tasks and problems of to-morrow.

Was Lord Byron right when he cried, "What is democracy? —an aristocracy of blackguards!" or was the truth not with Mazzini, who defined democracy as "the progress of all through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest"? Everything depends upon the answer. Perhaps we shall reach the answer most safely and securely if we examine some significant facts in recent political history.



## WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

Not long ago, within the walls of the Palais Bourbon, a building which bears the name that has passed into literature as the symbol of political reaction and obscurantism, two great orators and statesmen presented to the Chamber of Deputies, in memorable controversy, two conflicting political and social programs and ideals. It is not too much to say that the debate between M. Jaurès and M. Clemenceau in June, 1906, on the underlying relations between the socialistic program and the principles of a democratic state, was one of the most significant and prophetic to which the world has listened for many years. Jaurès presented with lucid fervor the ideal of that socialistic democracy which binds itself to the shibboleth of equality. Clemenceau presented with forceful acumen the conception of an individualist democracy which takes liberty for its watchword. Neither protagonist indicated by his words that he saw or felt the necessary and everlasting contradiction between economic equality and liberty. The formula in which these two terms stand side by side is so dear to the Frenchman who looks back to the Revolution as the date of his emancipation, that perhaps it will be given to others than Frenchmen to see most clearly how complete is the contradiction between liberty and economic equality, and that escape from the contradiction is only to be found in the true conception of the third term of the revolutionary formula, fraternity.

Lord Acton, scholar and wise-man of the world, whose hope was to live long enough to write the history of liberty in Europe, once said that "The deepest cause which made the French Revolution so disastrous to liberty was its theory of equality. Liberty was the watchword of the middle class, equality of the lower. It was the lower class that won the battles of the third estate; that took the Bastille, and made France a constitutional monarchy; that took the Tuileries, and made France a Republic. They claimed their reward. The middle class, having cast down the upper orders with the aid of the lower, instituted a new inequality and a privilege for itself. By means of a taxpaying qualification it deprived its confederates of their vote. To those, therefore, who had

accomplished the Revolution, its promise was not fulfilled. Equality did nothing for them. The opinion, at that time, was almost universal, that society is founded on an agreement which is voluntary and conditional, and that the links which bind men to it are terminable, for sufficient reason, like those which subject them to authority. From these popular premises the logic of Marat drew his sanguinary conclusions. He told the famished people that the conditions on which they had consented to bear their evil lot, and had refrained from violence, had not been kept to them. It was suicide, it was murder, to submit, to starve, and to see one's children starving, by the fault of the rich. The bonds of society were dissolved by the wrong it inflicted. The state of nature had come back, in which every man had a right to what he could take. The time had come for the rich to make way for the poor. With this theory of equality, liberty was quenched in blood, and Frenchmen became ready to sacrifice all other things to save life and fortune."<sup>1</sup>

The political and social anarchy which Lord Acton describes must be the inevitable result whenever the passion for economic equality overcomes the love of liberty in men's breasts. For the state is founded upon justice, and justice involves liberty, and liberty denies economic equality; because equality of ability, of efficiency, and even of physical force are unknown among men. To secure an equality which is other than the political equality incident to liberty, the more efficient must be shackled that they may not outrun the less efficient, for there is no known device by which the less efficient can be spurred on to equal the accomplishment of the more efficient. Objective conditions must, of course, be equalized, particularly those conditions which are created by the state. But this is true not because such an equality is an end in itself, but because it is essential to liberty.

If we can fix clearly in mind this fundamental contradiction between equality of possessions, equality of capacity, equality of attainment, and liberty, we shall have reached the clew to the distinction between a democracy which is false and spurious, and a democracy which is true and real.

When one examines the proposals that are seriously made

<sup>1</sup> *Quarterly Review*, January, 1878, pp. 133-134.

by responsible men in high places, not in one nation of the earth but in many, he is forced to ask whether liberty, which for four centuries has been a word to conjure with, has lost its hold upon men, and whether we are coming to a pass where democracy is to be reduced to the expedient of some of the ancient tyrannies, and is to be able to maintain itself only by providing bread and a circus for the masses of the people. If by any chance we have come to this pass, or are coming to it, then be assured that it will not be long before a great change will come over the political and social institutions of mankind, and that it will be a change for the worse.

It is hard to bring one's self to believe that liberty has lost its hold, or that a false and spurious equality contradicting every natural law, making progress impossible or only temporary at best, can long lure intelligent men from liberty's path. The abuses of liberty are severe and innumerable. The economic injustices that have not yet been removed are many and apparent. The forms of equality dependent upon true liberty that have not yet been sufficiently established are easy to name. But surely the remedy is not to be found in tearing down the corner-stone of the political fabric, but rather in first clearing away obstructions and débris, and then in building more thoughtfully, more wisely, and more patiently upon it.

#### THE SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA

The socialist propaganda, never more seriously or more ably carried on than now, is an earnest and sincere attempt to escape from conditions that are burdensome and unhappy. Despite its most imperfect interpretation of the economic significance of history and its ringing the changes on a misleading theory of class consciousness, this propaganda makes an appeal to our favorable judgment because its proclaimed motive is to help the mass of mankind. No just man can quarrel with its aim, but few readers of history or students of human nature can approve its program. What is it that socialism aims to accomplish by restricting liberty in order to promote economic equality? It seeks to accomplish what it conceives to be a juster economic and political condition. At bottom and without special reference to immediate con-

crete proposals, socialism would substitute for individual initiative collective and corporate responsibility in matters relating to property and production, in the hope thereby of correcting and overcoming the evils which attach to an individualism run wild. But we must not lose sight of the fact that the corporate or collective responsibility which it would substitute for individual initiative is only such corporate or collective responsibility as a group of these very same individuals could exercise. Therefore, socialism is primarily an attempt to overcome man's individual imperfections by adding them together, in the hope that they cancel each other. This is not only bad mathematics, but worse psychology. In pursuing a formula, socialism fails to take account of the facts. Out of the people it would constitute a mob, in forgetfulness of the fact that the mob, led or unled, is the most serious foe that the people have ever had to face. The Roman Republic conquered every enemy but its own vices. With this warning written large across the page of history, what is the lesson of Rome for America?

We come back to the conception which Mazzini had of democracy: "The progress of all through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest." True democracy will carry on an insistent search for these wisest and best, and will elevate them to posts of leadership and command. Under the operation of the law of liberty, it will provide itself with real leaders, not limited by rank, or birth, or wealth, or circumstance, but opening the way for each individual, to rise to the place of honor and influence by the expression of his own best and highest self. It will exactly reverse the communistic formula, "From each according to his abilities. To each according to his needs," and will uphold the principle, "From each according to his needs, To each according to his abilities." It will take care to provide such a ladder of education and opportunity that the humblest may rise to the very top if he is capable and worthy. The most precious thing in the world is the individual human mind and soul, with its capacity for growth and service. To bind it fast to a formula, to hold it in check to serve the selfish ends of mediocrity, to deny it utterance and ex-



pression, political, economic, and moral, is to make democracy impossible as a permanent social and governmental form.

The United States is in sore need to-day of an aristocracy of intellect and service. Because such an aristocracy does not exist in the popular consciousness, we are bending the knee in worship to the golden calf of money. The form of monarchy and its pomp offer a valuable foil to the worship of money for its own sake. A democracy must provide itself with a foil of its own, and none is better or more effective than an aristocracy of intellect and service recruited from every part of our democratic life. We must put behind us the fundamental fallacy that equality is demanded by justice. The contrary is the case. Justice demands inequality as a condition of liberty and as a means of rewarding each according to his merits and deserts. Even the Socialist admits this, for Menger has written that "the wealth destined for the immediate satisfaction of desires may, even in the socialist state, be divided unequally, according to the quality and quantity of work performed, the rank occupied by each in the state, and many other factors."

Jealousy of power honestly gained and justly exercised, envy of attainment or of possession, are characteristics of the mob, not of the people; of a democracy which is false, not of a democracy which is true. False democracy shouts, Every man down to the level of the average. True democracy cries, All men up to the height of their fullest capacity for service and achievement. The two ideals are everlastingly at war. The future of this nation, as the future of the world, is bound up with the hope of a true democracy that builds itself on liberty.

True democracy rejects the doctrine that mediocrity is a safeguard for liberty, and points to the fact that the only serious menace to liberty comes from the predominance of monopoly, of privilege, and of majorities. True democracy holds fast to the notion that fixed standards of right and wrong are necessary to its success, and that no resting-place is to be found in the verdict of authorities, of majorities, or of custom. It believes that nothing is settled until it is settled right, and that no fear of majorities and no threats of the



powerful should for an instant be allowed to check the agitation to right a wrong or to remedy an abuse. True democracy sings, with Lowell, its own true poet:—

“Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her  
wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward  
stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had  
denied.”

True democracy creates leadership by its confidence and trust, and follows it. False democracy decries leaders and exalts demagogues.

A real representative of the people is not their unreflecting mouthpiece or their truckling servant, altering his course to meet each shifting breeze of opinion or puff of passion. He is rather the spokesman for their conscience, their insight, and their judgment as his own deepest and sincerest convictions reveal them to him. Edmund Burke, speaking to the electors of Bristol, expressed perfectly the real duty of a representative to his constituency. He said:—

“It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect; their business unremitted attention. . . . But his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure—no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion. . . . Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation, with

one interest, that of the whole—where not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member, indeed; but when he is chosen, he is not a member of Bristol, but a member of Parliament."

What Burke says of Parliament is equally true of the American Congress and of American State Legislatures. Their one proper concern is the interest of the whole body politic, and the true democratic representative is not the cringing, fawning tool of the caucus or of the mob, but he who, rising to the full stature of political manhood, does not take orders but offers guidance. We Americans well know that genuine leadership is possible in a democratic state, and that an aristocracy of intelligence and service may be built up in a democracy; for the immortal example is found in the life and work and glory of Abraham Lincoln.

#### IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?

If, however, the matter were to be left here, some perplexing questions would remain unanswered. For one hundred years and more the people of the United States have maintained a democratic form of government, which has grown from small and simple beginnings to a complicated organism ruling a territory comparable to that of the world's greatest empires. Yet happiness and prosperity have not become universal, nor is justice yet established invariably as between man and man, or as between the individual and the community. For this there are two reasons.

The first is to be found in human nature itself, with its limitations, its imperfections, its seemingly slow progress toward the highest ethical standards and the surest spiritual insights. For the removal of these obstacles there is no hope in man-made formulas or in governmental policies; education and moral regeneration, taking long periods of time to accomplish their aims, are the only instrumentalities to which we can hopefully turn.

The second reason, however, lies somewhat closer at hand. It is to be found, I conceive, in the lack of adjustment between the responsibility and oversight of the community, acting through its governmental agents, and the exercise of indi-

vidual initiative in matters relating to property and production. This lack of adjustment is traceable in turn to the rapid changes which the past generation or two have brought about in our economic and industrial life. To keep pace with these changes, and to secure justice without sacrificing liberty, are now the purpose and the hope of true democracy everywhere.

What chiefly attracts attention at the moment as an element of serious injustice, is the institution, under the guise of liberty or freedom, of what is really a form of economic dependence or slavery, which is usually described as the exploitation of man by man. If this exploitation, or use and oppression of one man by another, were shown to be a necessary and inevitable result of society as now ordered and established, then might we well believe that the socialist propaganda, if it could make clear that socialism would bring such exploitation to an end, would go forward with increasing energy and success. But it must be pointed out that the exploitation of one individual by another is not a necessary, but an incidental, consequence of the existing social order, and that, bad as it is, its results are in no sense comparable with the evils of the exploitation of one by all, which is a necessary consequence of the establishment of a socialistic democracy. For the exploitation of one by all puts an end to liberty. We should not gain anything by substituting the more injurious form of exploitation for the less injurious; we should, rather, lose much. The real problem of democracy is to prevent both forms of exploitation, either that of one man by another or that of one man by the community. To prevent this exploitation, or rather to reduce it to the narrow and necessary limits set by nature itself, and to take away from it all causes added by the grant of monopoly and privilege, are clear duties of present-day democracy. How shall democracy proceed to this task?

If the exaggerated forms of exploitation which are now observed among us are studied with care, it will be seen that, almost without exception, they spring from community-given monopoly or privilege. They do not spring from the relation between individual and individual, or from the institution of private property itself. They spring from the relation between individual and community. Those relations would be

multiplied, not diminished, in a socialistic democracy. The only hope for the abolition of exploitation in a socialistic democracy, therefore, is the regeneration of man and the removal of those natural obstacles to human perfection which are so plainly in evidence. In other words, the socialistic democracy assumes, and must assume for the success of its program, a condition of individual perfection which the whole of history denies. The lack of this individual perfection gives rise to the evils of the present hour, and it would continue to give rise to the same evils, but in an exaggerated form, if the socialistic democracy were to be established.

If what is properly called exploitation is to be prevented, this can only be accomplished, I conceive, by developing with clearness and precision a concept of public property which shall have an ethical foundation and a legal as well as a social sanction. The ethical foundation for the concept of private property, and the legal and social sanctions for it, are perfectly clear and well known. The concept of public property is not in so fortunate a condition. It needs elaboration and definition. If we can arrive at this elaboration and definition of the concept of public property, then we may safely assign control of public property to the government and exclude the individual from any share in that control. On the borderland between public and private property there will be found many instances of doubtful classification. Expediency and experience will indicate on which side of the line a given case should fall. But there may wisely be established an intermediate class of undertakings, not to be regarded as wholly private and not to be regarded as wholly public, in respect to which individual initiative shall prevail under such terms as the state regulation and oversight may prescribe. Along these lines and on this basis a true democracy can bring so-called exploitation to an end without endeavoring to establish a false equality, and holding fast meanwhile to true liberty. This is a practicable and a practical program to be set over against the impracticable and impractical program offered by the socialist propaganda.

In working out this program we must take care to protect ourselves against the mob—a mass of men whose powers



of reflection and judgment are unhorsed and who are driven by the force of blind passion; for any social or political reconstruction whets the mob's appetite and stirs its passions.

In his extraordinary characterization of the conditions preceding and accompanying the French Revolution, Taine pictured with skillful verisimilitude the characteristics of the mob which parades in the garb of democracy. He spoke of its mistrust of its natural leaders, of the great, of the wealthy, of persons in offices and clothed with authority, as being inveterate and incurable. He described the sovereignty of unrestrained passions, which is the final and bloody end of mob rule. There are those among us who understand the mob so well that they sedulously and skillfully endeavor to bring to pass just such a state of affairs as Taine described. These wreckers of society, unrestrained by principle and unhampered by conviction, are playing with the fire of human passion and mob violence. They attack a conception of democracy which is true, in its every aspect, in the hope that they may enthrone in its stead a democracy which is false and futile. They begin by playing upon the term "labor." Taking note of the fact that the world's workers constitute all but an insignificant remnant of the world's citizenship, they would set one form of labor against another, and confuse and confound the meaning of the term "labor" itself. All the world over, these mischief-makers, when they put forth an academic theory, use the term "labor" in a way to include every form of productive activity. For that purpose the inventor, the overseer, the manager, the guide, and inspirer of an undertaking, is a laborer; but when from the height of academic theory they come down to the plane of popular agitation, then they make the term "labor" apply to manual labor alone. It is true that leading economic writers themselves are responsible for the widespread confusion between these two uses of the term "labor." As a matter of fact, ordinary manual labor is just the opposite of what the socialist supposes it to be. Instead of being the sole instrument in the production of wealth, as the modern world knows wealth, it is the subordinate element in that production. Manual labor is always essential, to be sure, but manual labor alone does not now produce, nor has it ever produced, much more than a mere minimum of subsistence.



All of the increment in production which has made the modern world possible, is due to the directing faculty, to the capacity to organize, to manage, and to apply. These powers and capacities operate both through labor and through capital. Therefore, to attempt to substitute the mob for the people, manual labor for labor in all its forms, and economic equality for liberty, is to destroy all those institutions and accomplishments upon which man's progress has rested for three thousand years, and which man's progress during that period has developed and applied in so astounding a fashion.

#### THE PROBLEM OF WEALTH

Sainte-Beuve once divided authors into two classes—*ceux qui agitent le monde et ceux qui le civilisent*. So we may divide statesmen and leaders of public opinion into those who disturb the world and those who advance its civilization. The touchstone will be their attitude toward wealth. It is wealth—accumulated possessions of value in excess of immediate needs—that makes leisure possible, and with leisure comes genuine human living, civilization. The world wants more wealth, not less. To aim to destroy wealth, to make its accumulation impossible or personally disadvantageous, is to disturb and distress the world, and, ultimately, every one in it. To seek to promote wealth, to secure its just distribution and its proper use, is to advance the world's civilization. It is not money, much less wealth, which is the root of all evil, but the love of money. The cruel lust for gain, which stifles every generous instinct and all desire for justice, is the despicable thing, and that is a purely personal characteristic which no law can reach. Nothing but a sense of honor and decency, an appreciation of true values, and a genuinely moral view of life, will cure that distressing and painfully contagious disease. To hurl at a moral and intellectual delinquency such as this, the denunciations and restrictions of the law, or to inveigh against wealth as such, is only to invite such a scathing rebuke as Professor Clifford's invective against Christianity called out from Matthew Arnold when he wrote:

"These are merely the cracking fireworks of youthful paradox. One reads it all, half smiling, half sighing, as the declaration of a clever and confident youth, with the hopeless

inexperience, irredeemable by any cleverness, of his age. Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time, and, instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the echo." <sup>1</sup>

Doubtless the mob will prefer cheering its own whoopings to listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of the waves of the Sea of Time, but we must set our faces against the mob, and now as always, whether it wears the clothes of fashion or the workman's blouse, and whether it is vicious and violent or merely addle-pated and sullen.

The surest antidote to the mob and its violence and passion is to secure, in orderly and legal form, after due consideration and discussion, the prompt and effective execution of the people's will and to give voice to the people's judgments and aspirations. This raises some interesting questions.

In our own form of government there are established three independent, but coöperating, powers and agencies for representing the people and for executing their will—the executive, the legislative and the judicial agency. Each immediately represents the people in its own way and in its own sphere, and that sphere is and should remain inviolate. Somehow or other the curious notion has been spread abroad that the legislative agency, the members of which are chosen at short intervals and by small constituencies, more fully and directly represents the people than does either the executive or the judicial branch of the government. Members of the legislative branch of the government have themselves actively spread abroad this notion both by words and by acts. It is, however, not only untrue in theory, but it is ludicrously falsified by the facts. As matters are to-day, and as they have been for a generation past, the Congress of the United States, the legislative branch of the national government, is far inferior to the executive and the judicial branches, as a direct and effective representative of the will and purposes of the people of the United States. It is primarily the President and the Supreme Court who speak the people's maturest mind and who express, in spoken

<sup>1</sup> Introduction to *God and the Bible*.

and written word, in administrative act and in judicial decision, the highest will of the whole people.

Moreover, ever since the Civil War the Congress has steadily invaded the province of the President, and has long been asserting control, directly or indirectly, over his administrative acts. At the moment, it is being urged to invade the prerogatives of the judiciary, and to curtail and regulate the proceedings in equity of the United States courts—a field in which the Congress has the same right and authority that it has in Corea or in British India, no more and no less. The language of the Constitution is perfectly plain: "The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." The judicial power as it existed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution is, therefore, beyond the power of the Congress to restrict or diminish. The Congress may establish courts inferior to the Supreme Court, but surely, when such courts are established, they are entitled to exercise the judicial power as the framers of the Constitution knew it.

This invasion of the executive and judicial powers by the legislature is often accompanied by an effort to convince the people at large that the executive power is in some subtle way antagonistic to democracy, and, moreover, that the executive is invading or has invaded the province of the legislature. This latter cry, as insincere as it is false, is invariably raised whenever it is desired to distract public attention from an invasion of the executive by the legislature, or when some private or privileged interest wishes to ward off from itself the execution of the people's laws. James Madison understood thoroughly well the dangers of legislative encroachment. In the *Federalist*,<sup>1</sup> he wrote of the Legislative Department that "its constitutional powers, being at once more extensive, and less susceptible of precise limits, it can, with the greater facility, mask, under complicated and intricate measures, the encroachment which it makes on the coördinate departments."

In the same exposition he added: "In a government where numerous and extensive prerogatives are placed in the hands of an hereditary monarch, the executive department is very

<sup>1</sup> No 48.

justly regarded as the source of danger, and watched with all the jealousy which a zeal for liberty ought to inspire. In a democracy, where a multitude of people exercise in person the legislative functions, and are continually exposed, by their incapacity for regular deliberation and concerted measures, to the ambitious intrigues of their executive magistrates, tyranny may well be apprehended, on some favorable emergency, to start up in the same quarter. But in a representative republic, where the executive magistracy is carefully limited, both in the extent and the duration of its power; and where the legislative power is exercised by an assembly, which is inspired by a supposed influence over the people, with an intrepid confidence in its own strength; which is sufficiently numerous to feel all the passions which actuate a multitude, yet not so numerous as to be incapable of pursuing the objects of its passions, by means which reason prescribes; it is against the enterprising ambition of this department that the people ought to indulge all their jealousy and exhaust all their precautions."

As a matter of fact, if our American political experience proves anything, it proves that the executive branch of the government is the most efficient representative and spokesman that the popular will has. So it was with Lincoln in the Civil War; so it was with Cleveland in the struggle for a sound monetary system; so it is with Roosevelt in the battle against privilege and greed. Indeed in a very real sense the popular will in the United States has no other representative, for political purposes, than the President. The President of the United States is chosen by the whole people with a view to his personality, his temperament, his private convictions, and his political principles. The people know who he is and all about him. When chosen he owes no responsibility to the Congress, but to the people of the United States alone. When he lays down his office he lays it down to one whom the people have chosen to succeed him; but so long as he exercises its power he exercises it in the people's name and in the people's sight. On the other hand, the system, unfortunate in high degree, of small constituencies having individual representatives in state and national legislatures who are almost uniformly residents of the districts for which they are elected, has reduced to a minimum the truly representative capacity and effi-



ciency of those bodies and has deprived them of many elements of power. For it is well-nigh a political axiom that large constituencies make independent representatives and that small constituencies make tools and ciphers. We must not forget how much farther a bullet will carry than a few score of small shot.

Where is it that private interest goes when it wishes to burke an expression of the popular will?

Not to the executive, not to the private chambers of the judges, but to the committee-rooms and to the floor of the legislative assemblies in state and nation. There responsibility is so divided, there secrecy is so easy, that measures demanded by the people may be done to death, despite the urging of national and state executives. As matters stand to-day, states and syndicates have senators; districts and local interests have representatives; but the whole people of the United States have only the President to speak for them and to do their will.

True democracy, therefore, while seeking by all possible means to improve the quality of its legislatures and to make them representative of principles and ideas rather than of special and local interests, will strengthen the executive arm and protect it from legislative invasion in matters purely administrative. It will, through constitutional forms and by limitation of term, hold the executive strictly answerable for the discharge of his duty and for the bearing of his responsibility.

We are constantly told by the prophets of false democracy that the efficient administration which is secured by single responsible agents is undemocratic. The notion of these false prophets is, I suppose, that no man can be justly convicted of crime in a democracy until each of his fellow-citizens in turn has mounted the bench and passed upon the evidence. They appear to believe that no administrative act can be truly democratic unless the people *en masse* assemble to institute and to approve it. This doctrine, constantly repeated by the unthinking, is both absurd in itself and the *reductio ad absurdum* of government. It not only separates decision from deliberation, but it misses the fundamental distinction between government and administration. No government is democratic which does



not spring from the people's will, and which is not answerable to the people in forms and ways that the people themselves have determined. Administration, on the other hand, is merely the transaction of the people's business, and a democracy is as well entitled as a monarchy to have its business well and promptly done. It will, therefore, if its democracy is true, adopt precisely the modes and agencies of administration that any business undertaking would adopt to secure **similar** aims. It is a false, spurious, and misleading democracy that would destroy efficiency in working out the people's policies by insisting that all the people shall join in working them out. The people determine, the people's agent **executes**. When we get this distinction clearly in mind we shall cease to be troubled by many so-called reforms that are urged upon us in democracy's name.

One unfortunate effect of the false conceptions of democracy that are now so widespread among us is the steady decline in reverence and respect in the United States, not only for age, attainment, and authority, but for law itself. The essence of democracy is not subordination, but association; yet the object of this association is obedience to government as the result of a common deliberation through duly constituted authorities. To those authorities respect is due by every real democrat. The mob yields none and will yield none.

Many causes have contributed no doubt to bring about this decline in respect and reverence for authority and law. The weakening of religious faith, the loosening of the bonds of parental control, the absence of real discipline from school life, have all been at work to undermine the foundations of respect and reverence. We shall never get back to a true democracy, however, until the majesty of the law excites reverence and respect on its own account; until the family bond is drawn closer and tighter, and until children honor their parents as they did of old and until the school understands that abdication of authority is not a solution for the difficulties of discipline. A free state built upon free labor, with liberty for its watchword and justice as its guide, is the ideal of a true democracy—that form of society, which Lowell characterized so suggestively if incompletely as one in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it. To the hectic, emotional radi-

calism which clamors for the exaltation of the mediocre and the unfit, and upon which false democracy builds, true democracy will oppose a healthy, intellectual radicalism that will seek to see life steadily and to see it whole; a radicalism that will aim to redress old wrongs without inflicting new ones. This radicalism of true democracy—if it be radicalism—sees the end of a perfected individualism not in selfishness but in service, not in isolation but in fraternity. It has no idle dreams of Nature dethroned and Artifice exalted in her stead. It sees in the dedicated life the ideal of Liberty's best product. It dares to hope that of this twentieth century and of this fair land of ours, it will not be impossible for another Macaulay some day to write:

"Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man helped the great:  
Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old."

# EARL OF CARNARVON

## FREEMASONRY; ANCIENT AND MODERN

[Address by Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, Earl of Carnarvon, statesman (born June, 1831; died June 28, 1890), delivered at the installation of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (later Edward VII), as Grand Master of English Freemasons, at Royal Albert Hall, London, April 28, 1874. The ceremony was performed in the presence of nearly eight thousand Masons. The Prince was, with certain formalities, invested with the collar and jewel of his office, and placed in the chair; and the trumpets having challenged attention, Sir Albert Woods made proclamation of his election.]

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS AND MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER:—It has been, from time immemorial, the custom when any Master of the Craft was placed in this chair to remind him of the duties that he then undertook, and although it is unnecessary that I should remind your Royal Highness, who is so conversant with all the affairs of the Craft, of those duties, it is right that that old and time-honored custom should not absolutely disappear, and therefore it is my duty to address to you a few words on this occasion.

Sir, your Royal Highness, knows well that Freemasonry possesses many titles to respect, even in the eyes of the outer world. It has, first of all, a great antiquity—an antiquity ascending into the sphere, I may say, of immemorial tradition; secondly, it is known and practiced in every country, in every clime, and in every race of civilized men; and lastly, in this country, above all, it has associated itself with human sympathies and charitable institutions. [Cheers.] Let me say further that while in these modern times it has changed its character in some respects, it has lost nothing which can claim the respect of men.

Formerly, through the dim periods of the Middle Ages, it carved its records upon the public buildings of Europe, upon the tracery of the cathedral windows and the ornamentation

of palaces. Now, as I have said, it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward. Let me draw one further distinction—no one will say that it is an invidious one. In some other countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue—with what I may call the darker side of politics. In England it has been signally the reverse. The Craft here has allied itself with social order, with the great institutions of the country, and above all, with Monarchy, the crowning institution of all. Your Royal Highness is not the first—but many of your illustrious family have sat in that chair. By the luster of your great name and position you will reflect upon the Craft to-day; but it is also something, sir, to be at the head of such a body as this vast assembly now represents; for I may truly say that never before, in the whole history of Freemasonry, has such a Grand Lodge been convened as that on which my eyes rest at this moment.

And there is this further and inner view to be taken—that, far as my eye can carry me over these serried ranks of white and blue, of gold and purple, I recognize in them men who have solemnly undertaken obligations of worth and morality, men who have undertaken the duties of citizens and the loyalty of subjects. Sir, I am but expressing, though very feebly, the feelings and the aspirations of this great assembly when I say that I trust that the connection of your Royal Highness with the Craft may be lasting, and that you may never, sir, have occasion for one moment's regret or anxiety when you look back upon the events of to-day.

# CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

## POLITICAL PARTIES AND WOMEN VOTERS

[Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has lectured in nearly every state and has been the leader in the campaign for woman suffrage. This address was delivered at the Congress of the League of Women Voters, Chicago, February 14, 1920.]

I AM going to ask your indulgence while I make a few remarks on the subject of the League of Women Voters.

Bismarck one time said that it was "Impossible to overestimate the stupidity of the human race." Now, it is true that we are all stupid; we are so stupid on the one hand that we can't express an idea so that other people will get the same understanding we have, and on the other, we are so stupid that we can't take in other people's ideas as they understand them. The result is that there is always confusion about every idea which makes its appearance. The League of Women Voters is no exception to this worldwide rule. What I am going to say is not necessarily your interpretation of what the League of Women Voters is, or ought to do, because it is only my own personal view. We have certain opposition to the League of Women Voters and that opposition is pretty largely political. The people who are interested in enrolling large numbers in political parties have expressed here and there rather cutting criticisms of the League of Women Voters. They have represented it according to their own viewpoint, which is a different view from that which we hold.

These critics seem to think it is going to keep women out of the political parties. Fellow suffragists, we have come to a turn of the road. For about sixty years we have been appealing to political parties to give us the vote, for there was no possible way of ever getting that vote until the political parties were willing that we should have it. I don't think we





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have ever won the vote in a single state, even by a state referendum, where one or both of the political parties have not tacitly given their consent that it should go through. Certainly ratification would not have been possible without their aid.

Well then, is it our intention to continue on the outside of those political parties where we have been for sixty years and to go on appealing for their favor as we have always been doing? Are we going to petition them as we have always done? Well, if so, what was the use of getting the vote? [Applause.]

It certainly was never any idea of the proposed League of Women Voters that we should remain out of the parties and appeal to them for the things that we wanted to do. The only way to get things in this country is to find them on the inside of the political party. [Applause.] More and more the political parties become the power through which things are accomplished. One cannot get congressional action or legislative action unless the political parties represented there are willing, so powerful are they.

It is not a question of whether they ought to be powerful or ought not to be powerful; they are. It is the trend of the present political development and instead of appealing to them for the things you want, it is better to get on the inside and help yourself to the things you want. [Applause.]

Recently we have been forced to an observation in the western states that we never had before. It was an amazing thing to us that the western governors did not call their special sessions immediately after the passing of the Federal Amendment. Those governors were all suffragists, their states were all for suffrage, but they assumed a peculiar and inexplicable "States Rightsy" attitude. They said, "Why, everybody knows how we stand. What is the use of our ratifying? Let's wait and see if the suffragists can get enough other states and then we will make up the last twelve."

And they couldn't see it any other way, because there were always the little local questions that looked so much bigger than the National question. To my mind, that is not important. What was important was that there were no women that could bring about those special sessions until a good

deal of time had elapsed. That made us ask the reason why, and we found that although the women had been voting for many years in some of those states, and they had enrolled in political parties, their positions were pretty largely those of a mere "ladies auxiliary." [Laughter and applause.]

The old suffrage associations had gone to pieces. There was no common body which could stand for a special session and bring political influence to bear. There were organizations. There was a federation of clubs which helped tremendously in several states, but it isn't an organization that is designed for that kind of campaign and it doesn't have the machinery with which to work politically. There was no non-partisan organization. The republican women within a republican state or the democratic women within a democratic state did not have the means or the machinery with which to call themselves together and to say to the governor of their own party, "You ought to call this special session for us."

To the parties they were an auxiliary; they had no place and little influence on the inside. That may happen in the future and especially if the women do not go into the political parties with the intention of being something more than a me-too inside those parties. [Applause.]

As I read the signs of the present political progress of women within the parties, you are going to have a continuation of the old familiar strife and it is just this: women must persuade men to respect and to have confidence in the capacities of women just as we have been doing for sixty odd years; and on the other hand, they must stimulate other women to forward movement and encourage them to increased self respect. This is the same old struggle but in a new field. Because women have the vote, it doesn't follow that every man who is an election district ward or a county chairman has suddenly become convinced that women can do things as well as men. Many must be converted to that conclusion and converted by the actual political work of women.

Men will say that it is right for women to vote, but when it comes to administrative work within the party, that is still the exclusive man's business. The mass of women will be

hesitant and timid and doubtful of themselves; they will be content to stand back and not use the power and the brains and the conscience that they have. They will be inclined to think that everything they find ready made to their hands is all right, no matter how wrong it may be. Women must not be content until they are as independent within the party as men are, which isn't saying much. [Laughter and applause.]

That struggle cannot be carried on from the outside. Success can only be found on the inside. For thirty years and a little more, I have worked with you in the first lap of this struggle toward woman's emancipation. I cannot lead or follow in the next lap. I do not wish to advise where I cannot follow. Younger and fresher women must do that work, and because I cannot advise and cannot follow, I only point to the fact that the battle is there, and that I hope you are not going to be such quitters as to stay on the outside and let all the reactionaries have their way on the inside. [Applause.]

Within every party and indeed within every state group and probably in every family there is a constant struggle between progressive and reactionary influences. It registers itself in the platform and the conduct of the party. The candidates usually represent a compromise between these two extremes. Sometimes the progressives get the best of it; sometimes the reactionaries do.

Now, when you go into those parties, you will find progressive elements there and you should make your connections with them (provided you are a progressive), and you will not find it altogether easy sailing. You will be disillusioned. You will discover that having the vote isn't bringing the millennium in one election.

Probably when you enter the party of your choice you will find yourself in a sort of political penumbra where most of the men are. These men will be glad to see you and you will be flattered by their warm welcome and will think how nice it is to be free at last. Perhaps if you stay there long enough, going to dinners and going to the big political meetings, where evidence will be offered eloquently to prove that all virtue and wisdom is strictly confined to that party, you will think how charming it is to be a partisan; but if you stay still



longer and move around enough, keeping your eyes wide open, you will discover a little denser group, which we might call the umbra of the political party. You won't be so welcome there.

Those are the people who are planning the platforms and picking out the candidates, and doing the work which you and the men voters are expected to sanction at the polls. You won't be so welcome there, but that is the place to be. [Applause.] And if you stay there long enough and are active enough, you will see something else—the real thing in the center, with the door locked tight, and you will have a hard, long fight before you get behind that door, for there is the engine that moves the wheels of your party machinery. Nevertheless, it will be an interesting and thrilling struggle and well worth while. If you really want women's vote to count, make your way there.

There is one thing I want to warn you about. It is the only thing I fear about the League of Women Voters. You must go into those parties. They are going to carry your legislation into law and you must be a part of those parties. You must move right up to the center of things and get your influence there, but there is one terrible, terrible enemy across your track lying in wait for all the weak ones. I don't know what else to call it but an incubus. It is a nice word. (I don't know what it means.) It is what we ordinarily call partisanship.

There are two kinds of partisanship. One is the kind that reasons out that a certain platform has more things in it that you endorse than any other and that this party has more possibilities of putting those things into practice than any other. Therefore, you say, "I will enroll with that party." That is one kind. That is the kind of partisanship that has led the world onward ever since there were political parties. [Applause.]

But there is another kind and that is the kind to be afraid of, a kind of partisanship which makes you a republican or a democrat because you were brought up in those parties and your grandfather and your father were in them. You don't know the antecedents of your party, but you know they were right. You don't know what is your platform or what your party stands for, but you are for it.

Partisanship is a brand-new emotion to some of our women and they are working it pretty hard [laughter] and I find within our own body that women who have worked side by side, who never knew what the political affiliations of each other were, now are beginning to look a little askance at each other as if the other had some kind of contagious epidemic that they never suspected before. [Laughter.]

In the League of Women Voters we have this anomaly: We are going to be a semi-political organization. We want to do political things. We want legislation. We are going to educate for citizenship. In that body we must be non-partisan and all partisan. Democrats from Alabama and Republicans from New Hampshire must be friends and work together for the same things and without doubt of each other's sincerity. [Applause.]

Yet these republicans of New Hampshire must get inside the republican party in New Hampshire and the democrats of Alabama, in spite of some recent events, must get inside of the democratic party. [Laughter and applause.]

They must convert their respective parties to have confidence in women, confidence in our platform and confidence in the League of Women Voters, but I must further warn you that only about one man in twenty-five will be big enough to understand that you, a republican, can work with you, a democrat, in a non-partisan organization and be loyal to your respective parties at the same time. [Applause.] Men haven't done it; therefore women cannot! But what ought to be done, can be done, and you must do it. They are going to criticize you. They are going to discourage you, and if you are timid, you may give way and begin to be suspicious of yourself and then of others and thus lose the chance to be of value to your generation. I want to tell you that the suffragists of this country, in the last half century, more than any other group of people in this land, have kept the flag flying which stood for the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. They have held them constantly before the people of this country. [Applause.] Let us not stop now, just when our nation needs more than ever before a re-baptism in American ideals.

Though it won't be in our Constitution nor in our By-laws—

nevertheless, I hope that the League of Women Voters will so do its work that it will teach this nation that there is something higher than the kind of partisanship that "stands pat" no matter what happens. [Applause.]

Be a partisan, but be an honest and an independent one. Important and compelling as is the power of the party, the power of principle is even greater. Those who have struggled in a sixty years' old battle for political freedom should not voluntarily surrender to political slavery—and one kind of partisanship is little more than that. It is possible, even though unusual, to be a partisan and an independent.

More, there may be another danger. You know we suffragists have had a very ingrowing time these last five or six years. The controversy was virtually over long ago. There was a thrill in our campaign when we could go out and challenge the real doubts of the people. But of late our opponents have merely been calling us names. That environment may have made us too timid and too conservative. If we are going to trail behind the democratic and republican parties about five years, and our program is going to be about that much behind that of the dominant political parties, we might as well quit before we begin. [Applause.]

If the League of Women Voters hasn't the vision to see what is coming and what ought to come, and be five years ahead of the political parties, I doubt if it is worth the trouble to go on. [Applause.]

Traveling in the rear of the procession is too dusty and germ laden for the comfort of the self respecting; traveling in the midst of the procession is too crowded. The place where the spaces are broad and the air clear and bracing is ahead of the procession, in the lead. Let us travel there.

To sail between the Scylla of narrow-minded partisanship on the left and the Charybdis of ultra conservation on the right, is the appointed task of the League of Women Voters; through that narrow and uncomfortable passage it must sail to wreck upon the rocks or to glorious victory.

I have confidence that the conscientious purpose and the high noble outlook of this body will furnish an unconquerable morale, and that its new and splendid Board of Directors will prove clear eyed pilots who will guide us all to the glorious

promise which our hopes and aims inspire. Yet let no one of us lose sight of the fact that power to build a higher welfare for all lies within the parties and not without.

Whether our Nation attains that welfare depends upon the conduct of the voters who compose the parties. Independent, intelligent, lofty principled voters make great parties and great parties make great nations. [Great Applause.]

## A CALL TO ACTION

[A speech made at a mass meeting in Masonic Hall, Cleveland, April 13, 1921. This speech was made without notes and no full report of it has been preserved. Of it, Mr. Will Irwin said, "Without other preparation than the emotions which had been gathering in her for seven years, she spoke on the atrocious folly of further preparation for war. Spoke! The word seems weak. She flashed, she gleamed, she poured fire like a volcano. I have seen a congregation at a revival turned into a caldron of religious emotion. I have seen political conventions stampeded. But I have never seen an audience so moved as this."]

THERE is not an audience in this country nor in any other one in all the world where an appeal for peace does not stir the hearts of the people. There is not an audience before which a speaker may allude to international peace that does not respond. There is not anybody in all the world who is willing to say that he wants another war. There is not anybody who does not want peace, but how are we going to get it? That is the practical question, and it is not only a question for us to decide in our own country, in our own states and cities, before we can act collectively with other nations, but it is for ourselves individually to think our way through.

We don't settle that question when we have a million different points of view, or no point of view, but wait for somebody to act.

Everybody at this time is extremely careful about being non-partisan. I don't care a rap about being non-partisan. I am for disarmament.

I was for a Democratic League of Nations. I am for a Republican one, or any other kind. I believe in taking action

upon questions of this kind and not waiting too long. It does not matter what party is in or who is President. Our country is not judged by its parties, it is judged as a nation.

To-day there isn't anybody in the world that knows what we are going to do; nobody in any other nation and nobody in this nation knows what we are going to do. But I ask you if there is anybody anywhere at this moment with an earnest crusading spirit who is campaigning to arouse America to lead in this matter. Oh, no! We are as stolid and as indifferent apparently and as inactive as though there was not before us the greatest question which was ever presented to the nations of the world.

It is a curious kind of psychology that is upon our nation. We have always been a nation in favor of arbitration. It was this country, I believe, that signed the first treaty of that character. We were leaders in it. We don't believe in war as a nation. We are a peaceful people, and we are believers in the ideal of the voice of the people settling questions and not force. Well, then, we are the appointed ones to lead in this question.

It is difficult for any one here to believe what has been the result of the war on the other side. It is not possible to quite comprehend it without seeing the effects for oneself. Over there, where they are still war-worn they are trying to pull themselves together, trying to build up their old life on their bad money and bad economic conditions and bad feelings of every kind. We live in paradise over here in comparison; we are disgustingly fat and altogether too well-clad.

All of this we have. Then it becomes us to lead. How are we going to lead? Not by standing back and waiting for somebody else to speak. Not by waiting, waiting. While we are waiting we will get another war. It is only by action. There isn't anything that can't be done in this country as a result of popular opinion. It is the government. There never was a President and there never was a whole Congress (I am not so sure about a Senate) that would not yield to popular opinion. It can do anything.

The people in this room to-night, were there no others interested in all the world, could put an end to war if they would put themselves to it. One vote is of no value. Two votes are



of no value. But a thousand votes standing for a common cause can be a wedge which will set the pace for political parties in the direction of those thousand people.

If we but stand together and know what we want we can get it. We want peace. We all want peace. *We want to abolish that antiquated, barbarous, ridiculous method of settling differences by killing each other.* We all want peace and yet we all stand back for somebody else to act.

Well, *let us make a resolution, each and every one of us, to consecrate ourselves individually and collectively to the business of putting war out of the world.*

It isn't necessary for a Republican to become a Democrat, nor a Democrat to become a Republican, but it is necessary to rise above the partisanship of either and both of these parties and say: "Here is a national issue, greater than any party or any man."

Let us work then; let Mr. Harding know; let the Senate know. Let them know that we as a constituency of Congress expect action.

It is a terribly grinding thing to any one of us who has ever so little international interest to know what people abroad say of us. I don't like to have people say that we are a provincial nation and I don't like it because I know we are.

The other day a letter came from the President of the Suffrage Association in France. She said in telling something of the new spirit that has come in France as a result of the difficulties over the reparations that they have withdrawn the invitation for the next Suffrage Congress to be held in Paris because the feeling is such that if German delegates were to come they might not be treated well. She said: "Oh, if we could only know what the United States is going to do!" I have heard from one, two, three, four nations that nobody knows what we are going to do.

Our aloofness, our isolation, our silence upon the question! Oh, Americans, let us be silent no more; let us send a message across the sea and join hands with the men and women of every land who want to put this terrible thing out of the world. We can do it. But there must be no timidity among us; there must be no cowardice.

You know the most popular thing that anybody can say upon

a public platform to-day is to say, "Let us stand for international peace." The most unpopular thing that anybody can say is, "Let us stand for it in this particular way." He who wants to stand for this question and really wants to get behind and boost must do it with the understanding that he can afford to be unpopular; that he can afford to stand against the world; and I tell you it does not matter if there are only four or five together who are in the right, they may stand, and stand fast, and all the world will come to them, and all the world will surrender to them.

Then, let us get this vision: here we are called. How infinitely greater and higher is that call than anything of all the wonderful things that are being discussed! I say to you women, you know that war is in the blood of men; they can't help it. They have been fighting ever since the days of the cave-men. There is a sort of an honor about it. *It seems to me that God is giving a call to the women of the world to come forward and stay the hands of men and say: "No, you shall no longer kill your fellow man."*

# JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

## PATRIOTISM

[Address of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, British statesman, Secretary of State for the Colonies (born in London, July, 1836; died; 1914), delivered at Glasgow, Scotland, November 3, 1897, upon his installation as Lord Rector of Glasgow University. The occasion was marked by the presence of a large assembly, nearly five thousand people filling St. Andrew's Hall. Lord Stair, Chancellor of the University, occupied the chair, and Professor Moody Stuart presented Mr. Chamberlain for his degree of Doctor of Laws.]

MY LORD, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My first duty is to thank you for the great honor which you have conferred upon me in electing me to fill a position which in past times has been dignified by so many illustrious men. Since Francis Jeffrey delivered the first address, pronounced under similar circumstances, the history of the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow has been in some sort a record of the public life and intellectual activity of the United Kingdom—politicians, poets, and preachers, the representatives of letters and of science, men of thought and men of action, have successively occupied this platform, and have anticipated me in the task which I have undertaken to perform. The honor that you have done me has been enhanced by the fact that it was unsolicited and unexpected, and that it has been conferred by the unanimous voices of the four nations which form the constituent body. My appreciation of it has been quickened by the sense that I possess none of those claims of previous association of birth or nationality or of academic distinction which, in many cases, have guided and justified your selection, and that your choice has therefore been determined solely by your generous appreciation of a public service which has now extended over a period of nearly thirty years.

I propose to speak to you on a subject which although of more importance to your country than any classical or math-

emational learning, yet forms no portion of any curriculum and remains without a Chair and without a text-book. "Learning," says Lord Bacon, "should be made subservient to action"; and your action will largely depend on the conception which you form in youth of the duties and privileges involved in that greatest of civic virtues and most important element of national character which we now call patriotism. What is this patriotism, this almost universal instinct for which more men have given their lives than for any other cause, and which counts more martyrs than even religion itself—this potent sentiment which has produced so great and splendid deeds of heroic bravery and of unselfish devotion—which has inspired art, and stimulated literature, and furthered science—which has fostered liberty, and won independence, and advanced civilization—and which on the other hand has sometimes been misunderstood and perverted and made the excuse for brutal excesses and arbitrary tyranny?

Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, tells us that a patriot is "one whose ruling passion is the love of his country," and that patriotism is "love and zeal for one's country," and we may accept these definitions as his serious interpretation of the words, although, as we shall see directly, the doctor indulged on another occasion in a more cynical explanation. But have the words always borne this interpretation? Some time ago, when pursuing a different subject, I noticed incidentally the fact that they do not occur once in the whole of Shakespeare's writings. The omission seemed to me suggestive, and I communicated through a friend with Dr. Murray, the editor of that wonderful monument of patient and discriminating scholarship and erudition, the "New English Dictionary." By his kindness I am informed that the word "patriot" was taken immediately from the French, where it was in use as early as the Fifteenth century in the sense of "citizen," "fellow-citizen," or "compatriot." It occurs occasionally in the literature of the Sixteenth century, at the end of which it was accompanied by such adjectives as "good," "true," or "worthy," which ultimately were imported into the meaning of the noun, until, finally, a "patriot" necessarily implied a good citizen and a true lover of his country. The transitional stages are illustrated by the words of the preface to King James's Bible

in 1611—"Was Catiline a good patriot that sought to bring the city to a combustion?" and again, by Milton, who spoke in his letter on education of "living to be brave men and worthy patriots." But by the end of the century the modern use of the word was fully established, and when Dryden writes of men who usurp "the patriot's all-atoning name," patriot is used alone and without an adjective as equivalent to a good son of his country.

This gradual evolution of the meaning suggests the probability that the sentiment itself has undergone transformations; and we shall find, accordingly, that, although love of country is as old as the history of the nations, the particular form of this universal feeling which we now associate with the name of patriotism is really one of the manifestations of that spirit of the age, the comprehension of which was impressed upon your predecessors by Lord Beaconsfield, when he was Lord Rector of your University, as an essential part of education.

In this necessarily brief and imperfect review of the history of patriotism I have not spoken separately of Scottish and of Irish patriotism before the union between the three countries. By the necessity of the case and as we have seen in the history of the separate provinces or nationalities of other European countries, it was bound to find its expression in hostility to its more powerful neighbor. Now that England, most happily for itself, has been for so long absorbed by Scotland and united to Ireland, the streams of local patriotism should form one river, and the emulation which may still properly continue, should be no more than friendly rivalry between members of the same family.

But while we are bound to-day to recognize no patriotism which does not embrace the United Kingdom, and I would like to add the British Empire—there is no Englishman worthy of the name who will fail to sympathize with Scotsmen who celebrate the memory of Wallace and of Bruce, or with Irishmen who recall the exploits of leaders who have fought and suffered for Irish rights. We are proud of all that is great and noble in the history of the sister kingdoms—it has become part of the history of the greater nation of which we are each a member; and we appreciate the striking and eloquent words in which Lord Rosebery summed up the results of this



local patriotism, and said but for it "the centuries of which we are so proud—so full of energy and passion and dramatic history—might have passed silently and heedlessly over a dark and unknown province." How much the United Kingdom as a whole has gained by the influence of this feeling on its policy, it is hardly necessary to say. Although our patriotism has been of a sober kind, little aided by such commemorations as have been the rule in other countries, and often slighted and discouraged by those in authority, it has nevertheless burned with a steady flame in all times of stress and danger, and has enabled the nation to maintain its place, to carry out its work in the face of the most formidable combinations, and to create an Empire which has extorted the admiration and sometimes the envy of foreign observers. "England," wrote a German editor the other day, in a spirit which we may well wish were more frequently imitated by Continental critics, "has interests defined over the whole earth; her ships cruise in all oceans, and the red coats of her soldiers are to be seen in every continent. She fights in all quarters of the globe, often under the greatest difficulties, and constantly, with comparatively insignificant military forces, yet almost invariably holds her ground; and indeed, not only defends what she has, but is incessantly adding to her possessions. Threatened and fully occupied on the Indian frontier, Great Britain simultaneously conducts a victorious campaign in Egypt against powerful, dangerous, and ruthless foes. This manifestation of universal power, this defense and extension of a world-wide Empire, such as has not been paralleled for nearly twenty centuries, gives fresh proof of the invincible and unbroken vigor and vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race. England is still a distinguished pioneer of civilization, and the best wishes of her people always accompany those enterprises which are undertaken not only to extend her power and dominion, but also to promote indirectly the interests of humanity and civilization. The British sword is always followed by the British plow and ship, and it is this which establishes the success of her forward policy since it constantly affords to it fresh justification."

On a review of the whole subject, it will be evident to you that the sentiment of which we have been speaking has grown and widened with the advance of civilization and the

progress of liberty. To-day it is more powerful than ever before, and it is strongest in the most democratic communities—in France, in Switzerland, in the United States, and in the United Kingdom. Its influence has everywhere tended to secure toleration in religious controversies, and to moderate the bitterness of party contest. It has lessened the frequency of war by encouraging the union of smaller states and nationalities, and thereby decreasing occasions of strife. So long as it was restricted to limited interests, it was restless, jealous and aggressive; but with enlarging scope and responsibility, it has shown itself more inclined to respect the rights of others while still claiming the exclusive devotion of its own citizens. It has encouraged originality, and stimulated every nation to find and pursue its own vocation, and to develop to the fullest degree its national genius and character. And meanwhile it has promoted among the citizens of every land in which it has taken root, a sense of public duty, and the growth of a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the commonwealth. To the ordinary mind such results are matters for congratulation; and yet in all times there have been a few individuals superior to the considerations by which ordinary minds are influenced, who have harped on the abuses to which, like every other virtue, patriotism is liable, and have chanted the claims of some abstract humanity in preference to those of their native country. Among the ancients a school of philosophy taught that the world at large was the country for which alone all should work and make sacrifices. I am not aware that the world at large benefited by these theories, but it is curious to note that the same Horace who taught us that it was “sweet and seemly to die for one’s country,” also declared in the true cosmopolitan spirit that “the brave man was at home in every land as fishes in the ocean.”

Philosophers in all ages have been fond of paradox and somewhat indifferent to the practical application of their principles. The Encyclopædists and some of the German philosophers professed a similar doctrine; and in the early days of the French Revolution the human race was welcomed to the Constituent Assembly, with Anarcharsis Clootz as their speaker. But common sense and patriotism were too strong for the theories of sentimentalists, and Clootz and his followers disap-

peared—"specter chimeras," as Carlyle calls them, "who flit, squeaking and gibbering, till oblivion swallows them." The fact is that a vague attachment to the whole human race is a poor substitute for the performance of the duties of a citizen; and professions of universal philanthropy afford no excuse for neglecting the interests of one's own country. Molière makes one of his characters say: "*L'ami du genre humain n'est pas du tout mon fait*," and experience shows that "*L'ami du genre humain*" is very likely to degenerate into "the friend of every country but his own."

But it is said patriotism is not to be distinguished from Jingoism and Chauvinism. It leads to unlawful aggrandizement, duplicity, and selfish violence, which are sought to be justified by reasons of State. It places the interests of the country above all moral standards. It may be admitted that there is a false patriotism which would carry to extremes the doctrine of the American statesman, "My country, right or wrong"—a patriotism which panders to national vanity and is blind to see what is good elsewhere and which cannot conceive of benefit to one's country unless it involves injury to another. But these are the abuses and not the necessary consequences of the sentiment, and they may be found in full activity in countries, such, for instance, as China and Turkey, where no national patriotism exists. There is however something worse than this false patriotism—which after all carries no authority and is not sanctioned by any popular approval—and that is the factious spirit which would sacrifice national interests to secure the defeat of an opponent or a personal triumph. Such a spirit animated the great Whig leader, Fox, when he rejoiced in the defeats of British arms, and gloated over the failure of our negotiations; and though I am persuaded that no party leader would nowadays follow his example, yet we have still to guard ourselves against excess of party zeal, and the self righteousness which "always finds his country in the wrong."

Meanwhile let us freely recognize the truth of Bolingbroke's axiom, however ill he may have applied it, that "patriotism must be founded on great principles and supported by great virtues." It involves duties as well as privileges, and these duties rise in connection with the domestic relations

of the citizen to his country as well as in all that concerns the attitude of the country towards foreign nations. In both cases the idea of patriotism involves that of personal sacrifice. Our obligations do not end with obedience to the laws and the payment of taxes. These things are compulsory and involuntary evidence of our love of country, since the police insist on the one, and the Treasury takes good care of the other. But we give a free and additional proof of patriotism in taking our full share of public work and responsibility, including the performance of those municipal obligations on the due fulfilment of which the comfort, the health, and the lives of the community so largely depend. One of the most satisfactory features of modern times is the greater interest taken by the educated and leisured class in the unambitious but most useful work of local institutions, while in national politics the pecuniary disinterestedness and integrity of our public men have now been for a long time a marked feature of our political life.

It is, however in our external relations that national patriotism has its greatest opportunities and its greatest dangers. It is self-evident that the primary object of every country must be to defend its freedom and independence, and to make such preparations as are necessary for its security. But unless it is prepared to go somewhat further than this, and to maintain its self-respect and safeguard its honor, it will inevitably incur the contempt of its enemies and lose the affection of its children. I have said that one of the fundamental ideas of patriotism is preference. It does not follow that this preference should involve the injury of others, but each nation may legitimately strive to become richer, stronger, and greater. Competition among nations as among individuals is the stimulus to progress. Each nation has its distinctive qualities and special capacities. To discover them and to encourage their exercise is to fulfill the national mission and calls for the display of all virtues of patriotism. The special mission of the United Kingdom has been clearly marked out by her insular position and by the qualities of her people—by their love of adventure, their power of organization and by their commercial instincts. It is to be seen persistently coloring all her later history through which the steady expansion of the



Empire has proceeded, and during which she has sometimes unconsciously, sometimes even unwillingly, been building up and consolidating that great edifice of Imperial dominion which is now as much a necessity of our national existence as it is a legitimate source of national pride.

There is a small minority, no doubt, who view with little satisfaction the astounding spectacle of their country's greatness, who carp at our titles of possession, condemn the methods of acquisition, and attribute to the lowest motives of greed and to a vulgar desire for aggrandizement, the extension of British rule in so many quarters of the globe. This is a very one-sided and jaundiced conception of the colonial empire of Great Britain, and leaves altogether out of sight the fact that unlike those vast aggregations of territory in the past which form the only precedent to such a dominion, it has been the aim and practice of the founders of our Empire to extend its citizenship as widely as possible, and to induce in every part that sense of equal possession in all its privileges and glories on which a common patriotism may be founded. The makers of Venice, with whose peculiar circumstances as a commercial community, dependent for its existence on its command of the sea, we have much in common, declared it to be a principal object "to have the heart and the affections of their subjects"; and in adopting this true principle of Empire, they found their reward in the loyalty of their colonies and dependencies when the mother city was threatened by enemies, whom her success and prosperity had raised against her. We have gone far in imitating her example; and wherever our rule has been established, peace and progress and security to life and property have followed in its train, and have materially improved the condition of the native population. If the annals of our conquests have been occasionally strained by crimes of oppression and rapacity, they have also been illustrated by noble deeds of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice; and it is ungrateful to refuse to the adventurers and the pioneers whose enterprise has built up the Empire, a generous recognition of their difficulties and a just appreciation of their motives. Let us by all means impress on all who exercise authority the maxim of the Venetian statesmen, and let us inculcate justice and honesty in all our dealings with native races; but let us dis-



courage calumnies by which some of the bravest and best of our countrymen have been defamed, and cheer them by a full recognition of services which they have rendered. There is something unworthy in the eagerness with which representatives of universal philanthropy clutch at every accusation of perfidy and cruelty which is brought against those who are risking life or reputation in our service, and use these unproved charges in order to enforce arguments for shirking our responsibility and limiting our obligations—for a Little England and a policy of surrender. Nowhere can such reasoning be more distasteful than in Scotland which has given the United Kingdom so many of its ablest administrators, its bravest soldiers, and its most devoted missionaries.

It is the clear duty of patriotism, not dwelling overmuch on details, to consider in its broadest aspects this question of the expansion of the Empire in which we seem to be fulfilling the manifest duty of our race. In such a review can any impartial mind retain a doubt that the pressure of the European and civilized races on the more backward inhabitants of other continents has on the whole made for peace and civilization and the happiness of the world? But for this the vast territories of the United States and of Canada might have been left to a few hundred thousand of Indian braves, inhuman in their custom, stagnant in civilization, and constantly engaged in intertribal warfare. India would have remained the sport of contending factions, the prey to anarchy, and the constant scene of cruelty and of tyranny; while Africa, depopulated by unspeakable barbarities and surrendered to the worst forms of slavery and fetishism, would have pined in vain for a deliverer. It is no exaggeration to say that in one single year of such conditions more lives would be taken and more cruelties enacted than in all the wars that have ever been undertaken by civilized nations in furthering their work of development and colonization. I believe that this work has specially devolved upon our country—that it is our interest, our duty, and our national mission to carry it to a successful issue.

It is contended that the weary Titan staggers under "the too vast orb of his fate" and that we have not the strength to maintain the burden of Empire. We are richer, more numerous, and in every way more powerful than our ancestors

when they laid the foundations of our dominion, and encountered in the task a world of arms. We have a firm assurance of the loyalty and affection of the sons of Britain across the sea, and of their readiness to play their part in the common defense. We do not lack efficient instruments for our great purpose, and we can still count on the energy and devotion of our countrymen and on their ability to win the confidence and respect of the people whom they are sent to govern for their good, on the bleak mountains of the Indian frontier, amidst the sands of the Sudan, in the swamps and forests of Western Africa—wherever the British flag floats—Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen are to-day fronting every danger, enduring every hardship—living as brave men and dying as heroes in the faithful performance of duty and the passionate love of their country. They ask from us that their sacrifice shall not be in vain. If such is still the spirit of our people, why should we shrink from our task or allow the scepter of Empire to fall from our hands

“Through craven fears of being great”?

I have faith in our race and our nation. I believe that with all the forces and enthusiasm of which democracy alone is capable, they will complete and maintain that splendid edifice of our greatness which, commenced under aristocratic auspices, has received in these later times its greatest extension; and that the fixity of purpose and strength of will which are necessary to this end will be supplied by that national patriotism which sustains the most strenuous efforts and makes possible the greatest sacrifice.

# WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

## AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY

[Winston Churchill was born in 1874, the son of Lord Randolph Churchill and the descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough. He distinguished himself as correspondent in the Boer War, was taken prisoner but made a most remarkable escape. He won further distinction by a brilliant biography of his father. He entered Parliament in 1908. He was First Lord of the Admiralty at the beginning of the war and had the fleet massed and ready to fight. He served for a time in Flanders, was Minister of Munitions in 1917 and Secretary of State for War in 1918. He is one of the most vigorous and effective public speakers in England. This address was delivered in Central Hall, London, at the Anglo-Saxon Fellowship Meeting on July 4, 1918.]

WE are met here to-day, in the City of Westminster, to celebrate the 142d anniversary of American independence. We are met also as brothers-in-arms, passing together through a period of exceptional anxiety and suffering; therefore, we seek to draw from the past history of our race inspiration and encouragement which will cheer our hearts and fortify and purify our resolution and our comradeship.

A great harmony exists between the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and all we are fighting for now. A similar harmony exists between the principles of that declaration and what the British Empire has wished to stand for, and has at last achieved, not only here at home but in our great self-governing dominions throughout the world. The Declaration of Independence is not only an American document. It follows on the Magna Charta and the Petition of Right, as the third of the great title deeds on which the liberties of the English-speaking races are founded. By it we lost an empire, but by it we also retained an empire. By applying its principles and learning its lessons we have preserved unbroken communion with those powerful Commonwealths our children have founded

and have developed, and who, in this time of stress, have rallied spontaneously and nobly to our aid.

The political conceptions embodied in the Declaration of Independence are the same as those which were consistently expressed at the time by Lord Chatham, by Mr. Burke, and others, who had in turn received them from John Hampden and Algernon Sydney. They are political conceptions which spring from the same source. They spring from the same well, and that well is here by the banks of the Thames in this famous island which we have guarded all these years, and which is the birthplace and the cradle of the British and American races.

It is English wisdom, it is that peculiar political sagacity and sense of practical truth which animates the great document which is in the minds of all Americans to-day. Wherever men seek to frame policies or constitutions which are intended to safeguard the citizen, be he rich or poor, on the one hand from the shame of despotism and on the other from the miseries of anarchy, which are devised to combine personal liberty with respect for the law and love of country, and wherever these desires are sincerely before the makers of constitutional law, it is to this original inspiration, which is the product of the English soil, which is the outcome of the Anglo-Saxon mind, it is to that that they will inevitably be drawn. We therefore feel no sense of division in celebrating this occasion, and we join in perfect sincerity and perfect simplicity with our American kith and kin in commemorating the glorious establishment of their nationhood.

We also, we British who have been so long in this struggle, express our joy and gratitude for the mighty aid and the timely aid which America has brought, and is bringing to the allied cause. When I have seen during the last few weeks the splendor of American manhood striding forward on all the roads of France and of Flanders, I have experienced emotions which words cannot describe. We have suffered in this country, and in gallant France they have suffered still more, but we have suffered so that we can feel for others. There are few homes in Britain where you will not find an empty chair and an aching heart, and we feel in our own sorrow a profound sympathy for those across the Atlantic whose dear ones have

traveled so far to face dangers we know only too well. Not British hearts only, but Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and South African hearts, beat in keen common sympathy with them.

All who have come across the great expanses of the ocean to take part in this conflict feel in an especial degree a sympathy, an intense and profound sympathy, for the people of the United States who have to wait through these months of anxiety for the news of battle.

The greatest actions of men or of nations are spontaneous and instinctive. They are not the result they gain by exact calculations of profit and loss, of long balancing of doubtful things. They happen as if they could not help happening. I am persuaded that the finest and worthiest moment in the history of Britain was reached on that August night, now nearly four years ago, when we declared war on Germany, war for freedom and civilization.

Little could we know where it would carry us or what it would bring to us. Like the United States, we entered the war a peaceful nation, utterly unprepared for aggression in any form. Like the United States, we entered the war without counting the cost, a cost that has been far more terrible than our own most somber expectations, without seeking reward of any kind. What is the reward, the utterly unexpected reward, which is coming to us beyond the obvious promise and hopes we cherished, supremely and irresistibly in consequence of our unhesitating response to the appeals of Belgium and France? Territorial indemnities, commercial advantages—what are they? Such matters are utterly subservient to the moral issues and moral consequences of this war.

Deep in the hearts of those whom the Declaration of Independence styles "our British brethren," deep in the hearts of your British brethren lies a desire to be firmly reconciled before all men and all history to their kindred across the Atlantic Ocean, to dwell once more in spirit with their kith and kin, and stand once more in battle at their side in a true union of hearts. One prophetic voice predicted the arrival of a day of struggle which would find England and the United States in battle. It seemed to most of us that our desire for union and reconciliation in sentiment with the United States would not



be attained in our lifetime. It has come to pass already, and every day it is being emphasized, and every day it is being made more real and more lasting.

However long the struggle may be, however cruel may be the sufferings we have to undergo, however complete may be the victory we shall win, however important may be our share in it, we seek no nobler reward than that, we seek no higher reward than this, this supreme reconciliation.

That is the reward of Britain; that is the lion's share. A million American soldiers are in Europe. They have arrived safely and in the nick of time. Side by side with their French and British comrades, they await at this moment the furious onslaught of the common foe, and that is an event which, in the light of all that has led up to it, and in the light of all that may follow from it, seems, I say it frankly, to transcend the limits of ordinary mundane things. It is a wonderful event; it is a prodigy; it is almost a miraculous event, which fills us all—it fills me—with a sense of the deepest awe. Amid the carnage and confusion of the immense battlefield, amid all the grief and destruction which this war is causing and has still to cause, there comes surely over the most secularly minded of us a feeling of hope that the world is being guided through all this chaos by something higher than, better than it has ever yet enjoyed. One feels in it the presence of a great design of which we only see a small portion, but which is developing and unfolding at this moment, and of which we are the necessary instruments in ourselves and in our generation. No event since the beginning of the Christian era has been more likely to strengthen and restore faith in the moral government of the universe than the arrival from the other end of the world of these mighty armies of deliverance. One has a feeling that it is not all a blind struggle; one has a certainty that not for nothing is the suffering, not too late is the effort, and not in vain do heroes die.

There is one thing more I want to say, and it is a great thing to say. The essential purposes of this war do not admit of a compromise. If we were fighting merely for territorial gains, or were engaged in a dynastic or commercial quarrel, no doubt those would be matters to be adjusted by bargaining. But this war has become an open conflict between Christian civiliza-

tion and scientific barbarism. The line is clearly drawn between the nations where the people own the Government and the nations where the Government owns the people. Our struggle is between instruments which peacefully endeavor to quell and quench the brutish, treacherous, predatory promptings of human nature, and a system which has deliberately fostered, organized, armed, and exploited those promptings to its base aggrandizement.

We are all but mortals. No race, no country, has a monopoly of good or evil, but face to face with the fact of this war who can doubt that the struggle in which we are engaged is in reality, literally, and instantly, a struggle between the forces of good and the forces of evil? It is a struggle between right and wrong, and as such it is not capable of any solution which is not absolute.

Germany must be beaten. Germany must know that she is beaten. Germany must feel that she is beaten. Her defeat must be expressed in terms and facts which will for all time deter others from emulating her crimes, and will effectually safeguard us against their repetition.

But the German people have, at any rate, this assurance, that we claim for ourselves no natural or fundamental right that we should not be obliged, and even be willing, under all circumstances to secure for them. We cannot treat them as they have treated Alsace-Lorraine, or Belgium, or Russia, or as they would treat us all if they had the power. We cannot do it, for we are bound by the principles for which we are fighting. We must cleave to those principles, for they will arm our fighting strength, and will enable us to use with wisdom and with justice the victory which we shall win. Whatever the extent of our victory, these principles will protect the German people. The Declaration of Independence, and all that it implies, must cover them.

When all those weapons in which German militarists have put their trust have been broken in their hands, when all the preparations on which they have lavished the energy and schemes of fifty years have failed, then the German people will find themselves protected by those simple, elemental principles of right and freedom against which they have warred so long in vain. So let us celebrate to-day not only the Declaration of

Independence, let us proclaim a true comradeship of Britain and America, to stand together till the war is done, in all trials, in all difficulties, at all costs, wherever the war may lead us, right to the very end. No compromise on the main purpose, no peace till victory, no pact with unrepented wrong—this is the declaration of July 4, 1918, and that is a declaration which I invite you to make in common with me. To quote the words which are on every American lip to-day, and for which I ask the support of this declaration: "With a firm reliance on the protection of a Divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

# MICHAEL COLLINS

## INDEPENDENCE FOR IRELAND

[Michael Collins, born in 1892, was one of the most romantic figures in the fight for Irish freedom. He took an active part in the rebellion of 1916 and aided de Valera to escape from an English prison in 1918. From 1918 he disappeared, and the story of his hairbreadth escapes and many disguises has become legend. He joined the cause of settlement and reconciliation and was with Griffith one of the plenipotentiaries to London and a leading figure in the fight for the treaty. After Griffith's death he became head of the Irish Free State Provisional government, but was killed by the Irregulars in an ambush in August 1922, only a few days after Griffith's death. This speech was delivered in the Dail Eireann in the course of the debate over the treaty, Dec. 19, 1921.]

WE delegates came back from London on that momentous Saturday to a meeting of the Cabinet. Certain things happened at the Cabinet meeting, and we returned to put before the British delegation, as well as we could, our impression of the decisions, I will not say conclusions, arrived at by the Cabinet. I do not want unduly to press the word decisions. I want to be fair to everybody. We went away with certain impressions in our minds, and we did our best to put them on the paper that we handed to the British delegates.

It was well understood at the Cabinet meeting that Sir James Craig was to receive a reply from the British Premier on Tuesday morning. Some conclusion between the British and ourselves had therefore to be come to, and it had to be handed to the British delegation on Monday night. We of the Irish delegation came away with a document which none of us would sign. It had to be faced, and if in the meantime a document was presented which we could sign there was no opportunity of referring it to Dublin. On Monday night we did arrive at a conclusion to which we thought we could agree and to which we did say "yes" across the table. It was very late. On the same day I signed the document and I do not regard my word, then or now, as of less importance than my signature

to the document. [Cheers.] The answer which I gave as I put my signature to the document was the same as I would give in Dublin, Berlin, New York, or Paris. [Cheers.]

The distance from London to Dublin was of some importance, and it was not easy to consult the Irish Cabinet and other friends. There has been talk about the atmosphere of London and about the "slippery slopes." If the members who were so eloquent knew about the "slippery slopes" before the delegation went over, why did they not speak then? My signature was given in honor and I am going to stand by it. I do not seek refuge in subterfuge, and I stand by my acts and my signature before the Assembly. [Cheers.] It has been also suggested that the delegation broke down before the first bit of British bluff. I would remind the Deputies who made that remark that the British put up a pretty good bluff for the last two years in this country and that I did not break down before that bluff. [Cheers.] Does anybody think that I have in any way lowered my position during the two months' negotiations? The result of the delegation's labors is before the Dail to reject or accept. The President has suggested that better results might have been obtained by more skillful handling. That is not the issue, for surely the capability of the delegates was not expected to improve or increase because of their selection as plenipotentiaries. If it is thought now that through stupidity we failed in our task, that, I submit, is a greater reflection on the Dail than it is upon the delegates. It is even suggested that by our action we have made a resumption of the conflict inevitable. Again I would emphasize the fact that the responsibility rests entirely on the Dail for having selected us. It will be remembered that at the time I protested against my own selection, and that I urged the President to go. It was then that the objections should have been raised, and not now. [Hear, Hear.]

The Treaty was not signed under personal intimidation. At a particular moment I was called upon to give a decision. The decision remained the same. The whole position between Great Britain and Ireland has been a position of intimidation. We did not go to London to dictate terms to a vanquished foe. If we had vanquished them, they would have had to come here to sue for peace. The intimidation was the intimidation



by the stronger of the weaker. We knew we had not vanquished them. We knew we had not driven them out of our country.

To return to the Treaty, hardly anyone—not even those who recommend it—really understand what it means. We do not understand the immense powers and liberties which it gives us. That is my justification for signing it. The Dail may reject the Treaty and I shall not be responsible, but I am responsible for making it clear to the people what they were offered. So long as I have made that clear, I am perfectly happy and satisfied. We must look facts in the face. For our continued national and spiritual existence two things are necessary—security and freedom. If the Treaty gives us those things, or helps us to get them, then I maintain it satisfies our national aspirations. The history of the nation has not been, as is so often said, a history of a military struggle for 750 years. It has been much more. It has been a history of a peaceful penetration of 750 years. [Hear, Hear.] It has not been a struggle for 750 years for the ideal of freedom symbolized in the name Republic. It has been a story of slow, steady, economic encroachment by England. It has been the struggle on our part to prevent that—a struggle against exploitation, a struggle against the cancer that was eating our lives. It was only when we discovered that it was economic penetration that we discovered that political freedom was necessary before it could be stopped.

Our aspirations, by whatever terms they may be symbolized, have had one thing in front all the time, and that is to rid the country of the enemy's strength. Now it is not by anything but by military strength that the English hold this country. That is a simple blunt fact which I think nobody will deny. As to what has been said about the guarantees for the withdrawal of the military strength, no guarantee can alter the fact of their withdrawal. Ireland is the weaker nation, and will be the weaker nation for a long time to come, but certain things do give us a certain guarantee. We are defined as having the constitutional status of Canada, Australia, and South Africa. If the English do not withdraw their military strength, then association with those places gives us to some extent a guarantee that the English must withdraw it.

I am going to give a constitutional opinion, and I will back that opinion against the opinion of any deputy, lawyer, or other in this Dail. [Cheers.] My opinion is that the status as defined in the Treaty is the same constitutional status in the "community of nations known as the British Empire," as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. And here let me say that in my judgment it is not a definition of any status that would secure us that status. It is the power to hold and to make secure and to increase that we have gained. The fact of Canadian and South African independence is something real and solid, and will grow in reality and force as time goes on. Judged by that touchstone the relations between Ireland and Britain will have a certainty of freedom and equality which cannot be interfered with. England dare not interfere with Canada. Any attempt to interfere with us would be even more difficult in consequence of the reference to the "constitutional status of Canada and South Africa." They are in effect introduced as guarantors of our freedom.

In obtaining the constitutional status of Canada, our association with England is based not on the present technical legal status of the Dominions, but on the real position of complete freedom and equality which they have in fact secured. There is thus recognized *de jure* for Ireland what exists only *de facto* for the Dominions. In other words, we have secured a stronger legal status than any of the Dominions. The only departure from the Canadian status is the retaining by England of the defenses of our harbors and the holding of some other facilities to be used possibly in time of war, but if England wished to re-invade us she could do so with or without these facilities, and with the constitutional status of Canada we are assured that these facilities could never be used by England for our re-invasion. We have got rid of the word "Empire" for the first time in an official document. The former Empire is styled the "community of nations known as the British Empire." The new status is thus officially recognized, and we have obtained as concessions to our national sentiment the substitution of the Free State of Ireland for the name of Dominion, and a compromise on allegiance only to our own Free State, and we declare fidelity to the Crown merely in its capacity as the link between nations.

We are completely masters of our house. We have full powers. We control our own education, can cherish our own national ideals, and rebuild our ancient civilization on modern lines, and in doing so we may avoid the dangers, miseries, and darkness which other countries have fallen into. It is too serious a time to play with phrases. If we choose to risk substance for sentiment we may be left with nothing but the sentiment. We should then be giving real allegiance, in the slavery of the minds of the vast majority of our people, to English ideals.

I say here that the rejection of the Treaty is a declaration of war until you have beaten the British Empire. It means that your national policy is war. If you do this, if you go on that as a national policy, I for one am satisfied, but I want you to go on it as a national policy and understand what it means. I as an individual do not now, any more than before, shirk war. The Treaty was signed by me not because they held up an alternative of immediate war. It was not because of that I signed it. I signed it because I would not be one of those to commit the Irish people to war without the Irish people committing themselves to war.

We have stated that we would not coerce the North-East. We as a delegation have done our very best to secure a form of thing so that in future we shall have good will when the North come in with the Irish Parliament. [Cheers.] I do not say that that is an ideal arrangement, but our policy is one of non-coercion, and if anybody else can, let him find a better way out of it. I cannot find one. This Treaty gives us, not recognition of the Irish Republic, but it gives us more recognition on the part of Great Britain and the associated States than we have had from any other nation. [Cheers.] America does not recognize the Irish Republic. In trying to come to a decision on the matter I tried to put before my mind what both the dead and the living would think of it. No man has more regard for the dead than I, and it is not fair to be quoting them against me. The decision should be a clear one, and we should be judged as to whether we have done the right thing in our own consciences or not. Let us not put responsibility on anyone else, but in God's name let us abide by our decision. [Cheers.]

# CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

## THE COLUMBIAN ORATION

[Chauncey Mitchell Depew possesses the gift of oratory in its widest sense. He is equally at home in the legislative hall, on the platform, or in the lighter graces and amenities of the after-dinner speech. He has in his veins a mingling of Huguenot, Dutch, and Irish blood, which perhaps suggests an explanation of his versatility. He was born in Peekskill, N. Y., April 23, 1834; and has delighted public audiences with his wit and eloquence for sixty years. A number of his addresses are to be found in earlier volumes of *Modern Eloquence*, and a biographical sketch is provided in Vol. IV. The following oration was delivered at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1892.]

THIS day belongs not to America, but to the world. The results of the event it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man. The preparation was the work of almost countless centuries; the realization was the revelation of one. The Cross on Calvary was hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was opportunity. But for the first, Columbus would never have sailed; but for the second, there would have been no place for the planting, the nurture, and the expansion of civil and religious liberty. Ancient history is a dreary record of unstable civilizations. Each reached its zenith of material splendor, and perished. The Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman empires were proofs of the possibilities and limitations of man for conquest and intellectual development. Their destruction involved a sum of misery and relapse which made their creation rather a curse than a blessing. Force was the factor in the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the source and exercise of authority both by Church and State when Columbus sailed from Palos. The Wise Men traveled from the East towards the West under the guidance of the Star of Bethlehem. The spirit of the equality of all men before God and the law moved west-



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW





ward from Calvary with its revolutionary influence upon old institutions, to the Atlantic Ocean. Columbus carried it westward across the seas. The emigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, from Germany and Holland, from Sweden and Denmark, from France and Italy, from Spain and Portugal, under its guidance and inspiration, moved west, and again west building states and founding cities until the Pacific limited their march. The exhibition of arts and sciences, of industries and inventions, of education and civilization, which the Republic of the United States will here present, and to which, through its Chief Magistrate, it invites all nations, condenses and displays the flower and fruitage of this transcendent miracle.

The anarchy and chaos which followed the breaking up of the Roman Empire necessarily produced the feudal system. The people, preferring slavery to annihilation by robber chiefs, became the vassals of territorial lords. The reign of physical force is one of perpetual struggle for the mastery. Power which rests upon the sword neither shares nor limits its authority. The king destroyed the lords, and the monarchy succeeded feudalism. Neither of these institutions considered or consulted the people. They had no part but to suffer or die in this mighty strife of masters for the mastery. But the throne, by its broader view and greater resources, made possible the construction of the highways of freedom. Under its banner, races could unite, and petty principalities be merged, law substituted for brute force, and right for might. It founded and endowed universities, and encouraged commerce. It conceded no political privileges, but unconsciously prepared its subjects to demand them.

Absolutism in the State and intolerance in the Church shackled popular unrest, and imprisoned thought and enterprise in the fifteenth century. The divine right of kings stamped out the faintest glimmer of revolt against tyranny, and the problems of science, whether of the skies or of the earth, whether of astronomy or geography, were solved or submerged by ecclesiastical decrees. The dungeon was ready for the philosopher who proclaimed the truths of the solar system, or the navigator who would prove the sphericity of the earth. An English Gladstone, or a French Gam-

betta, or a German Bismarck, or an Italian Garibaldi, or a Spanish Castelar, would have been thought a monster, and his death at the stake, or on the scaffold, and under the anathemas of the Church, would have received the praise and approval of kings and nobles, of priests and peoples. Reason had no seat in spiritual or temporal realms. Punishment was the incentive to patriotism, and piety was held possible by torture. Confessions of faith extorted from the writhing victim on the rack were believed efficacious in saving his soul from fires eternal beyond the grave. For all that humanity to-day cherishes as its best heritage and choicest gifts, there was neither thought nor hope.

Fifty years before Columbus sailed from Palos, Guttenberg and Faust had forged the hammer which was to break the bonds of superstition and open the prison doors of the mind. They had invented the printing-press and movable types. The prior adoption of a cheap process for the manufacture of paper at once utilized the press. Its first service, like all its succeeding efforts, was for the people. The universities and the schoolmen, the privileged and the learned few of that age, were longing for the revelation and preservation of the classic treasures of antiquity, hidden, and yet insecure in monastic cells and libraries. But the first-born of the marvelous creation of these primitive printers of Mayence was the printed Bible. The priceless contributions of Greece and Rome to the intellectual training and development of the modern world came afterwards, through the same wondrous machine. The force, however, which made possible America and its reflex influence upon Europe was the open Bible by the family fireside. And yet neither the enlightenment of the new learning, nor the dynamic power of the spiritual awakening, could break through the crust of caste which had been forming for centuries. Church and State had so firmly and dexterously interwoven the bars of privilege and authority that liberty was impossible from within. Its piercing light and fervent heat must penetrate from without.

Civil and religious freedom are founded upon the individual and his independence, his worth, his rights, and his equal status and opportunity. For his planting and development a new land must be found where, with limitless areas

for expansion, the avenues of progress would have no bars of custom or heredity, of social orders or privileged classes, The time had come for the emancipation of the mind and soul of humanity. The factors wanting for its fulfilment were the new world and its discoverer.

God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders is less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Cæsar and Charlemagne and Hildebrand and Luther and William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell and all the epoch-makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmament to-day are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the savior.

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his story. That he came from among the toilers of his time is in harmony with the struggles of our period. Forty-four authentic portraits of him have descended to us, and no two of them are the counterfeits of the same person. Each represents a character as distinct as its canvas. Strength and weakness, intellectuality and stupidity, high moral purpose and brutal ferocity, purity and licentiousness, the dreamer and the miser, the pirate and the Puritan, are the types from which we may select our hero. We dismiss the painter, and piercing with the clarified vision of the dawn of the twentieth century the veil of four hundred years, we construct our Columbus.

The perils of the sea in his youth upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or in the service of the licensed rovers who made them their prey, had developed a skillful navigator and intrepid mariner. They had given him a glimpse of the possibilities of the unknown beyond the highways of travel, which roused an unquenchable thirst for adventure and research. The study of the narratives of previous explorers, and diligent questionings of the daring spirits who had ventured far towards the fabled West, gradually evolved a theory which became in his mind so fixed a fact that he could inspire others with his own passionate beliefs. The words, "That is a lie," written by him on the margin of nearly every page of a volume of the travels of

Marco Polo, which is still to be found in a Genoese library, illustrate the skepticism of his beginning, and the first vision of the New World the fulfillment of his faith.

To secure the means to test the truth of his speculations, this poor unknown dreamer must win the support of kings and overcome the hostility of the Church. He never doubted his ability to do both, though he knew of no man living who was so great in power, or lineage, or learning, that he could accomplish either. Unaided and alone he succeeded in arousing the jealousies of sovereigns, and dividing the councils of the ecclesiastics. "I will command your fleet and discover for you new realms, but only on condition that you confer on me hereditary nobility, the admiralty of the ocean and the viceroyalty and one-tenth the revenues of the New World," were his haughty terms to King John of Portugal. After ten years of disappointment and poverty, subsisting most of the time upon the charity of the enlightened monk of the Convent of Rabida, who was his unfaltering friend, he stood before the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, and, rising to imperial dignity in his rags, embodied the same royal condition in his petition. The capture of Granada, the expulsion of Islam from Europe, and the triumph of the cross, aroused the admiration and devotion of Christendom. But this proud beggar, holding in his grasp the potential promise and dominion of El Dorado and Cathay, divided with the Moslem surrender the attention of sovereigns and of bishops. France and England indicated a desire to hear his theories and see his maps while he was still a suppliant at the gates of the camp of Castile and Aragon, the sport of its courtiers and the scoff of his confessors. His unshakable faith that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from heaven, both by his name and by Divine command, to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse and a contemptuous court that he was proof against the rebuffs of fortune or of friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the state, to venture upon that unknown ocean, which, according to the beliefs of the age, was peopled with demons and savage beasts of frightful shape, and from which there was no possibility of return, required the zeal of Peter



the Hermit, the chivalric courage of the Cid, and the imagination of Dante. Columbus belonged to that high order of "cranks" who confidently walk where "angels fear to tread," and often become the benefactors of their country or their kind.

It was a happy omen of the position which woman was to hold in America that the only person who comprehended the majestic scope of his plans and the invincible quality of his genius was the able and gracious Queen of Castile. Isabella alone of all the dignitaries of that age shares with Columbus the honors of his great achievement. She arrayed her kingdom and her private fortune behind the enthusiasm of this mystic mariner, and posterity pays homage to her wisdom and faith.

The overthrow of the Mohammedan power in Spain would have been a forgotten scene in one of the innumerable acts in the grand drama of history had not Isabella conferred immortality upon herself, her husband, and their dual crown, by her recognition of Columbus. The devout spirit of the queen and the high purpose of the explorer inspired the voyage, subdued the mutinous crew, and prevailed over the raging storms. They covered with the divine radiance of religion and humanity the degrading search for gold and the horrors of its quest, which filled the first century of conquest with every form of lust and greed.

The mighty soul of the great admiral was undaunted by the ingratitude of princes and the hostility of the people, by imprisonment and neglect. He died as he was securing the means and preparing a campaign for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem from the infidel. He did not know what time has revealed, that while the mission of the crusades of Godfrey of Bouillon and Richard of the Lion Heart was a bloody and fruitless romance, the discovery of America was the salvation of the world. The one was the symbol, the other the spirit; the one death, the other life. The tomb of the Savior was the narrow and empty vault, precious only for its memories of the supreme tragedy of the centuries, but the new continent was to be the home and temple of the living God.

The rulers of the Old World began with partitioning the New. To them the discovery was expansion of empire and

grandeur to the throne. Vast territories, whose properties and possibilities were little understood, and whose extent was greater than the kingdoms of the sovereigns, were the gifts to court favorites and the prizes of royal approval. But individual intelligence and independent conscience found here haven and refuge. They were the passengers upon the caravels of Columbus, and he was unconsciously making for the port of civil and religious liberty. Thinkers who believed men capable of higher destinies and large responsibilities, and pious people who preferred the Bible to that union of Church and State where each serves the other for the temporal benefit of both, fled to these distant and hospitable lands from intolerable and hopeless oppression at home. It required three hundred years for the people thus happily situated to understand their own powers and resources and to break bonds which were still revered or loved, no matter how deeply they wounded or how hard they galled.

The nations of Europe were so completely absorbed in dynastic difficulties and devastating wars, with diplomacy and ambitions, that, if they heard of, they did not heed the growing democratic spirit and intelligence in their American colonies. To them these provinces were sources of revenue, and they never dreamed that there were also schools of liberty. That it exhausted three centuries under the most favorable conditions for the evolution of freedom on this continent demonstrates the tremendous strength of custom and heredity when sanctioned and sanctified by religion. The very chains which fettered became inextricably interwoven with the habits of life, the associations of childhood, the tenderest ties of the family, and the sacred offices of the Church from the cradle to the grave. It clearly proves that if the people of the Old World and their descendants had not possessed the opportunities afforded by the New for their emancipation, and mankind had never experienced and learned the American example, instead of living in the light and glory of nineteenth-century conditions they would still be struggling with mediæval problems.

The northern continent was divided among England, France, and Spain, and the southern between Spain and Portugal. France, wanting the capacity for colonization, which still

characterizes her, gave up her western possessions and left the English, who have the genius of universal empire, masters of North America. The development of the experiment in the English domain makes this day memorable. It is due to the wisdom and courage, the faith and virtue of the inhabitants of this territory, that government of the people, for the people, and by the people was inaugurated and has become a triumphant success. The Puritan settled in New England and the Cavalier in the South. They represented the opposites of spiritual and temporal life and opinions. The processes of liberty liberalized the one and elevated the other. Washington and Adams were the new types. Their union in a common cause gave the world a Republic both stable and free. It possessed conservatism without bigotry, and liberty without license. It founded institutions strong enough to resist revolution, and elastic enough for indefinite expansion to meet the requirements in government of ever-enlarging areas of population and the needs of progress and growth. It was nurtured by the toleration and patriotism which bound together in a common cause the Puritans of New England and the Catholics of Maryland, the Dutch Reformers of New York and the Huguenots of South Carolina, the Quakers and Lutherans of Pennsylvania and the Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and religionists of all and of opposite opinions in the other colonies.

The "Mayflower," with the Pilgrims, and a Dutch ship laden with African slaves, were on the ocean at the same time, the one sailing for Massachusetts and the other for Virginia. This company of saints and first cargo of slaves represented the forces which were to peril and rescue free government. The slaver was the product of the commercial spirit of Great Britain, and the greed of the times to stimulate production in the colonies. The men who wrote in the cabin of the "Mayflower" the first chapter of freedom, a government of just and equal laws, were a little band of Protestants against every form of injustice and tyranny. The leaven of their principles made possible the Declaration of Independence, liberated the slaves, and founded the free commonwealths which form the Republic of the United States.

Platforms and principles, by petition or protest or statement,

have been as frequent as revolts against established authority. They are a part of the political literature of all nations. The Declaration of Independence proclaimed at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, is the only one of them which arrested the attention of the world when it was published, and has held its undivided interest every since. The vocabulary of the equality of man had been in familiar use by philosophers and statesmen for ages. It expressed noble sentiments, but their application was limited to classes or conditions. The masses cared little for them, nor remembered them long. Jefferson's superb crystallization of the popular opinion that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," had its force and effect in being the deliberate utterance of the people. It swept away in a single sentence kings and nobles, peers and prelates. It was Magna Charta and the Petition of Rights planted in the virgin soil of the American wilderness and bearing richer and riper fruit. Under its vitalizing influence upon the individual, the farmer left his plow in the furrow, the lawyer his books and briefs, the merchant his shop, and the workman his bench, to enlist in the patriot army. They were fighting for themselves and their children. They embodied the idea in their Constitution in the immortal words with which that great instrument of liberty and order began:—

"We the people of the United States do ordain."

The scope of limitations of this idea of freedom has neither been misinterpreted nor misunderstood. The laws of nature in their application to the rise and recognition of men according to their mental, moral, spiritual, and physical endowments are left undisturbed. But the accident of birth gives no rank and confers no privilege. Equal rights and common opportunity for all have been the spurs of ambition and the motors of progress. They have established the common schools and built the public libraries. A sovereign people have learned and enforced the lesson of free education. The practice of government is itself a liberal education. People who make their own laws need no lawgivers. After a century of successful trial, the system has passed the period of experiment, and



its demonstrated permanency and power are revolutionizing the governments of the world. It has raised the largest armies of modern times for self-preservation, and at the successful termination of the war returned the soldiers to the pursuits of peace. It has so adjusted itself to the pride and patriotism of the defeated, that they vie with the victors in their support of and enthusiasm for the old flag and our common country. Imported anarchists have preached their baleful doctrines, but have made no converts. They have tried to inaugurate a reign of terror under the banner of the violent seizure and distribution of property, only to be defeated, imprisoned, and executed by the law made by the people and enforced by juries selected from the people, and judges and prosecuting officers elected by the people. Socialism finds disciples only among those who were its votaries before they were forced to fly from their native land, but it does not take root upon American soil. The State neither supports nor permits taxation to maintain the Church. The citizen can worship God according to his belief and conscience, or he may neither reverence nor recognize the Almighty. And yet religion has flourished, churches abound, the ministry is sustained, and millions of dollars are contributed annually for the evangelization of the world. The United States is a Christian country and a living and practical Christianity is the characteristic of its people.

Benjamin Franklin, philosopher and patriot, amused the jaded courtiers of Louis XVI. by his talks about liberty, and entertained the scientists of France by bringing lightning from the clouds. In the reckoning of time, the period from Franklin to Morse, and from Morse to Edison, is but a span, and yet it marks a material development as marvelous as it has been beneficent. The world has been brought into contact and sympathy. The electric current thrills and unifies the people of the globe. Power and production, highways and transports have been so multiplied and improved by inventive genius, that within the century of our independence sixty-four millions of people have happy homes and improved conditions within our borders. We have accumulated wealth far beyond the visions of the Cathay of Columbus or the El Dorado of De Soto. But the farmers and freeholders, the savings banks and shops illustrate its universal distribution. The majority are its pos-



sessors and administrators. In housing and living, in the elements which make the toiler a self-respecting and respected citizen, in avenues of hope and ambition for children, in all that gives broader scope and keener pleasure to existence, the people of this Republic enjoy advantages far beyond those of other lands. The unequaled and phenomenal progress of the country has opened wonderful opportunities for making fortunes, and stimulated to madness the desire and rush for the accumulation of money. Material prosperity has not debased literature nor debauched the press; it has neither paralyzed nor repressed intellectual activity. American science and letters have received rank and recognition in the older centers of learning. The demand for higher education has so taxed the resources of the ancient universities as to compel the foundation and liberal endowment of colleges all over the Union. Journals, remarkable for their ability, independence, and power, find their strength, not in the patronage of government, or the subsidies of wealth, but in the support of a nation of newspaper readers. The humblest and poorest person has, in periodicals whose price is counted in pennies, a library larger, fuller, and more varied than was within the reach of the rich in the time of Columbus.

The sum of human happiness has been infinitely increased by the millions from the Old World who have improved their conditions in the New, and the returning tide of lesson and experience has incalculably enriched the fatherlands. The divine right of kings has taken its place with the instruments of mediæval torture among the curiosities of the antiquary. Only the shadow of kingly authority stands between the government of themselves, by themselves, and the people of Norway and Sweden. The union in one empire of the states of Germany is the symbol of Teutonic power and the hope of German liberalism. The petty despotisms of Italy have been merged into a nationality which has centralized its authority in its ancient capitol on the hills of Rome. France was rudely roused from the sullen submission of centuries to intolerable tyranny by her soldiers returning from service in the American revolution. The wild orgies of the Reign of Terror were the revenges and excesses of a people who had discovered their power, but were not prepared for its beneficent use. She

fled from herself into the arms of Napoleon. He, too, was a product of the American experiment. He played with kings as with toys and educated France for liberty. In the processes of her evolution from darkness to light, she tried Bourbon and Orleanist and the third Napoleon, and cast them aside. Now in the fullness of time, and through the training in the school of hardest experience, the French people have reared and enjoy a permanent republic. England of the "Mayflower" and of James II., England of George III, and of Lord North, has enlarged suffrage and is to-day animated and governed by the democratic spirit. She has her throne admirably occupied by one of the wisest of sovereigns and best of women, but it would not survive one dissolute and unworthy successor. She has her hereditary peers, but the House of Lords will be brushed aside the moment it resists the will of the people.

The time has arrived for both a closer union and greater distance between the Old World and the New. The former indiscriminate welcome to our prairies and the present invitation to these palaces of art and industry mark the passing period. Unwatched and unhealthy immigration can no longer be permitted to our shores. We must have a national quarantine against disease, pauperism, and crime. We do not want candidates for our hospitals, our poorhouses, or our jails. We cannot admit those who come to undermine our institutions and subvert our laws. But we will gladly throw wide our gates for, and receive with open arms, those who by intelligence and virtue, by thrift and loyalty, are worthy of receiving the equal advantages of the priceless gift of American citizenship. The spirit and object of this exhibition are peace and kinship.

Three millions of Germans, who are among the best citizens of the Republic, send greeting to the Fatherland their pride in its glorious history, its ripe literature, its traditions and associations. Irish, equal in number to those who still remain upon the Emerald Isle, who have illustrated their devotion to their adopted country on many a battle field, fighting for the Union and its perpetuity, have rather intensified than diminished their love for the land of the shamrock and their sympathy with the aspirations of their brethren at home. The Italian, the Spaniard, and the Frenchman, the Norwegian, the Swede, and the Dane, the English, the Scotch, and the Welsh,

are none the less loyal and devoted Americans because in this congress of their kin the tendrils of affection draw them closer to the hills and valleys, the legends and the loves associated with their youth.

Edmund Burke, speaking in the British Parliament with prophetic voice, said: "A great revolution has happened—a revolution made, not by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing states, but by the appearance of a new state, of a new species, in a new part of the globe. It has made as great a change in all the relations and balances and gravitations of powers as the appearance of a new planet would in the system of the solar world." Thus was the humiliation of our successful revolt tempered to the motherland by pride in the state created by their children. If we claim heritage in Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, we also acknowledge that it was for liberties guaranteed Englishmen by sacred charters our fathers triumphantly fought. While wisely rejecting throne and caste and privilege and an Established Church in their new-born state, they adopted the substance of the English liberty and the body of English law. Closer relations with England than with other lands, and a common language rendering easy interchanges of criticisms and epithet, sometimes irritate and offend, but the heart of republican America beats with responsive pulsations to the hopes and aspirations of the people of Great Britain.

The grandeur and beauty of this spectacle are the eloquent witnesses of peace and progress. The Parthenon and the cathedral exhausted the genius of the ancient and the skill of the mediæval architects, in housing the statue or spirit of Deity. In their ruins or their antiquity they are mute protests against the merciless enmity of nations, which forced art to flee to the altar for protection. The United States welcome the sister republics of the Southern and Northern continents, and the nations and peoples of Europe and Asia, of Africa and Australia, with the products of their lands, of their skill, and of their industry, to this city of yesterday, yet clothed with royal splendor as the Queen of the Great Lakes. The artists and architects of the country have been bidden to design and erect the building which shall fitly illustrate the height of our civilization and the breadth of our hospitality. The peace of

the world permits and protects their efforts in utilizing their powers for man's temporal welfare. The result is this park of palaces. The originality and the boldness of their conceptions, and the magnitude and harmony of their creations, are the contributions of America to the oldest of the arts and the cordial bidding of America to the peoples of the earth to come and bring the fruitage of their age to the boundless opportunities of this unparalleled exhibition.

If interest in the affairs of this world is vouchsafed to those who have gone before, the spirit of Columbus hovers over us to-day. Only by celestial intelligence can it grasp the full significance of this spectacle and ceremonial.

From the first century to the fifteenth counts for little in the history of progress, but in the period between the fifteenth and the twentieth is crowded the romance and reality of human development. Life has been prolonged, and its enjoyment intensified. The powers of the air and the water, the resistless forces of the elements, which in the time of the discoverer were the visible terrors of the wrath of God, have been subdued to the service of man. Art and luxuries which could be possessed and enjoyed only by the rich and noble, the works of genius which were read and understood only by the learned few, domestic comforts and surroundings beyond the reach of lord or bishop, now adorn and illumine the homes of our citizens. Serfs are sovereigns and the people are kings. The trophies and the splendors of their reign are commonwealths, rich in every attribute of great states, and united in a Republic whose power and prosperity and liberty and enlightenment are the wonder and admiration of the world.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We, here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all of the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions present and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

# WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS

## WHAT THE AGE OWES TO AMERICA

[William M. Evarts was born in Boston, Mass., 1818. He graduated at Yale in 1837, took a law course in Cambridge, and settled in New York. Here he began and here he carried on his practice through a long life, the events of which are chiefly the records of his successful conduct of important cases. From July 15, 1868, until the end of Johnson's term he served as attorney-general of the United States. In 1872 he was one of the counsel for the United States before the General Board of Arbitration to pass on the Alabama claims preferred by the United States against Great Britain for damage inflicted on American commerce during the Civil War.

He became Secretary of State in the Hayes Cabinet in 1877, after serving as the advocate of the Republican party before the electoral commission in determining the results of that election. His last public office was as senator from New York from 1885 to 1891. He died in 1901. The speech given here was delivered in Philadelphia, July 4, 1876, at the Centennial Exposition, held in celebration of the one hundredth year of our Independence.]

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—The event which to-day we commemorate supplies its own reflections and enthusiasms and brings its own plaudits. They do not at all hang on the voice of the speaker nor do they greatly depend upon the contracts and associations of the place. The Declaration of American Independence was when it occurred a capital transaction in human affairs; as such it has kept its place in history; as such it will maintain itself while human interest in human institutions shall endure. The scene and the actors, for their profound impression upon the world at the time and ever since, have owed nothing to dramatic effects, nothing to epical exaggerations.

To the eye there was nothing wonderful, nor vast, or splendid, or pathetic in the movement or the display. Imagination or act can give no sensible grace or decoration to the persons, the place, or the performance which made up the business of that day. The worth and the force that belong to the agents and the action rest wholly on the wisdom, the courage, and the



faith that formed and executed the great design, and the potency and permanence of its operation upon the affairs of the world, which, as foreseen and legitimate consequences, followed.

The dignity of the act is the deliberate, circumspect, open, and serene performance by these men in the clear light of day, and by a concurrent purpose, of a civic duty, which embraced the greatest hazards to themselves and to all the people from whom they held this disputed discretion, but which to their sober judgments promised benefits to that people and their posterity from generation to generation exceeding these hazards and commensurate with its own fitness.

The question of their conduct is to be measured by the actual weight and pressure of the manifold considerations which surrounded the subject before them and by the abundant evidence that they comprehended their vastness and variety. By a voluntary and responsible choice they willed to do what was done and what without their will would not have been done.

Thus estimated, the illustrious act covers all who participated in it with its own renown and makes them forever conspicuous among men, as it is forever famous among events. And thus the signers of the Declaration of our independence "wrote their names where all nations should behold them and all time should not efface them." It was "in the course of human events" intrusted to them to determine whether the fullness of time had come when a nation should be born in a day. They declared the independence of the new nation in the sense in which men declare emancipation or declare war; the Declaration created what was declared.

Famous always among men are the founders of states, and fortunate above all others in such fame are these, our fathers, whose combined wisdom and courage began the great structure of our national existence, and laid sure the foundations of liberty and justice on which it rests. Fortunate, first, in the clearness of their title and in the world's acceptance of their rightful claim. Fortunate, next, in the enduring magnitude of the state they founded and the beneficence of its protection of the vast interests of human life and happiness, which have here had their home. Fortunate, again, in the admiring imitation of their work, which the institutions of the

most powerful and most advanced nations more and more exhibit; and, last of all, fortunate in the full demonstration of our later time, that their work is adequate to withstand the most disastrous storms of human fortunes, and survives unwrecked, unshaken, and unharmed.

This day has now been celebrated by a great people at each recurrence of its anniversary for a hundred years, with every form of ostentatious joy, with every demonstration of respect and gratitude for the ancestral virtue which gave it its glory, and with the firmest faith that growing time should neither obscure its luster nor reduce the ardor nor discredit the sincerity of its observance. A reverent spirit has explored the lives of the men who took part in the great transaction; has unfolded their characters and exhibited to an admiring posterity the purity of their motives; the sagacity, the bravery, the fortitude, and the perseverance which marked their conduct, and which secured the prosperity and permanence of their work.

Philosophy has divided the secrets of all this power and eloquence emblazoned the magnificence of its results. The heroic war which fought out the acquiescence of the Old World in the independence of the New; the manifold and masterly forms of noble character, and the patient and serene wisdom which the great influences of the times begat; the large and splendid scale on which these elevated purposes were wrought out and the majestic proportions to which they have been filled up; the unended line of eventful progress, casting ever backward a flood of light upon the sources of the original energy, and ever forward a promise and a prophecy of unexhausted power—all these have been made familiar to our people by the genius and the devotion of historians and orators.

The greatest statesmen of the Old World for this same period of one hundred years have traced the initial step in these events, looked into the nature of the institutions thus founded, weighed by the Old World wisdom and measured by recorded experience the probable fortunes of this new adventure on an unknown sea. This circumspect and searching survey of our wide field of political and social experiment no doubt has brought them a diversity of judgment as to the past and of expectation as to the future. But of the magnitude

and the novelty and the power of the forces set at work by the event we commemorate no competent authorities have ever greatly differed. The contemporary judgment of Burke is scarcely an over-statement of the European opinion of the immense import of American independence. He declared: "A great revolution has happened—a revolution made, not by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing states, but by the appearance of a new state of a new species in a new part of the globe. It has made as great a change in all the relations and balances and gravitations of power as the appearance of a new planet would in the system of the solar world."

It is easy to understand that the rupture between the colonies and the mother country might have worked a result of political independence that would have involved no such mighty consequences as are here so strongly announced by the most philosophic statesman of his age. The resistance of the colonies, which came to a head in the revolt, was led in the name and for the maintenance of the liberties of Englishmen against parliamentary usurpation and a subversion of the British constitution.

A triumph of those liberties might have ended in an emancipation from the rule of the English Parliament and a continued submission to the scheme and system of the British monarchy, with an American parliament adjusted thereto upon the true principles of the English constitution. Whether this new political establishment should have maintained loyalty to the British sovereign or should have been organized under a crown and throne of its own the transaction would then have had no other importance than such as belongs to a dismemberment of existing empire, but with preservation of existing institutions. There would have been, to be sure, a "new state," but not "of a new species," and that it was "in a new part of the globe" would have gone far to make the dismemberment but a temporary and circumstantial disturbance in the old and settled order of things.

Indeed, the solidity and perpetuity of that order might have been greatly confirmed by this propagation of the model of the European monarchies on the boundless regions of this continent. It is precisely here that the Declaration of Indepen-

dence has its immense importance. As a civil act, and by the people's decree, and not by the achievement of the army or through military motives, at the first stage of the conflict it assigned a new nationality with its own institutions as the civilly pre-ordained end to be fought for and secured. It did not leave it to an after-fruit of triumphant war, shaped and measured by military power, and conferred by the army of the people. This assured at the outset the supremacy of civil over military authority, the subordination of the army to the unarmed people.

This deliberative choice of the scope and goal of the Revolution made sure of two things which must have been always greatly in doubt if military reasons and events had held the mastery over the civil power. The first was that nothing less than the independence of the nation and its separation from the system of Europe would be attained if our arms were prosperous; and the second that the new nation would always be the mistress of its own institutions. This might not have been its fate had a triumphant army won the prize of independence, not as a task set for it by the people, and done in its service, but by its own might and held by its own title, and so to be shaped and dealt with by its own will.

There is the best reason to think that the Congress which declared our independence gave its chief solicitude, not to the hazards of military failure, not to the chance of miscarriage in the project of separation from England, but to the grave responsibility of the military success—of which they made no doubt—and as to what should replace as government to the new nation the monarchy of England, which they considered as gone to them forever from the date of the Declaration.

Nor did this Congress feel any uncertainty, either in disposition or expectation, that the natural and necessary result would preclude the formation of the new government out of any other materials than such as were to be found in society as established on this side of the Atlantic. These materials they foresaw were capable of and would tolerate only such political establishments as would maintain and perpetuate the equality and liberty always enjoyed in the several colonial communities. But all these limitations upon what



was possible still left a large range of anxiety as to what was probable and might become actual.

One thing was too essential to be left uncertain, and the founders of this nation determined that there never should be a moment when the several communities of the different colonies should lose the character of component parts of one nation. By their plantation and growth up to the day of the Declaration of Independence they were subjects of one sovereignty, bound together in one political connection, parts of one country, under one constitution, with one destiny. Accordingly the Declaration by its very terms made the act of separation a dissolving by "one people" of "the political bands that have connected them with another," and the proclamation of the right and of the fact of independent nationality was "that these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states."

It was thus, that at one breath, "independence and union" were declared and established. The confirmation of the first by war, and of the second by civil wisdom, was but the execution of the single design which it is the glory of this great instrument of our national existence to have framed and announced. The recognition of our independence, first by France, and then by Great Britain, the closer union by the Articles of Confederation and the final unity by the federal constitution, were all but muniments of title of that "liberty and union, one and inseparable," which were proclaimed at this place and on this day one hundred years ago, which have been our possession from that moment hitherto, and which we surely avow shall be our possession forever.

What half a century ago was hopefully prophesied for our far future goes out to its fulfillment. The prophecy then uttered has become a truth—a realization.

"As the sun rises one Sabbath morning and travels westward from Newfoundland to the Oregon, he will behold the countless millions assembling, as if by a common impulse, in the temples with which every valley, mountain, and plain will be adorned. The morning psalm and the evening anthem will commence with the multitudes on the Atlantic coast, be sustained by the loud chorus of ten thousand times ten thousand in the valley of the Mississippi, and be prolonged by the thousands of thousands on the shores of the Pacific."



What remains but to search the spirit of the laws of the land as framed by, and modeled to, the popular government to which our fortunes were committed by the Declaration of Independence? I do not mean to examine the particular legislation, state, or general, by which the affairs of the people have been managed, sometimes wisely and well, at others feebly and ill, nor even the fundamental arrangement of political authority, or the critical treatment of great junctures in our policy and history. The hour and the occasion concur to preclude so intimate an inquiry.

The chief concern in this regard to us and to the rest of the world is, whether the proud trust, the profound radicalism, the wide benevolence which spoke in the Declaration, and were infused into the Constitution at the first, have been in good faith adhered to by the people, and whether now these principles supply the living forces which sustain and direct government and society.

He who doubts needs but to look around to find all things full of the original spirit, and testifying to its wisdom and strength. We have taken no steps backward, nor have we needed to seek other paths in our progress than those in which our feet were planted at the beginning. Weighty and manifold have been our obligations to the great nations of the earth, to their scholars, their philosophers, their men of genius and of science, to their skill, their taste, their invention, to their wealth, their arts, their industry. But in the institutions and methods of government; in civil prudence, courage, or policy; in statesmanship, in the art of "making of a small town a great city," in the adjustment of authority to liberty; in the concurrence of reason and strength in peace, of force and obedience in war; we have found nothing to recall us from the course of our fathers, nothing to add to our safety or aid our progress in it.

So far from this all modifications of European politics accept the popular principles of our system and tend to our model. The movements toward equality of representation, enlargement of the suffrage, and public education in England; the restoration of unity in Italy; the confederation of Germany under the lead of Prussia; the actual republic in

France; the unsteady throne of Spain; the new liberties of Hungary; the constant gain to the people's share in government throughout all Europe, all tend one way, the way pointed out in the Declaration of Independence.

The care and zeal with which our people cherish and invigorate the primary supports and defenses of their own sovereignty have all the unswerving force and confidence of instincts. The community and publicity of education at the charge and as an institution of the state are firmly embedded in the wants and desires of the people. Common schools are rapidly extending through the only part of the country which has been shut against them, and follow close upon the footsteps of its new liberty to enlighten the enfranchised race. Freedom of conscience easily stamps out the first sparks of persecution and snaps as green withes the first bonds of spiritual domination. The sacred oracles of their religion the people wisely hold in their own keeping as the keys of religious liberty, and refuse to be beguiled by the voice of the wisest charmer into losing their grasp.

Freedom from military power and the maintenance of that arm of the government in the people; a trust in their own adequacy as soldiers when their duty as citizens should need to take on that form of service to the state; these have gained new force by the experience of foreign and civil war, and a standing army is a remoter possibility for this nation in its present or prospective greatness than it was in the days of its small beginnings.

But in the freedom of the press and the universality of the suffrage as maintained and exercised to-day throughout the length and breadth of the land we find the most conspicuous and decisive evidence of the unspent force of the institutions of liberty, and the jealous guard of its principal defenses. These, indeed, are the great agencies and engines of the people's sovereignty. They hold the same relations to the vast democracy of modern society that the persuasions of the orators and the personal voices of the assembly did in the narrow confines of the Grecian states. The laws, the customs, the impulses, and sentiments of the people have given wider and wider range and license to the legislations of the

press, multiplied and more frequent occasions for the exercise of the suffrage, larger and larger communication of its franchise.

The progress of a hundred years finds these prodigious activities in the fullest play—inconstant and all powerful—indispensable in the habits of the people and impregnable in their affections. The public service and their subordination to the public safety stand in their play upon one another, and in their freedom thus maintained. Neither could long exist in true vigor in our system without the other. Without the watchful, omnipresent, and indomitable energy of the press the suffrage would languish, would be subjugated by the corporate power of the legions of placemen which the administration of the affairs of a great nation imposes upon it, and fall a prey to that “vast patronage which,” we are told, “distracted, corrupted, and finally subverted the Roman republic.”

On the other hand, if the impressions of the press upon the opinions and passions of the people found no settled and ready mode of their working out through the frequent and peaceful suffrage, the people would be driven to satisfy their displeasure at government or their love of change to the coarse methods of barricades and batteries, by the force of arms, as it were.

We cannot then hesitate to declare that the original principles of equal society and popular government still inspire the laws, live in the habits of the people, and animate their purposes and their hopes. These principles have not lost their spring or elasticity. They have sufficed for all the methods of government in the past; we feel no fear for their adequacy in the future. Released now from the tasks and burdens of the formative period, these principles and methods can be directed with undivided force to the everyday conduct of government, to the staple and steady virtues of administration.

# JOHN HUSTON FINLEY

## THE CITY AND THE FLAG

[John Huston Finley was born in 1863. From 1903 to 1913 he was President of the College of the City of New York and commissioner of education in the State of New York from 1913 to 1921. Since then he has been associate editor of the *New York Times*. Mr. Finley is the author of many books and is well known also as a public speaker of unusual grace. The present address was given in New York at the exercises of Adoption of City Flag and 250th Anniversary of the Installation of First Mayor and Board of Aldermen, June 24, 1915.]

IT is a rare honor and privilege for one who has known the lonesomeness of the furrows, the nearness of the skies, the allurements of the open road, the silences and distances of the prairies, the procession of the seasons (with no attendant music save for frogs and birds and lowing cattle) to be asked to speak unofficially for those who love the city—*this* city, who received me an utter stranger, gave me her noblest friendships and at last entrusted to me her highest care, the tuition of her sons. Yet dear is she to me, and to millions of alien birth or parentage, as ever she can be, even to those whose first dim memories are of her face and her voice.

Eternally young she is. "*Novi* Belgi," New Belgium, was inscribed upon her first shield. *New* Amsterdam was her first corporate name. *New* York she became. And a *new* city she is always to be, not in name alone but in that youth which will endure, so long as the fresh water runs from the hills to her lips, and the brine of the ocean washes her feet.

But she is *old* with the memories of all the cities that have been since hunters and shepherds, tired of the terror of the fields or forests, or longing for human companionship, huddled themselves behind walls, on the edge of the meadows or by living waters, became citizens, instead of wanderers, and began to be civilized social beings (for "civilization" and "city" have the same etymological origin). The pre-Noachrian cities, swept away by the flood and forgotten of name; Sodom

and Gomorrah, burned with fire and brimstone; Jerusalem, whose exiled children wept 'beneath the willows of Babylon; Babylon, who saw her own fate written on the walls of a banquet hall; Thebes and Karnak, buried in the sands; the courts of Pharaoh, kept by lion and lizard; ancient Athens, whose myriad mouths are choked with dust; these all, from Zoar, the little city, to Nineveh, the great city, which now "crouches in time's corner unrenowned," though famed for a day—these all are remembered in the heart of this *new* city of the *New World*, who in these memories is as old as the oldest city in the Old World.

Forever *young*, forever *old*, the soul of the generic city dwells in her. Cities have sprung up on hillside, shore and plain, blossomed for a time, drooped, withered, died, slept in their own dust; preachers since Jonah have cried against them; poets since David have sung enticingly of the green pastures and the still waters; reformers have come out of the wilderness since the days of John the Baptist, calling to repentance and to baptism in streams outside the city. Still *the* city, the generic city, has persisted, rising often from its own ashes or climbing upon the ruins of its own towers, surviving rapine, famine, pestilence and every ill of human association, human passion and human ambition, and receiving into mansion and tenement those driven of some "divine, if obscure" instinct, some "irresistible urge," as it has been called by that noble American, one time mayor (Brand Whitlock), who has lately saved from devastation the capital city of the Belgium that was old when this *new* Belgium was but an uninhabited island—has persisted to make here new attempt to solve the time-old problem of civilization, the problem whose solution is "the hope of democracy."

And the children of every nation under the sun are assembled here to solve it. It is a city predominantly of aliens, of migrants, even as was the celestial city of ultimate happiness which John of Patmos saw in his vision. Like that city, it, too, has foundations that are not of one stone, nor of concrete, but of material from many quarries: sapphire and beryl, topaz and amethyst. And into it, as into that imagined ultimate-city, the glory of the nations is brought: imports of glory, in art and letters and music, and handicraft; immigrants who



bear glorious gifts in the strength of their backs and arms and legs, in their industry, in their devotion to family, in their reverence for ancestors, in their zeal for learning, in their aspirations for free, independent citizenship in a world city; immigrants or near-immigrants who bear lasting glory in their names as variant in origin as St. Gaudens, Schurz, Pupin, Carnegie, Riis, Wald, Goethals, LaFarge, Straus and Bitter.

In the council of her Aldermen sit, from time to time, men representing the people of Moses and David, Cæsar and Justinian, Montesquieu, William of Orange, Wallace, Pitt, Plato, Bismarck and Gustavus Adolphus. And that council is even now presided over by one whose first ancestor I have etymological reasons to suspect was he whose name was given to the first scriptural city, Chanoch or Enoch; while in the chief magistracy and comptrollership, and in this same council, sit indomitable, but unagreeing Celts, descendants of a "nation without a flag."

But what has been laid is only the foundation; of which (we recite with pride), the chief corner-stone, the nether-stone, was supplied by the Netherlands. If we who are alien seem too presuming in our possessing affection, let it be remembered that we but build on the unyielding Dutch and Saxon nethermost foundations. And the structure that rises dimly toward the skies, and in barest outline, is the framework on whose peak the builder fastens (from immemorial custom), a green branch of tree, or a bit of a flag, to tell the world below that some day the thing of his dreams and designs will rise to that height.

Varied indeed of foundation has this City been; but of one substance (again as the celestial city), will it rise—for with nearly a million young and old in the schools, by day and night, all learning one tongue, trying to forget Old World hates and to form New World loves, the material must be transmuted with all its variant texture and elemental constituents, into one citizenry, be it jasper or amethyst or some stone never yet found in the urban quarries of the past.

Two hundred and fifty years! Not of conscious, purposeful gathering, but of mere growing, the growing of a child or youth, passionate, dreamful, forgetting quickly, planning intermittently, working feverishly, playing boisterously.

To-day, even if she does not put away all her childish things, she ascends with her banner to sit among the renowned cities of her time. Most of them have blood upon their robes and grief in their hearts and tears in their eyes. She must seem to them as yet unknowing, indiscriminately trustful, light-hearted, as one upon whom no great sorrow has come, inarticulate in world speech, distraught by her sympathies, uncertain of her own mind, specifically improvident for the future, save in some few hoarded treasures (as her schools, her colleges, her museums). And yet withal there is a mysterious light in her face (however garish or sloven at times her dress and manner), that gives her irresistible charm even to one who has looked with youthful or inherited love upon a Florence, a Paris or an Edinburgh.

I have almost wished that her three islands, Manhattan, Long and Staten (leaving Ellis to New Jersey) might take on her population, sever the cables and tunnels and bridges which moor them to the mainland, and put to sea, that she might in the solitude of the ocean come to a civic consciousness, meditate upon the future, and deliberately plan for the mature city, which in turn is to be the greatest communing place, the most masterful and hopeful microcosm of the world.

But it is in no such "home rule" Atlantis, physical or political, I am bold to say, that she is to find herself. She needs the nourishing continent; and the continent, and particularly that strip of State by which she reaches inland four hundred miles, needs her. She needs the State and continent to give her vigor of the earlier American stocks and remembrance of their ideals. The State and continent need her to carry themselves into commerce with the highest expression of the world's spirit and skill. For she is to be not merely a world city; she is to be an American city—a *New York City*. (The blue in her flag is the blue of the State flag.)

When in that march of the battalion from Marseilles to Paris, made memorable in later time by the "Reds of the Midi" of Felix Gras, the soldiers heard a dull humming roar or buzzing murmur as of bees swarming or of an earthquake, or of the sea beating on the rocks, they were told by their commandant that the noise was neither swarm, nor earthquake, nor waterfall, nor breaker, nor the roar of an army,

but the voice of the city toward which they were marching. It is *that* voice which I have heard again and again from the heights above this city; the sound of hammers on anvils, or on steel beams, the rumbling of the cars, the whirring of machines, the swish of the motors, the clang of the gongs, the "jumble of songs and cries and sobs and laughter," from which for a moment now and then rises some strong clear single stirring word (as when President Wilson spoke a few days ago of the "brooding ships" in the North River) or shout of joy (as when some great national game has been won), or piercing wail (as when the Titanic went down, or as when Euripides' Hecuba on the city's heights cried across the centuries against the fates of war).

And what the sound of the great city is to those who can hear, this flag is to those who can see: the symbol of the city's collective ideality; a banner flying over civilization's outposts whence daily sally is made for spiritual conquest; an ensign in the hand of a single courageous scout; a lamp in the hand of a scholar or over the desk of the public accountant; a signal lighted by a watchful health officer; an oriflamme above the teacher—a guiding pillar of blue cloud by day, a pillar of the orange glow that hangs over the city by night, a pillar of the white incense of those who pray with their labor, day and night.

With this oath, such as the Athenian youth spoke when he entered upon the duties of citizenship (an oath rewritten by the sons of this City), would I salute this new flag for all who live and are to live within this City:

*I will not disgrace these arms which it carries in its white field; I will not desert the faltering comrade who is placed by my side nor those who cared for me in childhood. I will fight for things sacred, things beautiful and things economical. I will remember those who established this city. I will hand on my city greater and better than I found it. I will hearken to magistrates and obey existing laws and those established by the people. I will not consent unto any that destroys or disobeys the Constitution, but will prevent him, whether alone or with others. I will honor the temples and religion, so help me Thou who didst save an ancient city, because of her children.*

# JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

## SUPREMACY OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION

[Address by Cardinal Gibbons of the Roman Catholic Church (born in Baltimore, Md., July 23, 1834; died, 1921), delivered before the Parliament of Religions, held during the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, September 14, 1893.]

WE live and move and have our being in the midst of a civilization which is the legitimate offspring of the Catholic religion. The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and so abundantly on the intellectual, moral, and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise except in those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known. In order to realize adequately our favored situation, we should transport ourselves in spirit to ante-Christian times, and contrast the condition of the pagan world with our own.

Before the advent of Christ, the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Every striking object in nature had its tutelary divinities. Men worshiped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshiped their very passions. They worshiped everything except God, to whom alone divine homage is due. In the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the corruptible man, and of birds and beasts and creeping things. They worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator who is blessed forever."

But, at last, the great light for which the prophets had sighed and prayed, and toward which the pagan sages had stretched forth their hands with eager longing, arose and shone unto them "that sat in the darkness and the shadow of death." The truth concerning our Creator, which had hitherto been

hidden in Judea, that there it might be sheltered from the world-wide idolatry, was now proclaimed, and in far greater clearness and fullness into the whole world. Jesus Christ taught all mankind to know one true God—a God existing from eternity to eternity a God who created all things by His power, who governs all things by His wisdom, and whose superintending Providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, “without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground.” He proclaimed a God infinitely holy, just, and merciful. This idea of the Deity so consonant to our rational conceptions was in striking contrast with the low and sensual notions which the pagan world has formed of its divinities.

The religion of Christ imparts to us not only a sublime conception of God, but also a rational idea of man and of his relations to his Creator. Before the coming of Christ, man was a riddle and a mystery to himself. He knew not whence he came, nor whither he was going. He was groping in the dark. All he knew for certain was that he was passing through a brief phase of existence. The past and future were enveloped in a mist which the light of philosophy was unable to penetrate. Our Redeemer has dispelled the cloud and enlightened us regarding our origin and destiny and the means of attaining it. He has rescued man from the frightful labyrinth of error in which Paganism had involved him.

The Gospel of Christ as propounded by the Catholic Church has brought, not only light to the intellect, but comfort also to the heart. It has given us “that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding,” the peace which springs from the conscious possession of truth. It has taught us to enjoy that triple peace which constitutes true happiness, as far as it is attainable in this life—peace with God by the observance of His commandments, peace with our neighbor by the exercise of charity and justice toward him, and peace with ourselves by repressing our inordinate appetites, and keeping our passions subject to the law of reason, and our reason illumined and controlled by the law of God.

All other religious systems prior to the advent of Christ were national, like Judaism, or State religions, like Paganism. The Catholic religion alone is world-wide and cosmopolitan, embracing all races and nations and peoples and tongues.



Christ alone, of all religious founders, had the courage to say to His disciples: "Go, teach all nations. Preach the Gospel to every creature. You shall be witness to me in Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Be not restrained in your mission by national or State lines. Let my gospel be as free and universal as the air of heaven. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. All mankind are the children of my father and my brethren. I have died for all, and embrace all in my charity. Let the whole human race be your audience, and the world be the theater of your labors!"

It is this recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ that has inspired the Catholic Church in her mission of love and benevolence. This is the secret of her all-pervading charity. This idea has been her impelling motive in her work for the social regeneration of mankind. "I behold," she says, "in every human creature a child of God and a brother or a sister of Christ, and therefore I will protect helpless infancy and decrepit old age. I will feed the orphan and nurse the sick. I will strike the shackles from the feet of the slave, and will rescue degraded woman from the moral bondage and degradation to which her own frailty and the passions of the stronger sex had consigned her."

Montesquieu has well said that the religion of Christ, which was instituted to lead men to eternal life, has contributed more than any other institution to promote the temporal and social happiness of mankind. The object of this Parliament of Religions is to present to the thoughtful, earnest, and inquiring minds the respective claims of the various religions, with the view that they would "prove all things, and hold that which is good," by embracing that religion which above all others commends itself to their judgment and conscience. I am not engaged in this search for the truth, for, by the grace of God, I am conscious that I have found it, and instead of hiding this treasure in my own breast, I long to share it with others, especially as I am none the poorer in making others the richer. But, for my part, were I occupied in this investigation, much as I would be drawn toward the Catholic Church by her admirable unity of faith which binds together in common worship two hundred and fifty million souls, much as I would be attracted toward her by her sublime moral code, by her world-

wide catholicity and by that unbroken claim of apostolic succession which connects her indissolubly with apostolic times, I could be drawn still more forcibly toward her by that wonderful system of organized benevolence which she has established for the alleviation and comfort of suffering humanity.

Let us briefly review what the Catholic Church has done for the elevation and betterment of humanity :—

I. The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie by saying with her founder that: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Wives and mothers never forget that the inviolability of the marriage contract is the palladium of your womanly dignity and of your Christian religion. And if you are no longer the slaves of man and the toy of his caprice, like the wives of Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of your husbands; if you are no longer tenants at will, like the wives of pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistresses of your households; if you are no longer confronted by uprising rivals, like Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but are the queens of domestic kingdoms, you are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient Church, and particularly to the Roman pontiffs who inflexibly upheld the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of kings, the lust of nobles, and the lax and pernicious legislation of city governments.

II. The Catholic religion has proclaimed the sanctity of human life as soon as the body is animated with the vital spark. Infanticide was a dark stain on pagan civilization. It was universal in Greece with the exception of Thebes. It was sanctified and even sometimes enjoined by such eminent Greeks as Plato and Aristotle, Solon, and Lycurgus. The destruction of infants was also very common among the Romans. Nor was there any legal check to this inhuman crime, except at rare intervals. The father had the power of life and death over his child. And as an evidence that human nature does not improve with time and is everywhere the same, unless it is permeated with the leaven of Christianity, the wanton sacrifice of infant life is probably as general to-day in China and other heathen countries as it was in ancient Greece and Rome.

The Catholic Church has sternly set her face against this exposure and murder of innocent babes. She has denounced it as a crime more revolting than that of Herod, because committed against one's own flesh and blood. She has condemned with equal energy the atrocious doctrine of Malthus, who suggested unnatural methods for diminishing the population of the human family. Were I not restrained by the fear of offending modesty and of imparting knowledge where "ignorance is bliss," I would dwell more at length on the social plague of antenatal infanticide, which is insidiously and systematically spreading among us, in defiance of civil penalties and of the Divine law which says: "Thou shalt not kill."

III. There is no phase of human misery for which the Church does not provide some remedy or alleviation. She has established infant asylums for the shelter of helpless babes who have been cruelly abandoned by their own parents, or bereft of them in the mysterious dispensations of Providence before they could know and feel a mother's love. These little waifs, like the infant Moses drifting in the turbid Nile, are rescued from an untimely death and are tenderly raised by the daughters of the Great King, those consecrated virgins who become nursing mothers to them. And I have known more than one such motherless babe, who, like Israel's law-giver in after years, became a leader among his people.

IV. As the Church provides homes for those yet on the threshold of life, so, too, does she secure retreats for those on the threshold of death. She has asylums in which aged men and women find at one and the same time a refuge in their old age from the storms of life and a novitiate to prepare them for eternity. Thus, from the cradle to the grave, she is a nursing mother. She rocks her children in the cradle of infancy, and she soothes them to rest on the couch of death. Louis XIV erected in Paris the famous Hotel des Invalides for the veterans of France who had fought in the service of their country. And so has the Catholic religion provided for those who have been disabled in the battle of life, a home in which they are tenderly nursed in their declining years by devoted sisters. The Little Sisters of the Poor, whose congregation was founded in 1840, have now charge of over two hundred and fifty establishments in different parts of the

globe, the aged inmates of those houses numbering thirty thousand, upward of seventy thousand having died under their care up to 1889. To these asylums are welcomed, not only the members of the Catholic religion, but those also of every form of Christian faith, and even those without any faith at all. The Sisters make no distinction of person, or nationality, or color, or creed—for true charity embraces all. The only question proposed by the Sisters to the applicant for shelter is this: Are you oppressed by age and penury? If so, come to us and we will provide for you.

V. She has orphan asylums where children of both sexes are reared and taught to become useful and worthy members of society.

VI. Hospitals were unknown to the pagan world before the coming of Christ. The copious vocabularies of Greece and Rome had no word even to express the term. The Catholic Church has hospitals for the treatment and cure of every form of disease. She sends her daughters of charity and mercy to the battle-field and to the plague-stricken city. During the Crimean War I remember to have read of a Sister who was struck dead by a ball while she was in the act of stooping down and bandaging the wound of a fallen soldier. Much praise was then deservedly bestowed on Florence Nightingale for her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers. Her name resounded in both hemispheres. But in every Sister you have a Florence Nightingale, with this difference—that, like ministering angels, they move without noise along the path of duty, and like the angel Raphael, who concealed his name from Tobias, the Sister hides her name from the world.

Several years ago I accompanied to New Orleans eight Sisters of Charity who were sent from Baltimore to reënforce the ranks of their heroic companions, or to supply the places of their devoted associates who had fallen at the post of duty in the fever-stricken cities of the South. Their departure for the scene of their labors was neither announced by the press nor heralded by public applause. They went calmly into the jaws of death, not bent on deeds of destruction, like the famous Six Hundred, but on deeds of mercy. They had no Tennyson to sound their praises. Their only ambition was,—and how lofty is that ambition—that the recording



angel might be their biographer, that their names might be inscribed in the Book of Life, and that they might receive the recompense from him who has said: "I was sick and ye visited me; for as often as ye did it to one of the least of my brethren, ye did it to me." Within a few months after their arrival, six of the eight Sisters died victims to the epidemic. These are a few of many instances of heroic charity that have fallen under my own observation. Here are examples of sublime heroism not culled from the musty pages of ancient martyrologies, or books of chivalry, but happening in our day and under our own eyes. Here is a heroism not aroused by the emulation of brave comrades on the battlefield, or by the clash of arms, or the strains of martial hymns, or by the love of earthly fame, but inspired only by a sense of Christian duty and by the love of God and her fellow-beings.

VII. The Catholic religion labors not only to assuage the physical distempers of humanity, but also to reclaim the victims of moral disease. The redemption of fallen women from a life of infamy was never included in the scope of heathen philanthropy and man's unregenerate nature is the same now as before the birth of Christ. He worships woman as long as she has charms to fascinate, but she is spurned and trampled upon as soon as she has ceased to please. It was reserved for him who knew no sin to throw the mantle of protection over sinning woman. There is no page in the Gospel more touching than that which records our Savior's merciful judgment on the adulterous woman. The Scribes and Pharisees, who had, perhaps, participated in her guilt, asked our Lord to pronounce sentence of death upon her, in accordance with the Mosaic law. "Hath no one condemned thee?" asked our Savior. "No one, Lord," she answered. "Then," said he, "neither will I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more." Inspired by this divine example, the Catholic Church shelters erring females in homes not inappropriately called Magdalene Asylums and Houses of the Good Shepherd. Not to speak of other institutions established for the moral reformation of women, the congregation of the Good Shepherd at Angers, founded in 1836, has charge to-day of one hundred and fifty houses, in which upward of four thousand Sisters devote themselves to the care of over twenty thousand females, who



had yielded to temptation or were rescued from impending danger.

VIII. The Christian religion has been the unvarying friend and advocate of the bondman. Before the dawn of Christianity, slavery was universal in civilized, as well as in barbarous nations. The Apostles were everywhere confronted by the children of oppression. Their first task was to mitigate the horrors and alleviate the miseries of human bondage. They cheered the slave by holding up to him the example of Christ, who voluntarily became a slave that we might enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God. The bondman had an equal participation with his master in the sacraments of the Church, and in the priceless consolation which religion affords. Slave-owners were admonished to be kind and humane to their slaves, by being reminded with apostolic freedom that they and their servants had the same master in heaven, who had no respect of persons. The ministers of the Catholic religion down the ages sought to lighten the burden and improve the condition of the slave, as far as social prejudices would permit, till, at length, the chains fell from his feet. Human slavery has, at last, thank God, melted away before the noon-tide sun of the Gospel. No Christian country contains to-day a solitary slave. To paraphrase the words of a distinguished Irish jurist—as soon as a bondman puts his foot in a Christian land, he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, on the sacred soil of Christendom.

IX. The Savior never conferred a greater temporal boon on mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which had been branded upon it. Before Christ appeared among men, manual and even mechanical work was regarded as servile and degrading to the freeman of pagan Rome, and was consequently relegated to slaves. Christ is ushered into the world, not amid the pomp and splendor of imperial majesty, but amid the environments of a humble child of toil. He is the reputed son of an artisan, and his early manhood is spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" The primeval curse attached to labor is obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. Ever since he pursued his trade as a carpenter, he has lightened the mechanic's tools,

and shed a halo around the workshop. If the profession of a general, a jurist, and a statesman is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, and a Burke, how much more is the character of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ. What De Tocqueville said of the United States sixty years ago is true to-day—that with us every honest labor is laudable, thanks to the example and teaching of Christ.

To sum up: The Catholic Church has taught man the knowledge of God and of himself; she has brought comfort to his heart by instructing him to bear the ills of life with Christian philosophy; she has sanctified the marriage bond; she has proclaimed the sanctity and inviolability of human life from the moment that the body is animated by the spark of life, till it is extinguished; she has founded asylums for the training of children of both sexes and for the support of the aged poor; she has established hospitals for the sick and homes for the redemption of fallen women; she has exerted her influence toward the mitigation and abolition of human slavery; she has been the unwavering friend of the sons of toil. These are some of the blessings which the Catholic Church has conferred on society.

I will not deny—on the contrary, I am happy to avow—that the various Christian bodies outside the Catholic Church have been, and are to-day, zealous promoters of most of these works of Christian benevolence which I have enumerated. Not to speak of the innumerable humanitarian houses established by our non-Catholic brethren throughout the land, I bear cheerful testimony to the philanthropic institutions founded by Wilson, by Shepherd, by Johns Hopkins, Enoch Pratt, and George Peabody, in the city of Baltimore. But will not our separated brethren have the candor to acknowledge that we had first possession of the field, that these beneficent movements have been inaugurated by us, and that the other Christian communities in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration of mankind, have, in no small measure, been stimulated by the example and emulation of the ancient Church?

Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help

his fellow-beings. Though we differ in faith, thank God there is one platform on which we stand united, and that is the platform of charity and benevolence. We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and strength to the paralyzed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before. "Religion," says the apostle, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Or, to borrow the words of pagan Cicero, *Homines ad deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando*. (There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-creatures.)

# GEORGE WASHINGTON GOETHALS

## SERVING YOUR COUNTRY

[It is given to few men to render such conspicuous service to their country as has General Goethals, through his engineering and administrative ability. He built the Panama Canal, and he reorganized the Quartermaster department so essential for winning the Great War. This address was delivered at the graduating exercises of the class of 1912 of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, June 12, 1912.

In introducing the speaker, General Barry, Superintendent of the Academy, said:

"Forty years ago, in 1872, two boys entered what was then the Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York, from the public schools of that city and there became classmates.

"One entered West Point in 1873 and the other remained at the college through his sophomore year and entered West Point in 1876.

"Those two young men then became contemporaries and friends as cadets, have known each other and have served together off and on, and have been friends ever since.

"It is therefore an unusual personal and official pleasure and honor for one of those then young men to announce that the other, now the most distinguished engineer of the age, the man who by his own ability, force of character, and modesty is bringing to a conclusion the most stupendous engineering project in the history of the world, is to honor us with an address.

"When we consider that he has had not only to supervise the work of 40,000 employees, but to provide and care for them also, and the hundreds of millions of dollars that have been expended under his supervision, and that the finger of scandal or graft has never pointed at his administration and never will, it speaks the man he is; and, my friends, the country has a right to expect and will receive that kind of administration whenever it is intrusted to the product of this institution.

"He needs no introduction to this body; he is of it, and we glory in that fact.

"I beg to present George W. Goethals, of the class of '80."]

I DESIRE to express appreciation of the honor shown me by General Barry by my selection to address this class, for it can be conferred on but few, and within my knowledge this is only the second instance in which any but a general officer or one

previously holding that rank has been so honored. It is especially prized coming from one for whom I entertain such high respect and admiration, whose love for the academy I know, and who has always zealously striven for the advancement of its interests.

Thirty-two years ago to-day my class held your place. The four years' course of training had been completed, and though fewer distractions and less freedom were accorded us in those days I realize that we were no more eager than yourselves to get our diplomas and escape from the restraints imposed by this old institution. It is not my purpose to detain you unnecessarily, for I still remember how I wished some one would put an end to the long speech meted out to us; neither will I forget that advice has been defined to be something which everybody is ready to give, but which nobody is willing to follow, except when in a particular case it accords with his own wishes and desires.

Thus far you have followed a curriculum intended so to train you mentally, morally, and physically as to enable you to grapple with hope of successful issue the future problems which will confront you. To-day you pass from the patient, careful guidance and direction of the academic board and its corps of assistants, and henceforth you are to stand alone, coping with the duties and problems of actual life. The duties and problems which confront the Army officer in recent years are more numerous, more varied, and complex than in former days, so that greater opportunities are offered. But now, as then, success in each instance depends upon the man himself—upon his character, his ability, and his capacity for work, with character placed above all else.

It is the professed primary object of this institution to develop that high quality which we call character. It finds expression in the academy's motto: "Duty, honor, country." Briefly summed up, it means honorable conduct in all actions and in all dealings with one's fellows. The basis of it is loyalty—loyalty to those fundamental moral principles upon which all right conduct is based, loyalty to the profession of which one is a member, loyalty to superiors, and loyalty to the Nation in whose service we are all enlisted. There is no real success without this quality. The man who is disloyal to his



profession, to his superior, or to his country is disloyal to himself and to all that is best in him. He is his own worst enemy, for he undermines his own character, and thus deprives his efforts of that incentive which is the most powerful of all factors. We all have a right to our own views and opinions, and in most cases which arise we have opportunity to express them. When the decision is against us, instead of shirking, giving lukewarm support, or attempting to show that our opinions are the correct ones, loyalty demands that we give the best that is in us toward the accomplishment of the end desired by those in authority. If your four years' training here has not fixed this truth firmly and ineradicably in your minds, it has failed lamentably in its purpose.

The system of training through which you have passed is designed and arranged to require of you and to impress upon you the necessity of mastering each day's allotted work with the object of developing in you those powers of concentration and application which are necessary for successful accomplishment. You could not have succeeded here had you at any time during your course put off till to-morrow those tasks which were prescribed for to-day; the same rule must continue to be your standard if you hope to succeed in measuring up to the future duties that will devolve upon you. The course of study and instruction, however, is not such as to warrant the sanguine and self-confident graduate in believing, when he receives his diploma, that he is the possessor of all knowledge. On the contrary, he has the bare beginnings of knowledge; the foundations of a structure yet to be raised. The clearer this revelation is made to him, the sooner he perceives that he has merely been taught how to acquire and use knowledge, and that successful accomplishment can be attained only by continuing the methods of constant, earnest effort, the better will be his chances of success.

As already stated, in the final test of actual experience it is upon the man himself that success depends. No system of training will carry an incapable or an unfaithful man to success. The world to-day is above all else a practical world, and it demands results. What it is looking for is men who can and will do things. It is recorded of Lord Kitchener that, when during the South African campaign a subordinate officer

reported to him a failure to obey orders and gave reasons therefore, he said to him: "Your reasons for not doing it are the best I ever heard; now go and do it." That is what the world demands to-day—not men who are fearful of an undertaking, who advance reasons for not doing it or express doubts about its accomplishment, but men who have the courage of their convictions and will find ways to carry it through successfully.

Your duties will bring you more or less in touch with civil life, in contradistinction to the military, and some of you will spend the larger portion of your active careers among civilians. Isolated as you have been during the four most impressionable years of your life, and deprived in a large measure of contact with the outer world, you have lacked opportunity for learning its ways and the ways in which men in general think and act. In this respect you are not the equals of the graduates of our universities and technical schools, who acquire such knowledge through mental friction that results from contact between men pursuing different courses of study, and by actual touch with the world during term time and in the long vacation periods. This seclusion is, of course, a necessary feature of the military training and must be maintained. I do not speak of it with any idea of change or modification, but for the purpose of calling attention to certain effects of it which should be taken into account by our graduates as they enter upon the duties of life. While there are men in civil life with ideals as high as those held constantly before you here, you will find instances where men gain their ends, without apparent loss of prestige or position, in ways and by means which measured by your standards would be considered neither straightforward nor honorable. In such surroundings one's viewpoint may become distorted, and it behooves us so to live that no discredit will be reflected on the academy or the Army. The outside world knows our service and our alma mater by the impressions we make upon it, and we owe it to them, to the Nation which educated us, to live up to the ideals of honor, self-abnegation, sacrifice, and devotion to duty which this institution has endeavored to instill in you.

The most important duty that will devolve upon you is the control, direction, and command of men. To successfully

accomplish any task, it is necessary not only that you should give to it the best that is in you, but that you should obtain for it the best there is in those who are under your guidance. To do this, you must have confidence in the undertaking and confidence in your ability to accomplish it in order to inspire that same feeling in them. You must have not only accurate knowledge of their capabilities, but a just appreciation and a full recognition of their needs and rights as fellow men. In other words, be considerate, just, and fair with them in all dealings, treating them as fellow members of the great Brotherhood of Humanity. A discontented force is seldom loyal, and if its discontent is based upon a sense of unjust treatment, it is never efficient. Faith in the ability of a leader is of slight service unless it be united with faith in his justice. When these two are combined, then and then only is developed that irresistible and irrepressible spirit of enthusiasm, that personal interest and pride in the task, which inspires every member of the force, be it military or civil, to give when need arises the last ounce of his strength and the last drop of his blood to the winning of a victory in the honor of which he will share.

We are expected to perform fully and to the best of our ability whatever duty is assigned to us; for this have we been trained and educated, and our aim and purpose should be its successful accomplishment without any other considerations. This, however, is not always the case, for you will find some who are so impressed with what they call their reputations or who are so desirous of advancing their individual interests that the singleness of purpose no longer controls. The dread of detracting from the one or injuring the other impairs their usefulness and efficiency, for they fear to accept the consequences of responsibility and of decisive action, which are so essential to successful accomplishment.

We are inclined to expect praise or reward for doing nothing more than our duty when, as a matter of fact, we are entitled to neither, since we have done only that which is required of us. It calls to mind an instance which came under my observation in the days before efficiency reports were in vogue. A young officer about to be relieved from duty at a certain station was told by his superior that the latter intended

to give him a letter commendatory of his services. The youngster inquired if he had done anything more than his duty, and on learning that while he had not he had performed that duty well, replied that he failed to see why there should be any commendation for doing that for which he had been educated by the Government and retained in its service. This is an example of the spirit that we should strive to acquire—to be content with the consciousness of duty well done; therein lies the reward which gives the greatest gratification and which is secure. With such a spirit the enthusiasm and the hopefulness which contribute so largely in securing successful results will continue with us; without them disappointment and discouragement are too apt to follow. The plaudits of our fellows may be flattering to our vanity, but they are not lasting; by the next turn of the wheel they may be changed into abuse and condemnation.

It all amounts to this: Whatever your hands find to do, that do with all the might that is in you. That is the lesson of all experience. Face every task with a determination to conquer its difficulties and never to let them conquer you. No task is too small to be done well. For the man who is worthy, who is fit to perform the deeds of the world, even the greatest, sooner or later the opportunity to do them will come. He can abide his time, can rest—"safe in himself as in a fate."

# ARTHUR GRIFFITH

## THE IRISH FREE STATE

[Arthur Griffith was born in Dublin in 1872. In 1905 he first propounded the Sinn Fein policy of national freedom without bloodshed. Although Sinn Fein failed in a short time, Mr. Griffith continued his work for the Irish cause. After the rebellion of 1916 and the defeat of the "physical force" party, Sinn Fein power increased. Mr. Griffith was several times imprisoned, but after his final release in 1921 it was his determination and fearlessness which carried the delegates through the peace negotiations and the fight for the treaty. The stormy debate over the treaty lasted for many days in the Dail and it was on January 7, 1922, before the vote which approved the treaty by a majority of seven, that Mr. Griffith wound up the debate with the following speech. He succeeded Mr. de Valera as president of the Dail Eireann and died in August, 1922.]

I WILL not accept the invitation of the Minister of Defense to dishonor my signature and thereby become immortalized in Irish history. I have signed the Treaty, and the man or the nation that dishonors its signature is dishonored forever. No man can dishonor his signature without dishonoring the nation. [Hear, Hear.] The suggestion was made that I was going to be immortalized if I dishonored my signature, and it was said that I was a weak man and that my friend Michael Collins had had "backdoor conversations" with the English Prime Minister and that he had given something away. It was asked why we went to see Mr. Lloyd George without the whole of the plenipotentiaries being together. We went for the same reason that President de Valera met Mr. Lloyd George when he went to Downing Street—because things could be better discussed by two or three men than by eighteen.

The Minister of Defense has spoken of me as saying that Michael Collins is the man who won the war. I did say that, and I say it now, again. [Cheers.] Mr. Collins is the man who made the situation, and nobody knows it better than I do. During the last year and a half Mr. Collins has worked



from six in the morning till two on the following morning. He is the man whose matchless energy and indomitable will carried Ireland through this crisis. [Cheers.] Although I have no ambition in that respect, either from a political or historical point of view, I may say that if my name were to go down in history I should want it to be associated with the name of Michael Collins. [Cheers.] Michael Collins is the man who fought the Black and Tan terror for twelve months, until England offered terms.

We went to London as plenipotentiaries and we came back with a Treaty. We thought that we had done something for the good of the Irish nation, but we were indicted in Dublin from the day we came back. We were told that we had let down the Republic, and the Irish people were led to believe that we were sent to London with a mandate to get a Republic and that we had violated the mandate. Before I went to London I said at a Cabinet meeting that if I went to London I would try for a Republic, and if I could get it I would bring it back. We did try for a Republic. One of the Deputies said that we were guilty of treason against the Republic. If we are guilty of treason against the Republic, let the Irish people try us for that treason. I have nothing on my conscience. What I did I did for the best interests of Ireland. I believed I was doing right, and I would do the same again. [Cheers.]

I have listened for days to discussions of the oath. If we are going to have a form of association with the British Empire we must have an oath, and such an oath was put before us when we were going back to London, and the differences between the oaths is just a difference in terms. In this Assembly there are men who take oath after oath to the King of England, and I noticed that those men applauded when slighting and insulting references were made to young soldiers here on account of the oath. I have in my hand seven different oaths taken by different members of this Assembly to his Britannic Majesty—men who would unsheathe their swords against their aggressors, who are going to vote against the Treaty because they will not take an oath. [Cheers.] This hypocrisy, which is going to involve the lives of gallant young men, is damnable.

The Treaty has been called names which have not been paralleled since the days of Biddy Moriarty. When the delegates came back there was at least one thing that might have been done. Our colleagues might have discussed the Treaty on its merits and without reference to whether the men who brought it back were honorable or dishonorable. The Treaty has faults. We can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? I could draw up a much more satisfactory Treaty, but it would not be adopted. Does the Treaty give away the honor of Ireland? "No." It is not dishonorable to Ireland. It is not an ideal one. It could be better. It is no more finality than we are the final generation on the earth. [Cheers.] No man can set bounds to the march of a nation, but we can accept this Treaty and deal with it in good faith with the English people and through the evolution of events reach the common goal. Who is going to say what the world is going to be in ten years hence? It does not mean that we cannot go beyond this Treaty, but we can move on towards an ultimate goal. This Treaty gives the Irish people what they have not had for centuries—a foothold in their own country. It gives Ireland solid ground on which she can stand, and Ireland has been for one hundred years a quagmire and bog where there was no foothold.

Reject the Treaty, and you throw Ireland back into what she was before this Treaty came. I am not a prophet—I cannot argue with prophets [laughter]—but I know where Ireland was twenty or thirty years ago. I know where Ireland was when there were only half a dozen of us in Dublin to keep the national ideal alive. We never deserted the national ideal. Are you going to go back on the few who had faith in their people and faith in their country? You can accept this Treaty and make it the basis of an Irish Ireland. You can reject the Treaty, and you can throw Ireland into what it was years ago.

If the people here do not understand what is in this Treaty they are not fit to be representatives of Ireland. The Irish people so far as I am concerned are going to know what the difference between the documents is. I have heard in this Assembly statements about the people of Ireland. We had no right, no authority, except what is derived from the people of Ireland. We were here because the people of Ireland elected

us, and our only right is to speak and seek what the people want. When we agreed to enter into these negotiations with England we were bound to respect whatever the Irish people thought of the Treaty. I have heard gentlemen sitting here say that it does not matter what their constituents said. I tell you that it does. If Democratic Government is going to remain on the earth, then the representative must voice the opinion of his constituents. If his conscience will not let him do that, he has only one way out and that is to resign. It is a negation of democratic right to vote against the will of the constituents. You are doing here what Castlereigh and Pitt did in 1800 when they refused to let the Irish Parliament be dissolved on the question of the Union so that the people might be consulted. You are now trying to reject that Treaty without allowing the Irish people to say whether they want it or do not want it. ["No, no."] You are trying to do that. What you will do is kill democracy. You will remove from the Dail every vestige of authority to speak for the people of Ireland. It will be a Junta attempting to dictate to the people of Ireland, and the people of Ireland, I think, will deal with that. There is no man here who would stand on a platform in his constituency and say that he was against the Treaty. [Cries of "Yes."] (Interruptions) The people of Ireland are ninety-eight per cent. for this Treaty. [Cries of "No" and "Yes"] Everyone of you knows it. (Interruptions)

The Irish people will not be deceived. You may try to muzzle its voice, but it will pierce through. [Cheers.] I have heard a most contemptible utterance about the people of Ireland in this Dail. I heard a member say that had the people of Ireland been able in 1921 to vote to accept the Southern Parliament to get rid of the "Black and Tannery" they would have done so. That is one of the vilest libels ever uttered against the people of Ireland. The people of Ireland stood through that terror, but they are not going to stand for a fight against what gave them the substance of freedom. A Deputy said something about me on Friday night and about treason, but the people guilty of treason are the people who by force prevented the Irish people from expressing their opinion. Muzzle the people. Where is gone self-determination for the people? Where is the platform on which you were all elected?

[Cheers.] Democracy is to some minds very good in theory when democracy fits in with their own ideas, but not when democracy happens to run contrary to their ideas. That usurpation against the will of the people is as great a usurpation as Dublin Castle, and, as far as I am concerned, my voice and all my power will be used against the usurpation. [Cheers.]

You have heard all that might be said against us here. You have been spoken to as if you had a Republic governing and functioning all through Ireland, and that you were going to give up this governing and functioning Republic for the Treaty. You know well that instead of governing and functioning through Ireland the utmost we could do was to hold, and barely hold the position we were in. The British Army is in occupation of the country, and it can be got out of the country by the ratification of the Treaty. Those who vote against the Treaty are those who vote to keep the British Army in Ireland. Under the Treaty the British Army will march out of Ireland. Is the Dail going to keep that Army in the country? Some members here have the idea that the people of the present generation are going to die that the next generation may get something. That is not sanity, it is not politics or statesmanship. Those who say that this generation should immolate themselves for the sake of the next are not talking sanely. This generation is Ireland, and it has got the right to live, as past generations had and future generations will have. We have been put into the position of making this Treaty appear as if it were a bigger thing than it is. It is the utmost that Ireland can get, and it is a Treaty that Ireland can honorably accept. Some of us have spoken here as if there were no Irish people outside these doors, as if there were no economic question, as if there were not tens of thousands of unemployed and thousands of struggling farmers who want to live. If you reject this Treaty, the Irish people will kick you out.

I want to see this country placed on its feet. We want the British tax-gatherers out of the country. We want to hold our trade, our harbors, and our commerce, and we want to have the right and the power of educating our people and building up the nation. Reject the Treaty and what will happen? Years ago when I saw the poverty, misery, and degradation of the people, and the name of Ireland forgotten in Europe, I

found that the cause of her misfortunes was the infamous Act of Union. From the passing of that Act chaos reigned in Ireland, and she has lost twelve millions of her population. The country has been ravaged by famine, the emigrant ship, the prison cell, and the scaffold. The cause of those evils is the presence of the English Army of Occupation. [Cheers.] Are you then, by vote this evening going to keep the English Army here? Do you know what it means? Are you going to accept this Treaty, which gives you power to stand on an equality with the nations of the world, or are you going back, without hope, in this generation at least, of success, to the position in which you were? Any man who is going to ask the young men of Ireland to go out again and to fight and suffer as they did before has got to tell them where they are going. So far as my strength and voice are concerned I will not allow my countrymen to be led on a false track, and I believe it will be a false track if this Treaty is rejected. They will be on the right track if this Treaty is accepted.

I will not sacrifice the Irish nation on the altar of a false unity. I will not agree to preserve the semblance of unity if it means plunging the country into war. I will not agree that the people of Ireland shall be crucified on a formula. You have heard much about principles and honor, and those virtues are all on the other side. My principle is "Ireland for the Irish." [Hear, hear.] If I could get a Republic I would have it, but I would not sacrifice my people for the sake of a form of government. The Treaty gives the Irish people the means of working out their own destiny, and there are no other means open to you of doing it. I say to the people of Ireland that it is their duty to see that this Treaty is carried into operation, for it gives them for the first time in a century the chance of taking their place amongst the nations of the world. [Loud cheers.]



# THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

## DECORATION DAY

[Address by Colonel Higginson, delivered at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass., Decoration Day, May 30, 1870.]

WE meet to-day for a purpose that has the dignity and the tenderness of funeral rites without their sadness. It is not a new bereavement, but one which time has softened, that brings us here. We meet not around a newly-opened grave, but among those which Nature has already decorated with the memorials of her love. Above every tomb her daily sunshine has smiled, her tears have wept; over the humblest she has bidden some grasses nestle, some vines creep, and the butterfly—ancient emblem of immortality—waves his little wings above every sod. To Nature's signs of tenderness we add our own. Not "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but blossoms to blossoms, laurels to the laureled.

The great Civil War has passed by—its great armies were disbanded, their tents struck, their camp-fires put out, their muster-rolls laid away. But there is another army whose numbers no Presidential proclamation could reduce; no general orders disband. This is their camping-ground—these white stones are their tents—this list of names we bear is their muster-roll—their camp-fires yet burn in our hearts.

I remember this "Sweet Auburn" when no sacred associations made it sweeter, and when its trees looked down on no funerals but those of the bird and the bee. Time has enriched its memories since those days. And especially during our great war, as the Nation seemed to grow impoverished in men, these hills grew richer in associations, until their multiplying wealth took in that heroic boy who fell in almost the last battle of the war. Now that roll of honor has closed, and the work of commemoration begun.

Without distinction of nationality, of race, of religion, they gave their lives to their country. Without distinction of religion, of race, of nationality, we garland their graves to-day. The young Roman Catholic convert, who died exclaiming "Mary! pardon!" and the young Protestant theological student, whose favorite place of study was this cemetery, and who asked only that no words of praise might be engraven on his stone—these bore alike the cross in their lifetime, and shall bear it alike in flowers to-day. They gave their lives that we might remain one Nation, and the Nation holds their memory alike in its arms.

And so the little distinctions of rank that separated us in the service are nothing here. Death has given the same brevet to all. The brilliant young cavalry general who rode into his last action, with stars on his shoulders and his death-wound on his breast, is to us no more precious than that sergeant of sharpshooters who followed the line unarmed at Antietam, waiting to take the rifle of some one who should die, because his own had been stolen; or that private who did the same thing in the same battle, leaving the hospital service to which he had been assigned. Nature has been equally tender to the graves of all, and our love knows no distinction.

What a wonderful embalmer is death! We who survive grow daily older. Since the war closed the youngest has gained some new wrinkle, the oldest some added gray hair. A few years more and only a few tottering figures shall represent the marching files of the Grand Army; a year or two beyond that, there shall flutter by the window the last empty sleeve. But these who are here are embalmed forever in our imaginations; they will not change; they never will seem to us less young, less fresh, less daring, than when they sallied to their last battle. They will always have the dew of their youth; it is we alone who shall grow old.

And, again, what a wonderful purifier is death! These who fell beside us varied in character; like other men, they had their strength and their weaknesses, their merits and their faults. Yet now all stains seem washed away; their life ceased at its climax, and the ending sanctified all that went before. They died for their country; that is their record. They found their way to heaven equally short, it seems to us, from every

battle-field, and with equal readiness our love seeks them to-day.

"What is a victory like?" said a lady to the Duke of Wellington. "The greatest tragedy in the world, madam, except a defeat." Even our great war would be but a tragedy were it not for the warm feeling of brotherhood it has left behind it, based on the hidden emotions of days like these. The war has given peace to the nation; it has given union, freedom, equal rights; and in addition to that, it has given to you and me the sacred sympathy of these graves. No matter what it has cost us individually—health or worldly fortunes—it is our reward that we can stand to-day among these graves and yet not blush that we survive.

The great French soldier, de Latour d'Auvergne, was the hero of many battles, but remained by his own choice in the ranks. Napoleon gave him a sword and the official title "The First Grenadier of France." When he was killed, the Emperor ordered that his heart should be intrusted to the keeping of his regiment—that his name should be called at every roll-call, and that his next comrade should make answer, "Dead upon the field of honor." In our memories are the names of many heroes; we treasure all their hearts in this consecrated ground, and when the name of each is called, we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor."

# GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

## SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

[Address by George F. Hoar, lawyer, statesman, United States Senator from Massachusetts since 1877 (born in Concord, Mass., 1826; died, 1904), delivered at the banquet of the New England Society of Charleston, S. C., December 22, 1898. The theme and range of discussion mark this oration as an occasional address rather than a typical after-dinner speech, and accordingly it is placed in this department of Modern Eloquence.]

MR. PRESIDENT:—I need not assure this brilliant company how deeply I am impressed by the significance of this occasion. I am not vain enough to find in it anything of personal compliment. I like better to believe that the ties of common history, of common faith, of common citizenship, and inseparable destiny, are drawing our two sister States together again. If cordial friendship, if warm affection (to use no stronger term), can ever exist between two communities, they should exist between Massachusetts and South Carolina. They were both of the "Old Thirteen." They were alike in the circumstances of their origin. Both were settled by those noble fugitives who brought the torch of liberty across the sea, when liberty was without other refuge on the face of the earth.

The English Pilgrims and Puritans founded Massachusetts, to be followed soon after by the Huguenot exiles who fled from the tyranny of King Louis XIV, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Scotch Presbyterianism founded Carolina, to be followed soon after by the French exiles fleeing from the same oppression. Everywhere in New England are traces of the footsteps of this gentle, delightful, and chivalrous race. All over our six States, to-day, many an honored grave, many a stirring tradition bear witness to the kinship between our early settlers and the settlers of South Carolina. Faneuil Hall, in Boston, which we love to call the Cradle of Liberty, attests the munificence and bears the name

of an illustrious Huguenot. These French exiles lent their grace and romance to our history also. Their settlements were like clusters of magnolias in some warm valley in our bleak New England.

We are, all of us, in Massachusetts, reading again the story of the voyage of the "Mayflower," written by William Bradford. As you have heard, that precious manuscript has lately been restored to us by the kindness of his Grace the Lord Bishop of London. It is, in the eyes of the children of the Pilgrims, the most precious manuscript on earth. If there be anything to match the pathos of that terrible voyage, it is found in the story of Judith Manigault, the French Huguenot exile, of her nine months' voyage from England to South Carolina. Her name, I am told, has been honored here in every generation since.

If there be a single lesson which the people of this country have learned from their wonderful and crowded history, it is that the North and South are indispensable to each other. They are the blades of mighty shears, worthless apart, but, when bound by an indissoluble Union, powerful, irresistible, and terrible as the shears of Fate; like the shears of Atropos, severing every thread and tangled web of evil, cutting out for humanity its beautiful garments of Liberty and Light from the cloth her dread sisters spin and weave.

I always delight to think, as I know the people of South Carolina delight to think, of these States of ours, not as mere aggregations of individuals, but as beautiful personalities, moral beings, endowed with moral characters, capable of faith, of hope, of memory, of pride, of sorrow and of joy, of courage, of heroism, of honour, and of shame. Certainly this is true of them. Their power and glory, their rightful place in history, depended on these things and not on numbers or extent of territory. It is this that justifies the arrangement of the Constitution of the United States for equal representation of States in the upper legislative chamber, and explains its admirable success. The separate entity and the absolute freedom, except for the necessary restraints of the Constitution, of our different States, is the cause alike of the greatness and the security of the country.

The words Switzerland, France, England, Rome, Athens,



Massachusetts, South Carolina, Virginia, America, convey to your mind a distinct and individual meaning, and suggest an image of distinct moral quality and moral being as clearly as do the words Washington, Wellington, or Napoleon. I believe it is, and I thank God that I believe it is, something much higher than the average of the qualities of the men who make it up. We think of Switzerland as something better than the individual Swiss, and of France as something better than the individual Frenchman, and of America as something better than the individual American. In great and heroic individual actions we often seem to feel that it is the country, of which the man is but the instrument, that gives expression to its quality in doing the deed.

It was Switzerland who gathered into her breast at Sem-pach, the sheaf of fatal Austrian spears. It was the hereditary spirit of New England that gave the word of command by the voice of Buttrick, at Concord, and was in the bosom of Parker at Lexington. It was South Carolina whose lightning-stroke smote the invader by the arm of Marion, and whose wisdom guided the framers of the Constitution through the lips of Rutledge, and Gadsden, and Pinckney.

The citizen on great occasions knows and obeys the voice of his country as he knows and obeys an individual voice, whether it appeal to a base or ignoble, or to a generous or noble passion. "Sons of France, awake to glory," told the French youth what was the dominant passion in the bosom of France, and it awoke a corresponding sentiment in his own. Under its spell he marched through Europe and overthrew her kingdoms and empires, and felt in Egypt that forty centuries were looking down on him from the pyramids. But, at last, one June morning in Trafalgar Bay there was another utterance, more quiet in its tone, but speaking also with a personal and individual voice—"England expects every man to do his duty." At the sight of Nelson's immortal signal, duty-loving England and glory-loving France met as they have met on many an historic battle-field before and since, and the lover of duty proved the stronger. The England that expected every man to do his duty was as real a being to the humblest sailor in Nelson's fleet as the mother that bore him.

The title of our American States to their equality, under

this admirable arrangement, depends not on area, or upon numbers, but upon character and upon personality. Fancy a league or a confederacy in which Athens or Sparta were united with Persia or Babylon or Nineveh, and their political power were to be reckoned in proportion to their numbers or their size.

I have sometimes fancied South Carolina and Massachusetts, those two illustrious and heroic sisters, instead of sitting apart, one under her palm-trees and the other under her pines, one with the hot gales from the tropics fanning her brow, and the other on the granite rocks by her ice-bound shores, meeting together, and comparing notes and stories as sisters born of the same mother compare notes and stories after a long separation. How the old estrangements, born of ignorance of each other, would have melted away.

Does it ever occur to you that the greatest single tribute ever paid to Daniel Webster was paid by Mr. Calhoun? And the greatest single tribute ever paid to Mr. Calhoun was paid by Mr. Webster.

I do not believe that among the compliments or marks of honor which attended the illustrious career of Daniel Webster there is one that he would have valued so much as that which his great friend, his great rival and antagonist paid him from his dying bed. "Mr. Webster," said Mr. Calhoun, "has as high a standard of truth as any statesman whom I have met in debate. Convince him, and he cannot reply; he is silent; he cannot look truth in the face and oppose it by argument."

There was never, I suppose, paid to John C. Calhoun, during his illustrious life, any other tribute of honor he would have valued so highly as that which was paid him after his death by his friend, his rival and antagonist, Daniel Webster. "Mr. Calhoun," said Mr. Webster, "had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable and noble. There was nothing groveling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I was sure he was, in the principles he espoused, and in the measures he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that

conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or a selfish feeling. However he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those opinions and those principles will now descend to posterity, and under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of the country. He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here will find that he has left upon our minds and upon our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come that we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."

Just think for a moment what this means. If any man ever lived who was not merely the representative, but the embodiment of the thought, opinion, principles, character, quality, intellectual and moral, of the people of South Carolina, for the forty years from 1810 until his death, it was John C. Calhoun. If any man ever lived who not merely was the representative, but the embodiment of the thought, opinion, principles, character, quality, intellectual and moral, of the people of Massachusetts, it was Daniel Webster. Now if, after forty years of rivalry, of conflict, of antagonism, these two statesmen of ours, most widely differing in opinions on public questions, who never met but to exchange a blow, the sparks from the encounter of whose mighty swords have kindled the fires which spread over the continent, thought thus of one another, is it not likely that if the States they represented could have met with the same intimacy, with the same knowledge and companionship during all these years, they, too, would have understood, and understanding, would have loved each other?

I should like to have had a chance to hearken to their talk. Why, their gossip would almost make up the history of liberty! How they would boast to each other, as sisters do, of their children, their beautiful and brave! How many memories they would find in common! How the warm Scotch-Irish blood would stir in their veins! How the Puritan and the Presbyterian blood would quicken their pulses as they recounted the old struggles for freedom to worship God! What stories they would have to tell each other of the day of the terrible knell from the bell of the old tower of St. Germain de L'Auxerrois, when the edict of Nantes was revoked and sounded its alarm to the Huguenot exiles who found refuge, some in South Carolina and some in Massachusetts! You have heard of James Bowdoin, of Paul Revere, and Peter Faneuil, and Andrew Sigourney. These men brought to the darkened and gloomy mind of the Puritan the sunshine of beautiful France, which South Carolina did not need. They taught our Puritans the much needed lesson that there was something other than the snare of Satan in the song of a bird or the fragrance of a flower.

The boys and girls of South Carolina and the boys and girls of Massachusetts went to the same school in the old days. Their schoolmasters were tyranny and poverty and exile and starvation. They heard the wild music of the wolves' howl, and the savages' war-cry. They crossed the Atlantic in midwinter, when—

Winds blew and waters rolled,  
Strength to the brave, and power, and Deity.

They learned in that school little of the grace or the luxury of life. But they learned how to build States and how to fight tyrants.

They would have found much, these two sisters, to talk about of a later time. South Carolina would have talked of her boy Christopher Gadsden, who, George Bancroft said, was like a mountain torrent dashing on an overshot wheel. And Massachusetts would try to trump the trick with James Otis, that flame of fire, who said he seemed to hear the prophetic song of the Sibyl chanting the springtime of the new empire. They might dispute a little as to which of these two



sons of theirs was the greater. I do not know how that dispute could be settled, unless by Otis's own opinion. He said that "Massachusetts sounded the trumpet. But it was owing to South Carolina that it was assented to. Had it not been for South Carolina no Congress would have been appointed. She was all alive and felt at every pore." So perhaps we will accept the verdict of the Massachusetts historian, George Bancroft. He said that "When we count those who above all others contributed to the great result of the Union, we are to name the inspired madman, James Otis, and the unwavering lover of his country, Christopher Gadsden." It is the same Massachusetts historian, George Bancroft, who says that "the public men of South Carolina were ever ruled by their sense of honor, and felt a stain upon it as a wound."

"Did you ever hear how those wicked boys of mine threw the tea into the harbor?" Massachusetts would say. "Oh, yes," South Carolina would answer, "but not one of mine was willing to touch it. So we let it all perish in a cellar."

Certainly these two States liked each other pretty well when Josiah Quincy came down here in 1773 to see Rutledge and Pinckney and Gadsden to concert plans for the coming rebellion. King George never interfered very much with you. But you could not stand the Boston port bill any more than we could.

There is one thing in which Massachusetts must yield the palm and that is, the courage to face an earthquake, that terrible ordeal in the face of which the bravest manhood goes to pieces, and which your people met a few years ago with a courage and steadfastness which commanded the admiration of all mankind.

If this company had gathered on this spot one hundred and twenty years ago to-night the toast would have been that which no gathering at Charleston in those days failed to drink—"The Unanimous Twenty-six, who would not rescind the Massachusetts circular." "The royal governor of South Carolina had invited its assembly to treat the letters of the Massachusetts 'with the contempt they deserved'; a committee, composed of Parsons, Gadsden, Pinckney, Lloyd, Lynch, Laurens, Rutledge, Elliot, and Dart, reported them to be 'founded upon undeniable constitutional principles'; and the house sitting



with its door locked, unanimously directed its speaker to signify to that province its entire approbation. The governor, that same evening, dissolved the assembly by beat of drums."

Mr. Winthrop compared the death of Calhoun to the blotting out of the constellation of the Southern Cross from the sky. Mr. Calhoun was educated at Yale College, in New England, where President Dwight predicted his future greatness in his boyhood. It is one of the pleasant traditions of my own family that he was a constant and favorite guest in the house of my grandmother, in my mother's childhood, and formed a friendship with her family which he never forgot. It is delightful, also, to remember on this occasion that Mr. Lamar, that most Southern man of Southern men, whose tribute to Mr. Calhoun in this city is among the masterpieces of historical literature, paid a discriminating and most affectionate tribute also to Charles Sumner at the time of his death.

In this matchless eulogy Mr. Lamar disclaims any purpose to honor Mr. Sumner because of his high culture, his eminent scholarship, or varied learning, but he declares his admiration for him because of his high moral qualities and his unquenchable love of liberty. Mr. Lamar adds: "My regret is that I did not obey the impulse often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand and my heart with it." Mr. Lamar closes this masterpiece of eulogistic oratory with this significant sentence: "Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak to both parties . . . in tones which should reach every heart throughout this broad territory: 'My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another.'"

There is another memorable declaration of Mr. Lamar, whom I am proud to have counted among my friends. In his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Calhoun, at Charleston, he said that the appeal to arms had "led to the indissolubility of the American Union and the universality of American freedom."

Now, can we not learn a lesson also from this most significant fact that this great Southern statesman and orator was alike the eulogist of Calhoun and the eulogist of Sumner?

For myself, I believe that whatever estrangements may

have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, are born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge. I believe that of our forty-five States there are no two who, if they could meet in the familiarity of personal intercourse, in the fullness of personal knowledge, would not only cease to entertain any bitterness, or alienation, or distrust, but each would utter to the other the words of the Jewish daughter, in that most exquisite of idyls which has come down to us almost from the beginning of time: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

Mr. President, I repeat to-night on Southern soil what I said first in my place in the Senate, and what I repeated in Faneuil Hall, with the full approbation of an enthusiastic and crowded audience, representing the culture and the Puritanism of Massachusetts.

The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of the Southern stock, and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion, its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this vine has a flavor not to be found in other gardens. In the great and magnificent future which is before our country, you are to contribute a large share both of strength and beauty.

The best evidence of our complete reconciliation is that there is no subject that we need to hurry by with our fingers on our lips. The time has come when Americans, North, South, East, and West, may discuss any question of public interest in a friendly and quiet spirit, without recrimination and without heat, each understanding the other, as men who are bearing a common burden and looking forward with a common hope. I know that this is the feeling of the people of the North. I think I know that it is the feeling of the people of the South. In our part of the country we have to deal with the great prob-

lems of the strife between labor and capital, and of the government of cities where vast masses of men born on foreign soil, of different nationalities and of different races, strangers to American principles, to American ideas, to American history, are gathered together to exercise the unaccustomed functions of self-government in an almost unrestricted liberty. You have to deal with a race problem rendered more difficult still by a still larger difference in the physical and intellectual qualities of the two races whom Providence has brought together.

But to-night belongs to the memory of the Pilgrims. The Pilgrim of Plymouth has a character in history distinct from any other. He differed from the Puritan of Salem or Boston in everything but the formula in which his religious faith was expressed. He was gentle, peaceful, tolerant, gracious. There was no intolerance or hatred or bigotry in his little commonwealth. He hanged no witches, he whipped no Quakers, he banished no heretics. His little State existed for seventy-two years, when it was blended with the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He enacted the mildest code of laws on the face of the earth. There were but eight capital offenses in Plymouth. Sir James Mackintosh held in his hand a list of two hundred and twenty-three when he addressed the House of Commons at the beginning of the present century. He held no foot of land not fairly obtained by honest purchase. He treated the Indian with justice and good faith, setting an example which Vattel, the foremost writer on the law of nations, commends to mankind. In his earliest days his tolerance was an example to Roger Williams himself, who has left on record his gratitude for the generous friendship of Winslow. Governor Bradford's courtesy entertained the Catholic priest, who was his guest, with a fish dinner on Friday. John Robinson, the great leader of the Pilgrims, uttered the world's declaration of religious independence when he told his little flock on the wharf at Delfshaven, as reported by Winslow: "We are ere long to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether he should live to see our face again. But, whether the Lord hath appointed it or not, he charged us before God and His blessed angels to follow him no further than he followed Christ; and, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument

of his, to be as ready to receive it as we were to receive any truth by his ministry, for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break out of His Holy Word."

The Pilgrim was a model and an example of a beautiful, simple, and stately courtesy. John Robinson, and Bradford, and Brewster, and Carver, and Winslow differ as much from the dark and haughty Endicott, or the bigoted Cotton Mather as, in the English church, Jeremy Taylor, and George Herbert, and Donne, and Vaughan differ from Laud, or Bonner, or Bancroft.

Let us not be misunderstood. I am not myself a descendant from the Pilgrims. Every drop of my blood through every line of descent for three centuries has come from a Puritan ancestor. I am ready to do battle for the name and fame of the Massachusetts Puritan in any field and against any antagonist. Let others, if they like, trace their lineage to Norman pirate or to robber baron. The children of the Puritan are not ashamed of him. The Puritan, as a distinct, vital, and predominant power, lived less than a century in England. He appeared early in the reign of Elizabeth, who came to the throne in 1558, and departed at the restoration of Charles II, in 1660. But in that brief period he was the preserver, aye, the creator of English freedom. By the confession of the historians who most dislike him, it is due to him that there is an English constitution. He created the modern House of Commons. That House, when he took his seat in it, was the feeble and timid instrument of despotism. When he left it, it was what it has ever since been—the strongest, freest, most venerable legislative body the world has ever seen. When he took his seat in it, it was little more than the register of the King's command. When he left it, it was the main depository of the national dignity and the national will. King and minister and prelate who stood in his way he brought to the bar and to the block. In the brief but crowded century he made the name of Englishman the highest title of honor upon the earth. A great historian has said: "The dread of his invincible army was on all the inhabitants of the island. He placed the name of John Milton high on the illustrious roll of the great poets of the world, and the name of Oliver Cromwell

highest on the roll of English sovereigns." The historian might have added that the dread of this invincible leader was on all the inhabitants of Europe.

And so, when a son of the Puritans comes to the South, when he visits the home of the Rutledges and the Pinckneys and of John C. Calhoun, if there be any relationship in heroism or among the lovers of constitutional liberty, he feels that he can—

"Claim kindred there and have the claim allowed."

The Puritan differs from the Pilgrim as the Hebrew prophet from St. John. Abraham, ready to sacrifice Isaac at the command of God; Jeremiah, uttering his terrible prophecy of the downfall of Judea; Brutus, condemning his son to death; Brutus, slaying his friend for the liberty of Rome; Aristides, going into exile, are his spiritual progenitors, as Stonewall Jackson was of his spiritual kindred. You will find him wherever men are sacrificing life or the delights of life on the altar of Duty.

But the Pilgrim is of a gentler and a lovelier nature. He, too, if Duty or Honor call, is ready for the sacrifice. But his weapon is love and not hate. His spirit is the spirit of John, the beloved disciple, the spirit of Grace, Mercy, and Peace. His memory is as sweet and fragrant as the perfume of the little flower which gave its name to the ship which brought him over.

So, Mr. President, responding to your sentiment, I give you mine: South Carolina and Massachusetts, the Presbyterian and the Puritan, the Huguenot and the Pilgrim; however separated by distance or by difference, they will at last surely be drawn together by a common love of liberty and a common faith in God.



# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

## MEMORIAL DAY

[Address by O. W. Holmes, Jr., Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts (born in Boston, Mass., March 8, 1841; ---), delivered in Keene, N. H., May 30, 1884, before John Sedgwick Post No. 4, Grand Army of the Republic.]

COMRADES:—Not long ago I heard a young man ask why people still kept up Memorial Day, and it set me thinking of the answer. Not the answer that you and I should give to each other—not the expression of those feelings that, so long as you and I live, will make this day sacred to memories of love and grief and heroic youth—but an answer which should command the assent of those who do not share our memories, and in which we of the North and our brethren of the South could join in perfect accord.

So far as this last is concerned, to be sure, there is no trouble. The soldiers who were doing their best to kill one another felt less of personal hostility, I am very certain, than some who were not imperiled by their mutual endeavors. I have heard more than one of those who had been gallant and distinguished officers on the Confederate side say that they had had no such feeling. I know that I and those whom I knew best had not. We believed that it was most desirable that the North should win; we believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble; we, or many of us at least, also believed that the conflict was inevitable, and that slavery had lasted long enough. But we equally believed that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that were the opposite of ours, and we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief. The experience of battle soon taught its lesson even to those who came into the field more bitterly disposed. You could not stand up day after day in those indecisive contests where overwhelming victory was impossible because neither side would run as they

ought when beaten, without getting at last something of the same brotherhood for the enemy that the north pole of a magnet has for the south—each working in an opposite sense to the other, but each unable to get along without the other. As it was then, it is now. The soldiers of the war need no explanations; they can join in commemorating a soldier's death with feelings not different in kind, whether he fell toward them or by their side.

But Memorial Day may and ought to have a meaning also for those who do not share our memories. When men have instinctively agreed to celebrate an anniversary, it will be found that there is some thought or feeling behind it which is too large to be dependent upon associations alone. The Fourth of July, for instance, has still its serious aspect, although we no longer should think of rejoicing like children that we have escaped from an outgrown control, although we have achieved not only our national but our moral independence and know it far too profoundly to make a talk about it, and although an Englishman can join in the celebration without a scruple. For, stripped of the temporary associations which gave rise to it, it is now the moment when by common consent we pause to become conscious of our national life and to rejoice in it, to recall what our country has done for each of us, and to ask ourselves what we can do for our country in return.

So to the indifferent inquirer who asks why Memorial Day is still kept up we may answer, It celebrates and solemnly reaffirms from year to year a national act of enthusiasm and faith. It embodies in the most impressive form our belief that to act with enthusiasm and faith is the condition of acting greatly. To fight out a war, you must believe something and want something with all your might. So must you do to carry anything else to an end worth reaching. More than that, you must be willing to commit yourself to a course, perhaps a long and hard one, without being able to foresee exactly where you will come out. All that is required of you is that you should go somewhither as hard as ever you can. The rest belongs to fate. One may fall—at the beginning of the charge or at the top of the earthworks; but in no other way can he reach the rewards of victory.

When it was felt so deeply as it was on both sides that a

man ought to take part in the war unless some conscientious scruple or strong practical reason made it impossible, was that feeling simply the requirement of a local majority that their neighbors should agree with them? I think not: I think the feeling was right—in the South as in the North. I think that, as life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived.

If this be so, the use of this day is obvious. It is true that I cannot argue a man into a desire. If he says to me, Why should I wish to know the secrets of philosophy? Why seek to decipher the hidden laws of creation that are graven upon the tablets of the rocks, or to unravel the history of civilization that is woven in the tissue of our jurisprudence, or to do any great work, either of speculation or of practical affairs? I cannot answer him; or at least my answer is as little worth making for any effect it will have upon his wishes as if he asked why should I eat this, or drink that. You must begin by wanting to. But although desire cannot be imparted by argument, it can be by contagion. Feeling begets feeling, and great feeling begets great feeling. We can hardly share the emotions that make this day to us the most sacred day of the year, and embody them in ceremonial pomp, without in some degree imparting them to those who come after us. I believe from the bottom of my heart that our memorial halls and statues and tablets, the tattered flags of our regiments gathered in the State-houses, and this day with its funeral march and decorated graves, are worth more to our young men by way of chastening and inspiration than the monuments of another hundred years of peaceful life could be.

But even if I am wrong, even if those who come after us are to forget all that we hold dear, and the future is to teach and kindle its children in ways as yet unrevealed, it is enough for us that to us this day is dear and sacred.

Accidents may call up the events of the war. You see a battery of guns go by at a trot, and for a moment you are back at White Oak Swamp, or Antietam, or on the Jerusalem Road. You hear a few shots fired in the distance, and for an instant your heart stops as you say to yourself, The skirmishers are at it, and listen for the long roll of fire from

the main line. You meet an old comrade after many years of absence; he recalls the moment when you were nearly surrounded by the enemy, and again there comes up to you that swift and cunning thinking on which once hung life or freedom—Shall I stand the best chance if I try the pistol or the saber on that man who means to stop me? Will he get his carbine free before I reach him, or can I kill him first? These and the thousand other events we have known are called up, I say, by accident, and, apart from accident, they lie forgotten.

But as surely as this day comes round we are in the presence of the dead. For one hour, twice a year at least—at the regimental dinner, where the ghosts sit at table more numerous than the living, and on this day when we decorate their graves—the dead come back and live with us.

I see them now, more than I can remember, as once I saw them on this earth. They are the same bright figures or their counterparts, that come also before your eyes; and when I speak of those who were my brothers, the same words describe yours.

I see a fair-haired lad, a lieutenant, and a captain on whom life had begun somewhat to tell, but still young, sitting by the long mess-table in camp before the regiment left the State, and wondering how many of those who gathered in our tent could hope to see the end of what was then beginning. For neither of them was that destiny reserved. I remember, as I awoke from my first long stupor in the hospital after the battle of Ball's Bluff, I heard the doctor say, "He was a beautiful boy," and I knew that one of those two speakers was no more. The other, after passing harmless through all the previous battles, went into Fredericksburg with strange premonition of the end, and there met his fate.

I see another youthful lieutenant as I saw him in the Seven Days, when I looked down the line at Glendale. The officers were at the head of their companies. The advance was beginning. We caught each other's eye and saluted. When next I looked, he was gone.

I see the brother of the last—the flame of genius and daring in his face—as he rode before us into the wood of Antietam, out of which came only dead and deadly wounded

men. So, a little later, he rode to his death at the head of his cavalry in the Valley.

In the portraits of some of those who fell in the civil wars of England, Vandyke has fixed on canvas the type of those who stand before my memory. Young and gracious figures, somewhat remote and proud, but with a melancholy and sweet kindness. There is upon their faces the shadow of approaching fate, and the glory of generous acceptance of it. I may say of them, as I once heard it said of two Frenchmen, relics of the *ancien régime*, "They were very gentle. They cared nothing for their lives." High-breeding, romantic chivalry—we who have seen these men can never believe that the power of money or the enervation of pleasure has put an end to them. We know that life may still be lifted into poetry and lit with spiritual charm.

But the men not less, perhaps even more, characteristic of New England, were the Puritans of our day. For the Puritan still lives in New England, thank God! and will live there so long as New England lives and keeps her old renown. New England is not dead yet. She still is mother of a race of conquerors,—stern men, little given to the expression of their feelings, sometimes careless of the graces, but fertile, tenacious, and knowing only duty. Each of you, as I do, thinks of a hundred such that he has known. I see one—grandson of a hard rider of the Revolution and bearer of his historic name—who was with us at Fair Oaks, and afterwards for five days and nights in front of the enemy the only sleep that he would take was what he could snatch sitting erect in his uniform and resting his back against a hut. He fell at Gettysburg.

His brother, a surgeon, who rode, as our surgeons so often did, wherever the troops would go, I saw kneeling in ministrations to a wounded man just in rear of our line at Antietam, his horse's bridle round his arm,—the next moment his ministrations were ended. His senior associate survived all the wounds and perils of the war, but, not yet through with duty as he understood it, fell in helping the helpless poor who were dying of cholera in a Western city.

I see another quiet figure, of virtuous life and silent ways, not much heard of until our left was turned at Petersburg. He was in command of the regiment as he saw our comrades



driven in. He threw back his left wing, and the advancing tide of defeat was shattered against his iron will. He saved an army corps from disaster, and then a round shot ended all for him.

There is one who on this day is always present to my mind. He entered the army at nineteen, a second lieutenant. In the Wilderness, already at the head of his regiment, he fell, using the moment that was left him of life to give all his little fortune to his soldiers. I saw him in camp, on the march, in action. I crossed debatable land with him when we were rejoining the army together. I observed him in every kind of duty, and never in all the time that I knew him did I see him fail to choose that alternative of conduct which was most disagreeable to himself. He was indeed a Puritan in all his virtues, without the Puritan austerity; for, when duty was at an end, he who had been the master and leader became the chosen companion in every pleasure that a man might honestly enjoy. In action he was sublime. His few surviving companions will never forget the awful spectacle of his advance alone with his company in the streets of Fredericksburg. In less than sixty seconds he would become the focus of a hidden and annihilating fire from a semicircle of houses. His first platoon had vanished under it in an instant, ten men falling dead by his side. He had quietly turned back to where the other half of his company was waiting, had given the order, "Second platoon, forward!" and was again moving on, in obedience to superior command, to certain and useless death, when the order he was obeying was countermanded. The end was distant only a few seconds; but if you had seen him with his indifferent carriage, and sword swinging from his finger like a cane, you never would have suspected that he was doing more than conducting a company drill on the camp parade ground. He was little more than a boy, but the grizzled corps commanders knew and admired him; and for us, who not only admired, but loved, his death seemed to end a portion of our life also.

There is one grave and commanding presence that you all would recognize, for his life has become a part of our common history. Who does not remember the leader of the assault at the mine of Petersburg? The solitary horseman in front

of Port Hudson, whom a foeman worthy of him bade his soldiers spare, from love and admiration of such gallant bearing? Who does not still hear the echo of those eloquent lips after the war, teaching reconciliation and peace? I may not do more than allude to his death, fit ending of his life. All that the world has a right to know has been told by a beloved friend in a book wherein friendship has found no need to exaggerate facts that speak for themselves. I knew him, and I may even say I knew him well; yet, until that book appeared, I had not known the governing motive of his soul. I had admired him as a hero. When I read, I learned to revere him as a saint. His strength was not in honor alone, but in religion; and those who do not share his creed must see that it was on the wings of religious faith that he mounted above even valiant deeds into an empyrean of ideal life.

I have spoken of some of the men who were near to me among others very near and dear, not because their lives have become historic, but because their lives are the type of what every soldier has known and seen in his own company. In the great democracy of self-devotion private and general stand side by side. Unmarshaled save by their own deeds, the armies of the dead sweep before us, "wearing their wounds like stars." It is not because the men whom I have mentioned were my friends that I have spoken of them, but, I repeat, because they are types. I speak of those whom I have seen. But you all have known such; you, too, remember!

It is not of the dead alone that we think on this day. There are those still living whose sex forbade them to offer their lives, but who gave instead their happiness. Which of us has not been lifted above himself by the sight of one of those lovely, lonely women, around whom the wand of sorrow has traced its excluding circle—set apart, even when surrounded by loving friends who would fain bring back joy to their lives? I think of one whom the poor of a great city know as their benefactress and friend. I think of one who has lived not less greatly in the midst of her children, to whom she has taught such lessons as may not be heard elsewhere from mortal lips. The story of these and of their sisters we must pass in reverent silence. All that may be said has been said by one of their own sex:—

"But when the days of golden dreams had perished,  
And even despair was powerless to destroy;  
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

"Then did I check the tears of useless passion,  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine—  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
Down to that tomb already more than mine."

Comrades, some of the associations of this day are not only triumphant, but joyful. Not all of those with whom we once stood shoulder to shoulder—not all of those whom we once loved and revered—are gone. On this day we still meet our companions in the freezing winter bivouacs and in those dreadful summer marches where every faculty of the soul seemed to depart one after another, leaving only a dumb animal power to set the teeth and to persist—a blind belief that somewhere and at last there was rest and water. On this day, at least, we still meet and rejoice in the closest tie which is possible between men—a tie which suffering has made indissoluble for better, for worse.

When we meet thus, when we do honor to the dead in terms that must sometimes embrace the living, we do not deceive ourselves. We attribute no special merit to a man for having served when all were serving. We know that, if the armies of our war did anything worth remembering, the credit belongs not mainly to the individuals who did it, but to average human nature. We also know very well that we cannot live in associations with the past alone, and we admit that, if we would be worthy of the past, we must find new fields for action or thought, and make for ourselves new careers.

But, nevertheless, the generation that carried on the war has been set apart by its experience. Through our great good fortune, in our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing. While we are permitted to scorn nothing but indifference, and do not pretend to undervalue the worldly rewards of ambition, we have seen with our own eyes, beyond and above the gold-fields, the snowy heights of honor, and it is for us to bear the report to those who come after us. But, above all, we have learned that whether a man accepts

from Fortune her spade, and will look downward and dig, or from Aspiration her ax and cord, and will scale the ice, the one and only success which it is his to command is to bring to his work a mighty heart.

Such hearts—ah me, how many!—were stilled twenty years ago; and to us who remain behind is left this day of memories. Every year—in the full tide of spring, at the height of the symphony of flowers and love and life,—there comes a pause, and through the silence we hear the lonely pipe of death. Year after year lovers wandering under the apple boughs and through the clover and deep grass are surprised with sudden tears as they see black veiled figures stealing through the morning to a soldier's grave. Year after year the comrades of the dead follow, with public honor, procession and commemorative flags and funeral march—honor and grief from us who stand almost alone, and have seen the best and noblest of our generation pass away.

But grief is not the end of all. I seem to hear the funeral march become a pæan. I see beyond the forest the moving banners of a hidden column. Our dead brothers still live for us, and bid us think of life, not death—of life to which in their youth they lent the passion and glory of the spring. As I listen, the great chorus of life and joy begins again, and amid the awful orchestra of seen and unseen powers and destinies of good and evil our trumpets sound once more a note of daring, hope, and will.

# BENJAMIN GRUBB HUMPHREYS

## OLD TRADITIONS

[Benjamin Grubb Humphreys, (born 1865), the son of a governor of Mississippi, was an officer in the Spanish-American War and a member of Congress from 1903 to 1921. This address was given at Port Gibson, Mississippi, on Decoration Day, 1919.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It has been fifty-six years since the battle of Port Gibson was fought; fifty-four years since the Confederate soldiers, all of them, laid down their arms to the overwhelming forces of the enemy, and with bleeding hearts and broken spirits watched:

“The warrior’s banner takes its flight  
To greet the warrior’s soul!”

Had we no regard for the causes which impelled them to their sacrifices; should we give no heed to the fundamental principles of government and of liberty to maintain which they fought so long and so well; we would none the less do well to gather here and pay our tributes of respect to the memory of men who by their conduct on the battle field set so high a standard of heroism for the emulation of all soldiers who should come after them.

Many bloody battles have been written into the history of this unhappy old world since the surrender at Appomattox. The resounding arms of marching soldiers had indeed disturbed the peace of the world through all the generations therefore, and yet I believe I am well within the facts when I express the thought which is in your heart, as it is in mine, that no better soldier ever buckled on the armor of righteousness or fought more valiantly unto the end, or having surrendered, kept the faith more scrupulously, than did the soldiers of the South. My countrymen, no people ever came into a better heritage than was bequeathed the children of the South by the men who wore the Jacket of Gray. A few days ago a young



officer just back from France, where he had been twice decorated for conspicuous gallantry on the battle field, told me that throughout our army in France it was common talk how splendidly the Southern boys had behaved themselves on the fields of battle. He was the grandson of a Confederate soldier, and it was with much evident pride that he said: "I believe, Mr. Humphreys, our boys lived up to the best traditions of the South." The world was grappled in a death struggle which would determine if Liberty should perish from the earth. For four long years France and England and Belgium and Italy and all their brave troops from overseas had beaten in vain against that wall of German steel which drew closer and closer about them. And then on the 21st of March the storm broke anew and backward, still backward, the British fell, battered, crushed, but still, thank God, not beaten. And then in May this same irresistible, apparently unconquerable horde rolled back the French! Across the Aisne, across the Vesle, across the Marne! A mighty giant striking with this hand irresistibly; striking with this hand irresistibly, it seemed that the world was lost. A peaceable people, a peace loving people, it had taken many months to put our boys upon the front. On the 15th of July the third great offensive started, designed, and well designed to capture Paris and so crush the heart of France and end the war. At 11:30 on the night of July 14 the Germans laid down their barrage. All night long the very hills shook with the thunder of that truly awful storm. Then followed the smoke screen. The whole valley of the Marne, east of Château Thierry, was enveloped to screen the pontoons, and when the barrage was lifted the Germans came across. Never were they more confident of victory. Never more desperately determined to override all opposition, to capture Paris and with it, peace! Three long days the Titans struggled in that Valley of Death, but the line held, and on the morning of July 18 the boys went over up towards Soissons, and the boys went over east of Château Thierry, and that mighty army which came so near to the conquest of the world was pushed back across the Marne.

Beyond the Vesle, beyond the Aisne, beyond the Argonne, back, back, always back, until the menace of the world was destroyed. What had happened? Had they encountered big-

ger guns, and braver men and sharper bayonets? None of these! But better, and greater, and mightier than these, they had met men saturated, and soaked, and inspired by the stories and traditions of a former generation who fought at Gettysburg and Shiloh and the Wilderness! It was true, as the young soldier had said to me: "Our boys lived up to the best traditions of the South," and I will add, to the best traditions of the North as well. So I say again, we would do well to decorate these graves if we had forgotten all except the splendid fashion in which those who sleep beneath them had in their turn upheld and passed on to us with added luster the traditions of Monmouth, New Orleans and Buena Vista.

It was not given to all of us to live up to the best traditions of the South upon the battle fields of France. We took infinite pride in the spirit of our boys when they rallied to the call, and I believe no people were ever more nearly a unit in determination or willingness to sacrifice, but even so only a few could really go to the battle front and the sacrifices which the rest of us made were negligible. It brought us for the first time in our generation to the test of fire, and we found to our infinite gain that the quality of our patriotism was still un-mixed. But while we may and always shall glorify the valor of the boys who thus so signally lived up to the best traditions of the South in war, let us remember always that the South also had traditions of peace. The men whose graves we decorate to-day did not fight merely for the glory of the conflict. There was a better and a loftier purpose which carried them to the battle field. And while they won imperishable glory as they upheld the fighting traditions of the South, they won it fighting for the South's traditions of peace. What were they? I do not mean, of course, the right of secession. Secession was but the means by which the other traditions were to be preserved—and when it collapsed it meant only the failure of the remedy. The traditions which I have now in mind bear no reference to secession. They are the traditions of civil liberty, and the long and valiant struggle to set it up and maintain it. I say the traditions of the South because I am speaking now to Southern men and women gathered together in this Southern cemetery to decorate with Southern flowers and moisten with Southern tears the graves of Southern heroes. I

do not mean the traditions of the South as contrasted with or in disparagement of the traditions of the North. I rather mean those traditions of civil liberty which are the common heritage of all Americans, but in the establishment and maintenance of which the statesmen of the South played so conspicuous and so honorable a part. I mean in short the principles upon which our fathers, North and South, founded this Republic; the principles through which it has brought the oppressed of all the world to view with the joy of the shepherds of old the beneficent light of its stars; the principles through which it has quickened the seeds of liberty through righteousness under the law and caused them to bloom and burgeon in all the corners of the earth. Shall we in the pregnant days of peace in front of us hold to these traditions as steadfastly as did our boys in the days of war now happily behind us?

During the past five years we have lived through troublous and confusing days. While the threat of autocracy was imminent and impending, wise men, anxious for the future and charged with high responsibilities, doubted their judgment and sometimes yielded it. A crisis was upon us. Before us stood the most powerful military autocracy the world had ever known, sword drawn and torch lit, threatening the conquest of the world. We were a great unorganized democracy, unorganized at least for the business of war. A giant indeed, but a giant of only potential strength, a naked giant. To fight effectively he must be clothed and armed, and equipped not alone with sword and helmet, but with all the agencies and instrumentalities which make for strength and power. Everybody understood the magnitude and accurately reckoned the full measure of our undertaking. Everybody realized that power must be matched by power, that the great leader of our forces, charged under the constitution with the awful responsibility of directing the war, could not be sent shackled into the fight. So it came to pass that all power was given to the President, and in the choice and selection of his weapons the will of Congress, if not always its judgment, yielded to his. Happy indeed we thought the circumstance, that in this trying hour when Liberty hung in the balance, we had as President of this great Republic a leader in whom we could repose these kingly powers in confidence. State lines were wiped out.

The strong arm of the Federal Government reached everywhere. No activity of the citizen was free from its direction. Federal bureaus took over the railroads. Federal bureaus took over the wires. Food administrators measured the daily ration. Fuel administrators regulated the thermometers. Homes were built by permission. News was published by permission; freedom of speech and of the press, the very palladiums of our liberties, were hedged about by Federal limitations. The President was supreme! The sentiment in every heart, the conviction in every mind, the word upon every lip was "stand by the President." How well he justified our faith! The world stood dumb in amazement at our accomplishments! I think we surprised ourselves, as much as we did the enemy. All honor say I to the man who led us to so complete a victory. But the war now has ended. The boys are coming back. No tributaries are following them home. No conquered peoples have been brought subject to our rule; no annexations, no indemnities, but across the blue vault of God's heaven they have written in letters of light which the rulers of the nations for a thousand years may read: "Not glories, not conquests, not victories, not spoils, but righteousness exalteth a nation."

We turn then to the contemplation of the days to come. What shall the harvest be? Washington told us, and with what comfort and with what confidence in this perplexing hour we turn to the spirit of Washington for guidance! Washington told us that all history shows man's love of power and his proneness to abuse it. How indeed our experience has shown us that when a bureau is created in Washington, and given power, or authority, with what tenacity they hold to it, and with what insinuating grace they seek to extend it. Do not lay the flattering unction to your souls, my countrymen, that the extraordinary powers we have given to the executive departments will be surrendered without a struggle. The great man who now lives in the White House by the very highest tradition which has come down to us from the fathers, a tradition fathered indeed by the very Father of his Country, must at the end of his term now growing to a close, retire from his great station. But even so, God rules and the government at Washington still stands, and what stranger then



will fill the Stuarts' throne? A great man, a man high in the councils of this nation, an official charged with great responsibilities in the administration of our government, was quoted a few days ago as telling his party associates to "beware of ancient standards and conservative councilors." Speaking for my single self, my countrymen, I would rather be quoted as adopting the still more ancient warning: "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts." If it be true that the old order changeth; if it be true that this old world has had a new birth of freedom; if it be true that the light of Liberty beats stronger to-day as the captains and the kings depart, it is because the shot at Lexington which our Revolutionary fathers fired has in truth at last been heard around the world; that the fires of liberty set upon our constitution as its altar, fanned and nourished by its ancient standards, have, in the fullness of God's providence, scourged autocracy from the earth. For a thousand years, aye for unnumbered thousands of years, mankind had fought and struggled all in vain to light and to keep those fires burning, but never until the constitution of these United States was ordained and established was the breath of life breathed into the proposition that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Never till then were the unalienable rights of man the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, carved upon the very face of the rock of ages!

My countrymen, in this good county, and within the sound of my voice, all the generations of my ancestors sleep the sleep that knows no waking. In this presence I can easily be unwise, but I cannot be uncandid, and speaking my heart as I know it, if either or both of the great political parties of our country should propose to abandon our constitution or confuse the harmony of its great purpose, and call me to beware of its ancient standards, I'd cry "a plague on both your houses!"

This is a big country, these United States. It stretches from the labor problems of New England to the Yellow Peril of California; from the socialism of Milwaukee to the tomb of Mt. Vernon; from Monticello to Wall street; from Tuskegee to the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. Four hundred and thirty-five Congressmen, and after the census next



year there will be more, only eight of them dependent upon the suffrage of Mississippi for their seats. Our interests, not always harmonious, are as infinite in variety as the economic theory of that versatile assemblage. Why confer upon this Federal Government, so aptly framed and so well equipped for the conduct of purely federal affairs, power, without responsibility to you, to prescribe the rules by which you must square your daily life. How much wiser to cling to the ancient standard set up by Jefferson himself, "the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad."

My countrymen, the fathers who founded this government to insure the blessings of liberty to their posterity understood so clearly the full meaning of their great triumph of independence, and knew so well the long struggle through the ages of those who had fought for liberty, that they were unwilling to commit the full measure of their blood-bought rights into the keeping of any men, and so when they formed the more perfect union, before they entrusted any power to any man, either to make or administer the law, they first set down in a written constitution, beyond the profane touch of any official hand, those fundamental rights which neither Congress nor the President could alter or abridge; and then to make assurance doubly sure, they set up the Judicial Power to lay the restraining hand upon Congress and to nullify and make of no effect any act which ran counter to the constitution.

Thus was the light of liberty set upon a hill, and so far have its blessed rays spread over the earth since that good day, that the oppressed of all the world have sought our shores in such increasing numbers that it has taxed the wits of your Congressmen to conjure up ways by which to check their immigration.

When our beautiful capitol was built in Washington City, it was proposed to put a liberty cap upon the figure which was to surmount the dome. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, objected because the liberty cap worn by the liberati

in Rome had a significance too narrow to measure fully our conception of liberty. All the classic sculpture of the ancients was studied in a vain effort to find an appropriate suggestion. At last the goddess of the classics was agreed upon, but with a headdress borrowed from the American Indian rather in commemoration of his patriotic courage in his losing fight for his hunting grounds than of the ferocious quality of his warriors. Then there was placed in her hands a sword and thus a new character was given to the goddess of the old Celestials and they called her Armed Liberty, the Liberty of Law. Whether she is to remain there depends upon us. If we are to abandon the demonstration of a hundred and thirty years for the experiment of socialism; if we are to forget the ancient standards, to discard as outworn the teachings of the fathers, and turning from Washington and Jefferson and those who wrought so well for liberty in their good company, embrace some new evangel, I fear to hazard a prophecy. When attic philosophers come, as they surely will come, bringing with them some new, untested faith, it should be the glory of the South, as it will be her duty, to hold their feet upon the ground the while their heads are in the clouds. Here more largely than elsewhere in the Republic, the blood of those who set up this government as the last hope of man predominates. Here should the traditions of our country be most appealing, here should the ancient standards be last discarded.

Our boys have proved the metal of their pasture on the battle fields of France. They lived up to the best traditions of the South. When the struggle to preserve for our children the constitutional system under which we have so long prospered comes, and it is coming fast, may the historian of the future who chronicles our part in that contest be able to set down opposite our names—These also kept the faith!

# WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING

## FRANCE AND CANADA

[The Right Honorable William Lyon Mackenzie King has been Prime Minister of Canada since 1921. He was born in Kitchener, Ontario, in 1874, graduated from the University of Toronto in 1895, pursued graduate work at the University of Toronto, University of Chicago, and Harvard University. He was Minister of Labor in Canada from 1900 to 1908 and again from 1909 to 1911, and succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Leader of the Liberal Party of Canada in 1919. This address was delivered on the occasion of the visit to Canada of Marshal Fayolle, and the presentation to the people of Canada of Rodin's bust "Victoire," June 29, 1921.]

I VERY much appreciate the honor accorded me by the Right Honorable the Acting Prime Minister of being permitted to join with him in expressing to you, Marshal Fayolle, and your distinguished compatriots, and through you to the President and the people of the French Republic, the appreciation felt by the citizens of our Dominion of the visit of the French Mission to our country; and, in particular, on this occasion, the thanks and gratitude of the Government and people of Canada for the gift which you have just made to Canada in the name of France.

It is pleasing to recall at this time that the history of our country begins with the story of the early French missions. They were for the purpose of exploration and of discovery, but more particularly for the promotion of trade and the yet higher purpose of the spread of Christian teaching and Christian civilization in the New World. Now, after the lapse of over three centuries, History repeats itself, under conditions that are vastly changed. Another French mission visits our shores, exploring our country from ocean to ocean. Like the earliest missions from France, it comes for the purpose of fostering and promoting trade, but it comes also with the still loftier aim of exemplifying, in the name of France, that spirit



WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING





of brotherhood and Christian love which is the fruit of noble aims and valiant deeds.

I wish it were possible adequately to convey to you just what the gift you have presented to our country, in itself such a noble expression of the highest artistic genius of France, will ever mean to the Canadian people. I wonder if ever before in the history of the world a gift has symbolized or expressed so much!

In the reconstruction of these Halls of Parliament, destroyed by fire during the period of the War, we have sought, in sculptured pillar and monumental tower, to commemorate the sacrifices of our heroic dead; but nowhere in or about these buildings, nowhere among our monuments or other records, nowhere in the archives of the nation itself, will be found words so meaningful, so soul stirring, so immortal, as those which find expression in the inscription which this gift so chivalrously bears: "To Canada, which has poured out the blood of her sons for the liberty of the world, from grateful France." In so far as it is within the power of language to put into words what is most noble, most heroic, and most enduring, it has found expression here.

"To Canada, from grateful France." Think of all that is implied and expressed in these five words. Canada, at one time the possession of France, for a century and a half her lost possession! France, that proud and illustrious nation bending, in the bestowal of her gift, in an attitude of humility, to write, in loving sincerity, to the descendants of conqueror and conquered alike, the word "grateful" before her immortal name! Has the whole of history anything more beautiful, more inspiring, more hopeful, to express? When we realize that it is not an individual, but a nation, that is thus revealing its highest and tenderest emotions, we rise in thought and feeling to the very summits of the sublime.

And what of the words she has chosen wherewith to express her gratitude. To Canada, "which has poured out the blood of her sons for the liberty of the world." These words, "liberty" and "the world," are words large in meaning. "Poured out the blood of her sons!" What extent of sacrifice is not expressed here! We would scarcely have dared so to express what in our hearts we feel belongs to our heroic

dead. It has remained for France to give these words a place within our nation's Hall of Fame. And yet not one word of her own colossal sacrifice; not one word of the last drop of her life's blood she was ever ready to give for the freedom of mankind; only this expression of gratitude to her conquered child. Chivalrous! France was ever chivalrous! But I doubt if the whole annals of French chivalry hold anything comparable to this.

And what shall we say of the gift itself—this priceless treasure of art, not less inspiring and meaningful in its symbolism, its strength, and its beauty, than the inscription it bears. It is impossible to say with what feelings of profound emotion we shall ever behold, and with what deep reverence we shall ever cherish, the possession of this exquisite expression of what is best in the unsurpassed artistic genius of the French race. We recognize that the name of Rodin connotes not only what is finest in French sculpture, but that it speaks of what is highest in the creative art of modern times. In thus associating the work of this great artist with your gift, you have paid our country a compliment paralleled only by that which you have so delicately conveyed through the distinction which attaches to the personnel of your Mission, and that of the group of illustrious and able men who are shortly to accompany the industrial exhibition.

We welcome this exhibition also as an evidence of French genius and of the unconquerable spirit of France. We trust that in the extended intercourse of commerce and trade which we believe it will promote, it may be as successful in advancing the material interests of our two countries as your present mission is certain to prove in advancing what is most to be desired in reciprocal affection and regard.

The bust you have presented to the people of Canada is symbolic of France after her victory. You have sought in this gift to remind us of the gratitude of France to Canada for what her sons have sacrificed in the cause of the liberty of the world. For that we are profoundly grateful. There is, however, a further thought to which I should like to give expression, in supplementing the thanks of the Acting Prime Minister on behalf of the Government and people of Canada, and which I trust you will find not unworthy of being con-

veyed to your Government and fellow countrymen. We shall never look upon this gift without feeling in our hearts something of the gratitude which Canada would like to be able to express to France for what she has contributed, at a sacrifice that is wholly unparalleled, in her determination to preserve the liberties of mankind.

That out of anything so cold, so hard, so barren, so unattractive, as metal or stone, a spirit can be revealed with such perfection that its message never dies, is surely the greatest evidence of the all but infinite possibilities of human genius. That through anything so destructive, so desolating, so hideous, as war, a spirit of a people can be revealed, so unconquerable, so immortal, that its message remains a lasting inspiration to mankind, is surely the evidence of the celestial fire that inspires the human race.

Where better than in the words of one of our own Canadian poets, the late William Wilfred Campbell, can we express what we feel of the part played by France in the Great War:

"She hath taught us by this splendid deed  
That under all the brutish mask of life  
And dulled intention of ignoble ends,  
Man's soul is not all sordid; that behind  
This tragedy of ills and hates that seem  
There lurks a god-like impulse in the world  
And men are greater than they idly dream."

It is this unconquerable, this immortal spirit of France, that we shall ever behold as we look upon this gift, expressive as it is of what is highest and best in human genius and in the genius of a race.

In the three centuries and more of historic association which have served to unite, to divide, and to reunite, the fortunes of Old France with those of the New World, there have been two great epochs of almost equal duration. The one opened with French discovery, French settlement and possession, and closed with British conquest. The other opened with British rule; it was followed by British possession and settlement, but also by the spread of British law and institutions and British conceptions of human freedom. Until but yesterday, that epoch was still in the making. It closes to-day, not with the

conquest of our territories by force of British arms, but by the conquest of our hearts by this expression of the gratitude of France.

Henceforth, we enter upon a new epoch, an epoch, not of separation, but of nobler union of the descendants of the British and French races who vied in conquest in bygone years. A union of French and English, not in Canada alone, but wherever throughout this wide world there float the tricolor and the Union Jack, a union of minds and hearts and purpose *au service de la Liberté, de l'Egalité, et de la Fraternité, pour les nations aussi bien que pour les hommes.*

### TO MARSHAL FOCH

[Speech by the Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, on the occasion of the visit to Ottawa of Marshal Foch, delivered in Loew's Theater, Ottawa, December 11, 1921.]

THE Societies under whose auspices this reception is being held have requested me to supplement the remarks of the previous speakers by a few words on behalf of the citizens of Canada, in further appreciation of the honor conferred upon our country by your visit to our Dominion.

May I say, at once, that it is not possible to express in words the feelings and sentiments which your presence in our midst evokes.

Never before has it been given to the men and women of any generation to look upon one man to whose single judgment the fate of so many nations has been entrusted, and whose single command has so largely served to determine, for the good of all, the destinies of mankind.

We recognize in you the central figure of modern times, the man of whom History will say that here was momentary pause in the whole record of mankind, that here the past and future met, that here peril, terror and suffering at their worst gave way to new-found strength and freedom newly-born, that here the power of world despotism was overthrown and a new brotherhood established among the children of men.

Your visit has made us the participators and inheritors of

that great privilege, and for your courtesy in adding this illumined page to our country's history we thank you with feelings of profoundest gratitude and pride.

But it is not alone because, in the hour of supreme conflict, millions of warriors in the world's greatest of wars were ready to acclaim you Leader, and because a war-swept world hails you to-day as a Deliverer, that we most honor you. Rather is it that in your singleness of vision and humility of spirit we discover the secret of all guiding genius worthy of the name.

"Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
—It is the generous Spirit, . . .  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain. . . .  
He labors good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows."

It is in Foch, the man, that we discern the character of the Happy Warrior, he who alike in the hour of Adversity and Triumph loves mercy, seeks to do justly, and walks humbly with his God. To have had among us one who is truly great, a hero with a hero's soul, is to inspire more of reverence for the Source of all true greatness, which is the highest of all the inspirations of a people. For this gift, which we shall ever hold in remembrance of this visit, we thank you too with all our hearts.

As Canadians, we honor your illustrious name; we shall ever cherish your immortal fame. May Time and Care deal gently with you, and the Light that never faileth ever lead you on.



# JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT

## THE GLORIES OF DULUTH

[Remarks by J. Proctor Knott, Member of Congress, 1867-1883, dean of the law faculty of Centre College, Danville, Ky., since 1894 (born in Washington, now Marion, County, Kentucky, August 29, 1830; died 1911), delivered in the House of Representatives, January 27, 1871, on the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad Bill.]

MR. SPEAKER:—If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth—friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make most any sacrifice not involving my personal honor, or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill, not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of private friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of this House—myself not excepted—notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange

grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

No, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railway, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. It is true they may afford some trifling advantages to local traffic, and they may even in time become the channels of a more extended commerce. Yet I have never been thoroughly satisfied either of the necessity or expediency of projects promising such meager results to the great body of our people. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill I never entertained the shadow of a doubt.

Years ago, when I first heard there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the River St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Government—and perhaps not then. I had an abiding presentiment that some day or other the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and “without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,” would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.

These impressions, derived simply and solely from the “eternal fitness of things,” were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over this morning the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion, as I find it reported in last Friday's “Globe.” I will ask the indulgence of the House while I read a few short passages, which are sufficient, in my judgment, to place the merits of the great enterprise contemplated

in the measure now under discussion beyond all possible controversy.

The honorable gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Wilson], who, I believe, is managing this bill, in speaking of the character of the country through which this railroad is to pass, says this:—

“We want to have the timber brought to us as cheaply as possible. Now, if you tie up the lands in this way so that no title can be obtained to them—for no settler will go on these lands, for he cannot make a living—you deprive us of the benefit of that timber.”

Now, sir, I would not have it by any means inferred from this that the gentleman from Minnesota would insinuate that the people out in his section desire this timber merely for the purpose of fencing up their farms so that their stock may not wander off and die of starvation among the bleak hills of the St. Croix. I read it for no such purpose, sir, and make no such comment on it myself. In corroboration of this statement of the gentleman from Minnesota, I find this testimony given by the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn]. Speaking of these same lands he says:

“Under the bill, as amended by my friend from Minnesota, nine-tenths of the land is open to actual settlers at \$2.50 per acre; the remaining one-tenth is pine-timbered land that is not fit for settlement, and never will be settled upon; but the timber will be cut off. I admit that it is the most valuable portion of the grant, for most of the grant is not valuable. It is quite valueless; and if you put in this amendment of the gentleman from Indiana you may as well just kill the bill, for no man and no company will take the grant and build the road.”

I simply pause here to ask some gentleman better versed in the science of mathematics than I am to tell me if the timbered lands are in fact the most valuable portion of that section of the country, and they would be entirely valueless without the timber that is on them, what the remainder of the land is worth which has no timber on it at all.

But further on I find a most entertaining and instructive interchange of views between the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Rogers], the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn], and the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters], upon the subject

of pine lands generally, which I will tax the patience of the House to read:—

Mr. Rogers—Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—Certainly.

Mr. Rogers—Are these pine lands entirely worthless except for timber?

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—They are generally worthless for any other purpose. I am perfectly familiar with that subject. These lands are not valuable for purposes of settlement.

Mr. Farnsworth—They will be after the timber is taken off.

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—No, sir.

Mr. Rogers—I want to know the character of these pine lands.

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—They are generally sandy, barren lands. My friend from the Green Bay district [Mr. Sawyer] is himself perfectly familiar with this question, and he will bear me out in what I say, that these pine-timber lands are not adapted to settlement.

Mr. Rogers—The pine lands to which I am accustomed are generally very good. What I want to know is, what is the difference between our pine lands and your pine lands.

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—The pine timber of Wisconsin generally grows upon barren, sandy land. The gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters], who is familiar with pine lands, will, I have no doubt, say that pine timber grows generally upon the most barren lands.

Mr. Peters—As a general thing, pine lands are not worth much for cultivation.

And further on I find this pregnant question, the joint production of the two gentlemen from Wisconsin:—

Mr. Paine—Does my friend from Indiana suppose that in any event settlers will occupy and cultivate these pine lands?

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin—Particularly without a railroad?

Yes, sir, "particularly without a railroad." It will be asked after awhile, I am afraid, if settlers will go anywhere unless the Government builds a railroad for them to go on.

I desire to call attention to only one more statement, which I think sufficient to settle the question. It is one made by the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Paine], who says:—

"These lands will be abandoned for the present. It may be that at some remote period there will spring up in that region a new kind of agriculture which will cause a demand for these particular lands; and they may then come into use and be valuable for agricultural purposes. But I know, and I cannot help thinking that my friend from Indiana

understands that for the present, and for many years to come, these pine lands can have no possible value other than that arising from the pine timber which stands on them."

Now, sir, who, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent, and able-bodied witnesses, who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and upon the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence and hatching out the damnable heresy of Secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"?

Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow, with its concomitant amendments to the Constitution: the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth articles. The sixteenth, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day after day, beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride a-straddle, and do everything else the men do. But above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a single moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of a foreign war, with all our ports blockaded, all our cities in a state of siege, the gaunt specter of famine brooding like a hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted, and our famishing armies withering away in the field, a helpless prey to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen, and we without any railroad communications whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix!



Ah, sir, I can very well understand why my amiable friends from Pennsylvania [Mr. Myers, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. O'Neill] should have been so earnest in their support of this bill the other day, and if their honorable colleague, my friend Mr. Randall, will pardon the remark, I will say I considered his criticism of their action on that occasion as, not only unjust, but ungenerous. I knew they were looking forward with the far-reaching ken of enlightened statesmanship to the pitiable condition in which Philadelphia will be left unless speedily supplied with railroad connection in some way or other with this garden spot of the universe. And besides, sir, this discussion has relieved my mind of a mystery that has weighed upon it like an incubus for years. I could never understand before why there was so much excitement during the last Congress over the acquisition of Alta Vela. I could never understand why it was that some of our ablest statesmen and most disinterested patriots should entertain such dark forebodings of the untold calamities that were to befall our beloved country unless we should take immediate possession of that desirable island. But I see now that they were laboring under the mistaken impression that the Government would need the guano to manure the public lands of the St. Croix.

Now, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced, I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draftsmen of this bill. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago

rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draftsmen of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I suppose was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having

passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand;—if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered: “Where is Duluth?”

But thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering *peri* through the opening of Paradise. There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word, “Duluth.”

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States,

but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth, not only in the center of the map, but represented in the center of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike, in their tremendous sweep, the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is, perhaps, one of the most primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is preëminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior; but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are ever flitting in the form of towns and cities along these lines of railroad, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary settler as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon; or whether it is a real, *bona fide*, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience,



it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smokestack off a locomotive. But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly halfway between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one, or basked in the golden sunlight of the other, may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. In fact, sir, since I have seen this map, I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody:—

“Know ye the land of the cedar and vine  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the times of the earth and the lines of the sky,  
In color though varied, in beauty may vie?”

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it sir! [pointing to the map]. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold; immeasurable veins of silver; impenetrable depths of boundless forest; vast coal-measures; wide, extended plains of richest pasturage—all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature



of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth.

Look at it, sir! [again pointing to the map]. Do not you see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there whether it would or not? And here, sir [still pointing to the map], I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the smallpox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war, especially for any valiant lieutenant-general whose—

“Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting has gone rusty,  
And eats into itself for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack.”

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind—a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane, the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall open their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o’er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that

the Dutch would have ever overrun the French in that kind of style if general Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians!

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands." [Here the hammer fell. Many cries: "Go on! Go on!" No objection being heard, the speaker was permitted to continue.]

I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "wheat fields" represented on this map in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe [pointing to the map] are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth; and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stockyards of Duluth!

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic Representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who is in favor of "women's rights" should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted, and in the second place these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

# ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE

## WHICH SHALL RULE, MANHOOD OR MONEY?

[Robert Marion La Follette, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, was born at Primrose, Wis., in 1855. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin, in 1879, was admitted to the bar in 1880, was made district attorney of Dane County, and was elected as a Republican member of Congress from his native state in 1887. He took a prominent part in framing the McKinley Bill. He was governor of Wisconsin from 1901 to 1905, and has since been United States Senator from that state. The following speech was delivered at Milwaukee in the West Side Turner Hall on September 30, 1902.]

UNDER our form of government the citizen should determine all the issues, and you will exercise your right of suffrage in this election upon national and upon state questions as well. I would in no wise disparage the importance of national issues in this campaign. But within the limits of a single address I should be unwilling to attempt a thorough discussion of both. I should not feel, however, that I had discharged my duty as a Republican on this occasion if I passed by national issues in silence.

Though there may appear to be difference among Republicans on the tariff issue, it would seem to arise from misunderstanding rather than disagreement. From Hamilton to Clay, and from Clay to McKinley, the principle upon which a protective tariff rested for support has not changed. The true measure of a protective duty when Hamilton wrote his great report on manufactures in 1791 and the true measure of a protective duty to-day is the difference between the cost of production in this country and the competing country. A tariff that is either higher or lower than that should not be called a protective tariff. If it is higher, it is prohibitory; if it is lower, it is not protective.

It is charged that the tariff is responsible for trusts. This charge is most strongly pressed by those who opposed pro-

tection before trusts were known. They ignore the fact that the organizations of trusts and combinations began but a few years ago and are fast gaining control of business everywhere. They are not confined to any country, or the offspring of any tariff policy. They rule the market in free trade products in this country, and in whatever products they choose in free trade countries. But the fact remains that the organization of combinations of capital great enough to master the production and fix the price of articles embraced within protective tariff schedules brings upon that system the popular disapproval which the public entertains toward trusts generally.

In these days of marvelous financial and commercial evolution, of colossal combinations of capital, such as the world has never before known, it is well to recall first principles. Every writer on protection, every tariff leader in Congress and before the country, placed free competition between protected industries as a necessary complement to a protective tariff.

When competition was free between protected industries of the country, the fact that a duty was above the level necessary for protection to American labor was not so important, because competition could never be depended upon to reduce the price for the consumer upon any protected product to the lowest point to which it could be produced in this country, and pay American wages to American labor. The natural law of competition was the same protection to the consumer that the tariff was to the producer.

But a new law, an artificial law, is supplanting the natural law of competition. By secret agreement the producers of like articles limit the number or quantity produced and fix prices. Combination is destroying competition.

I believe that the hour has come when tariff revision must stand close guard over tariff schedules. But this revision should be on the true protective principle of guarding American labor from free competition with cheaper foreign labor, and yet take the place of suppressed competition.

I believe the people of Wisconsin indorse the policy outlined by President Roosevelt in his Logansport speech, which should, but for the unfortunate accident we all deplore, have been delivered in Milwaukee. In that address he said:



"It is on every account most earnestly to be hoped that this problem can be solved in some manner into which partisanship shall enter as a purely secondary consideration if at all; that is, in some manner which shall provide for an earnest effort by non-partisan inquiry and action to secure any change, the need of which is indicated by the effect found to proceed from a given rate of duty on a given article; its effect, if any, as regards the creation of a substantial monopoly; its effect upon domestic prices, upon the revenue of the government, upon importations abroad, upon home production, and upon consumption."

I believe that not only all Republicans, but all citizens, independent of political consideration, would concede that tariff revision cannot effectively grapple with, indeed, would be but a feeble, inadequate, and uncertain remedy for the trust evils which confront us to-day. Their gigantic power, their mastery of the industrial world, cannot be exaggerated.

Anthracite coal is not protected by the tariff. But glance at the situation, the problem it presents.

The second most important product of the earth is coal. The supply is severely limited. There is absolutely nothing to take its place for the purpose of fuel and power in the world. The entire wood supply would last but a very short time. The anthracite or hard coal of the United States lies in three different fields, covering in the aggregate not to exceed eight miles by sixty miles. Ninety-five per cent. of the entire coal fields is owned and controlled by eight railway companies. The lines of these eight railways furnish the sole available means of transportation of anthracite coal to market. In pursuit of a settled policy these railway companies have forced private owners to sell their coal mines and coal lands at half value, first, by increasing the freight rates, and second, by refusing to carry the coal for private owners at any price whenever such owners could not be brought to terms by the establishment of exorbitant transportation rates. Owning the coal and owning the railroads over which the coal is transported to market, they fixed the freight rates at an exorbitant figure in order to make consumers pay dividends on the over-capitalization of the railroads and coal mines. While rates for other

and like products have fallen, anthracite coal rates have been advanced by the railways until they are nearly twice as great as those for cotton or wheat. They limit the supply in order to force a strong demand and high market price. As shown by sworn testimony upon trials and investigation, more than \$200,000,000 in excess of a fair market price has been exacted from consumers.

This coal trust bears harder upon the unfortunate, helpless labor that mines the product at the wage level of a generation ago, than upon the consumer who in these days must purchase, hat in hand. Its attitude of indifference to the appeal of press and pulpit suggests utter contempt for public opinion. This is typical of the oppression which awaits the people of this country unless the *Federal government is empowered to strip these combinations of their unlawful power.*

The plan developed and consummated in building up the anthracite coal trust is indicative of the power of the railroads in combination. As the magnitude of the question presented is understood it becomes manifest that no power outside the supreme power of the land can control the situation. These great combinations of wealth, owning most of the material products of the earth, controlling what they do not own, and combining with the railways, forget in their greedy strife for more, that all men are born free and equal and with certain inalienable rights. These trusts, clothed with corporate power, availing themselves of every advantage of the law, yet living and growing in greatness and power in violation of it, constitute a national and interstate problem that must be dealt with fearlessly and effectively.

We believe with the President, as recognized by him in daily speech, that these great monopolies constitute the foremost of national questions. We uphold his hands in his effort to curb these trusts by the enforcement of laws now upon the Statute books. There is probably not an important trust in the United States which does not have the assistance of railroads in destroying its competitors in business. The limitation and control of these public-service corporations in the legitimate field, as common carriers, is an important element in the practical solution of the problem with which we have to deal.

Republicans will support the recommendations made in his message as to the interstate commerce law in which he says:

"The act should be amended. The railway is a public servant. Its rates should be just to and open to all shippers alike. The government should see to it that this is so, and should provide a speedy, inexpensive, and effective remedy to that end."

In accepting renomination for the office of governor at the hands of the Republican party, I said:

"The greatest danger menacing public institutions to-day is the overbalancing control of city, states, and national legislatures by the wealth and power of public service corporations."

I made this statement advisedly then. I repeat it now. Not in a spirit of hostility to any interest, but deeply impressed with its profound significance to republican institutions and its ultimate influence upon all citizens and all citizenship.

The idea is not new. It is not peculiar to Wisconsin.

The responsibility it brings cannot be shirked or pushed aside or postponed. The national government, every state government—particularly that of every rich and prosperous state—every city government—particularly that of every large city—has this problem to solve; not at some other time, but now.

Philadelphia giving away franchises—not supposedly, not guessed at, or estimated to be worth two and a half million dollars, but for which she had been offered two and a half million dollars; Milwaukee giving away her eight-million-dollar street car franchise against the protest and indifferent to the public indignation of her citizens; Chicago discovering that she is robbed in tax payments by corporate owners of property of immense value through fraud and forgery on a gigantic scale; aldermen of St. Louis organized to boodle the city with their criminal compact for secrecy that would chill the blood of common cut-throats—are all a part of the testimony that to-day's daily papers bring of the great proportions and grave seriousness of the problems which control of legislation by aggregate wealth and corporate power presents for solution to this day and generation.

The question of primary elections is one of government

for the people and by the people. Under our system of government by political parties, two elements, equal in importance, are involved in the exercise of suffrage; one, the making of the ballot; the other, the casting of the ballot. The right to cast the ballot is regarded as sacred. The right to make the ballot is equally sacred. No man would be willing to delegate his power to vote the ballot at general elections. No man shall be compelled to delegate his power to make his ballot. Boss Tweed said: "You may elect whichever candidates you please to office, if you will allow me to select the candidates." The boss can always afford to say, "You may vote any ticket you please so long as I make all the tickets." The character of the men nominated and the influences to which they owe their nomination determine the character of government.

The result and the only result sought by a primary election is to give to every man an equal voice in the selection of all candidates; to lodge in the people the absolute right to say who their candidates for office shall be; to root out forever the power of the political boss to control the selection of officials through the manipulation of caucuses and conventions. A primary election should provide the same safeguards for nominating candidates as for electing them. It should fix the day, name the hour, use the same polling places, have the same election officers, provide the Australian ballot, containing the names of all the candidates to be voted upon at the election. It should be an election, possessing all the legal sanctions of an election.

It is needless to trace the evolution of the political machine, its combination with aggregate wealth and corporate power, making the interests of the citizen and the state subservient to their selfish ends. The names of the great bosses to-day are better known than the great statesmen. The tendency to monopolization of political control by a few men in each party, county, city, state, and community has operated, except in cases of profound interest, excitement, and tremendous effort, to disfranchise the great majority of citizens in so far as participating in the caucus and convention is concerned.

The day that Chief Justice Ryan prophesied would come is here. The issue which he said would arise is pending.



"Which shall rule—wealth or man ; which shall lead—money or intellect ; who shall fill public stations—educated and patriotic free men, or the feudal servants of corporate power?"

In this contest the Republican party of Wisconsin to-day stands undeniably, unequivocally, emphatically the organized instrument of the people of the state.

Though it failed to accomplish that which was promised two years ago, it has taken no backward step, yielded no principle, sounded no retreat ; it better understands the nature of the conflict ; it is better equipped to meet it, more determined in resolution to win a lasting victory and write its platform pledges into statutory law.

These plain truths will triumph. Unless I mistake the temper of Wisconsin citizenship, they will triumph now. Every man of every party who places patriotism above party will bring the support of his convictions, will bring all that is best in him, to this progressive movement for good government, which means so much not alone to Wisconsin, but to all states struggling with the same forces, contending for the same principles. The good citizens of this state will unite to redeem representative government in this commonwealth and make Wisconsin a model state. The way is open and the power is in your hands. Demand of every candidate for the Senate and Assembly that he shall publicly declare how he will vote upon questions in which you are most deeply interested. If he talks about exercising his independent judgment on these issues, have him plainly understand that this is a representative government, and that he has no right to interpose his independent judgment or aught else against the known will of his constituents.

If the chosen representative does not represent the citizen, his voice is stifled ; is denied any part in government. If majority decision as determined by the law of the land is ignored and reversed, if the expressed will of the people is scorned and scorned again—then the popular government fails, then government of the people, by the people, and for the people is at an end. Its forms may be observed—you may have the mockery of "elections," and the farce of "representation." but a government based upon the will of the people has perished from the earth.



# FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE

## MAKERS OF THE FLAG

[Franklin Lane, Secretary of the Interior during the Wilson Administration, was born in 1864 and died in 1921. He moved to California in early childhood and was engaged first as newspaper man and then as lawyer. He was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission from 1905 to 1913, when he entered the cabinet of President Wilson. Mr. Lane was a man of marked originality and vigor, qualities which are revealed in his speeches. The address "Makers of the Flag" was delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. It was soon published in the daily papers and attracted attention everywhere in the country. It is insured a place in the body of literature which has grown up about our national emblem.

This address and that which follows, *The American Pioneer*, are reprinted here with permission of the publishers from *The Spirit of America*, copyright Doubleday, Page and Co.]

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your heart. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

## THE AMERICAN PIONEER

[Address delivered at the opening of Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, Feb. 20, 1915.]

THE sculptors who have ennobled these buildings with their work have surely given full wing to their fancy in seeking to symbolize the tale which this exposition tells. Among these figures I have sought for one which would represent to me the significance of this great enterprise.

Prophets, priests, and kings are here, conquerors and mystical figures of ancient legend; but these do not speak the word I hear.

My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen, which look down upon the court of the nations, where East and West come face to face.

Towering above his gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner.

Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure.

Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day.

Without him we would not be here.

Without him banners would not fly, nor bands play.

Without him San Francisco would not be to-day the gayest city of the globe.

Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise?

That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest figure is the American pioneer.

To me he is, indeed, far more; he is the adventurous spirit of our restless race.

Long ago he set sail with Ulysses. But Ulysses turned back.

He sailed again with Columbus for the Indies and heard with joy the quick command, "Sail on, sail on, and on." But the westward way was barred.

He landed at Plymouth Rock and with his dull-eyed oxen has made the long, long journey across our continent. His way has been hard, slow, momentous.

He made his path through soggy, sodden forests where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way.

He drank with delight of the brackish water where the wild beasts wallowed.

He trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows; forded swift-running waters; crept painfully through rocky gorges where Titans had been at play; clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanche and of slide; dared the limitless land without horizon; ground his teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainted beneath the flail of the raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought; was cast down but never broken; and he never turned back.

Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American pioneer.

Pity? He scorns it.

Glory? He does not ask it.

His sons and his daughters are scattered along the path he has come.

Each fence post tells where some one fell.

Each farm, brightening now with the first smile of Spring, was once a battlefield, where men and women fought the choking horrors of starvation and isolation.

His is this one glory—he found the way; his the adventure.

It is life that he felt, life that compelled him.

That strange, mysterious thing that lifted him out of the primeval muck and sent him climbing upward—that same strange thing has pressed him onward, held out new visions to his wondering eyes, and sung new songs into his welcoming ears.

And why?

In his long wandering he has had time to think.

He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.

He is here.

He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time for him to gather his sons about him that they may talk; that they may tell tales of things done.

Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost camp fire of his race and has gathered his sons that they may tell each other of the progress they have made—utter man's prayers, things done for man.

His sons are they who have cut these continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ship across the barrier mountains of Panama.

This thing the sons of pioneers have done—it is their prayer, a thing done for man.

And here, too, these sons of the pioneer will tell of other things they do—how they fill the night with jewelled light conjured from the melting snows of the far-off mountains; how they talk together across the world in their own voices; how they baffle the eagles in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea; how they reach into the heavens and draw down food out of the air to replenish the wasted earth; how with the touch of a knife they convert the sinner and with the touch of a stone dissolve disease.

These things and more have they done in these latter days, these sons of the pioneer.

And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.

In their honor has he hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.



In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt brown of the summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes in column, colonnade, and court.

We have but to anchor his quaint covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

For after all Rome and Rheims, Salisbury and Seville are not far memories to the pioneer.

Here, too, in this city of the new nation the pioneer has called together all his neighbors that we may learn one of the other.

We are to live together side by side for all time.

The seas are but a highway between the doorways of the nations.

We are to know each other.

Perhaps strained nerves may sometimes fancy the gesture of the pioneer to be abrupt, and his voice we know has been hardened by the winter winds.

But his neighbors will soon come to know that he has no hatred in his heart, for he is without fear; that he is without envy, for none can add to his wealth.

The long journey of this slight, modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end.

The waste places of the earth have been found.

But adventure is not to end.

Here in this house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy—strong, valiant, confident, conquering—upborne and typified by the independent, venturesome spirit of that mystic materialist, the American pioneer.

# MARTIN WILIE LITTLETON

## ARMISTICE DAY, 1921

[Martin Littleton, born in Tennessee, 1872, has won distinction as an orator at the bar, in Congress, and before public assemblies. This address was delivered at Madison Square Garden, Armistice Day, (November 11, 1921) at noon.]

THIS day three years ago the whole world wept for joy, because the war for liberty had triumphed; the blood-stained sword of a mad military monarch was struck from his hand; the ghastly conspiracy to conquer and enslave the world was at an end. Whatever would follow of internal discord and disorder, whatever of strife and jealousy might ensue, one thing at least was set at rest: no man or set of men, though gifted with the evil genius of perdition and equipped with the captive forces of omnipotence, could enthrone force and enslave liberty.

The whole world had sunk into a fat and futile satisfaction. The greed for gain, the quest of vulgar wealth, the contest for creature comforts,—these engaged the energy of the genius of man. Liberty was thought to be secure. Constitutions were unnecessary. We had fallen on the days of smug and oily peace. We did not dream that anywhere there was the audacious vision to perceive or the ruthless power to execute a scheme for the conquest of the world by force in the interest of force. Who thought that a paralysis would be put upon all lands and a stillness laid upon all the Seven Seas by a bold pretender, marching under the banner of naked force? Who suspected that the philosophy of absolutism had wrought from dull and mediocre clay the sanguinary superman “to bestride the narrow world like a Colossus”? Who imagined that the chemist and the scientist had distilled the deadly drafts and coaxed the pernicious poison from nature’s health-giving recesses and carefully planned to administer these to

an innocent and unoffending world? Who could have foretold that honorable warfare, honored by ages of tradition, would descend from its chivalric standard and become premeditated pestilence, foreordained famine and distributed disease? Yet these were the organized forces of evil, disaster and death hurled against the structure of civilization. To meet, to defeat, to destroy these satanic agencies were the mission and the duty of those, living and dead, whom we honor to-day.

And we are kept close to our sainted dead through a living cause for which they died. We do not fear the ugly face of war when the cause is just, for we will not be less brave than they. We have touched the tragic deeps of grief, mourning for them, only to rise to the very summit of earthly glory through their sacrifice. We will not say the war was waste and ruin and disaster, while we are still conscious of the cause for which our sons and brothers died. No dull depression of a drab and desultory peace shall blind our eyes to the clean-limbed youths who disappeared in the smoke and grime of the battlefield and when the air was clear seventy-five thousand white crosses fairly blossomed in the soil of France.

The legion of the living, who came back to us from the flaming front will bind us forever to the voiceless slopes of Verdun, to the inarticulate hum of the Argonne, to the murmuring meadows of the Marne. These scarred and seasoned lads may languish in the aftermath of national inertia; but by-and-by they will be caught up in a passion of gratitude and carried to the very hearts of their country. If we render unto them that which belongs to them, the next war will be fought by volunteers; if we deny to them the just recognition of their dauntless service, the next conscription will be a failure. It is not material reward that they seek, it is to feel themselves taken into the very arms of a people for whose liberty they offered all they had.

We face now the vast consequences of this great struggle; we shoulder now the responsibilities of this great triumph. The world is indeed changed. The thrones that cast their shadows across the consciences of mankind have fallen, perhaps forever. The crown that passed with the succession of despots is not so much as a battered helmet on a lonely battlefield. The palaces where courtiers fawned and fashion flashed its

color and its charm are empty, silent, deserted. The inherited right to rule has passed as surely as the tyranny of the child in the nursery passes with approaching years of responsibility. The pretense of the right to rule resting upon royal blood belongs to the buried past. And the emperor and the king, with their hosts of battle, will be seen no more, except as they march through the pages of the history already written.

The right to rule has descended from the crown to the crowd; from the cabal of the courts to the conference of the commons. It rests no longer in the eccentric ego of the dogmatic despot but flows in fluid form through the diffusion of democracy. The world has been saved for democracy; it must be saved now by democracy. The power which by the whim of princes plunged the world into war now lies untamed, unorganized, in the impulse of the people. Democracy will not survive alone upon its hopes or its aspirations. It is not a secure status; it is a brilliant opportunity. It is not the end, it is but the means; it is not liberty, it is an agency to attain liberty. Into the heart of its patriotic purpose must be brought the light of intelligence; into the bosom of its warm desire must be brought the discipline of self-restraint; into the soul of its burning aspirations must be brought the influence of reasoned justice. We did not fall precipitately from the monarch to the mob. We passed gently from the prince to the people.

We have rejected the crown. Can we now give up the sword? We have pulled down the throne; can we now pull off the uniform? We have abolished the hereditary right to rule; can we now abolish the wars which were bred from this heresy? At this very hour, from all parts of the earth, statesmen representing the hopes of mankind are gathered in our capital, with a view to check the competitive preparation for war. It is an appalling heritage from the old order of things, and yet the world is bending under its awful weight. It is a grotesque commentary on the progress of man, and yet we are gravely assembling to escape the cost and diminish the danger of weapons carefully fashioned for mutual destruction. Can democracy vindicate its right, justify its victory and lay claim upon the heart of the world by commanding a cessation of this competitive contest for destruction? Can the voice of mankind penetrate this solemn council of statesmen and pro-

claim to them that the weapons of aggressive wars, waged by ambitious rulers, must be discarded and only the means of defensive war, needful for the peace of the people, shall be retained.

Will the soothing influence of popular rule soften the irritating causes of war? Will the demand for justice, coming from the people, lessen the danger of war? Democracy is here in all the disordered sweep of its power,—it is here in all of its gusts of passion, with all of its lofty hopes, it is here, swept by impulse, it is here stirred by patriotism and exalted by the devotion of its leaders. In and through the welter and work of this new force we must search for justice and liberty, for there is no civilization without liberty. Democracy or despotism, the people or the princes are all the same if they extinguish liberty. This is the end and the aim of all civilization, without which it slips away into neglected tombs and languishes in deserted prisons. This is the ever receding light to which our strained eyes have looked and toward which our weary feet have marched through all the worn out years. We have vainly worshiped at the throne of kings only to be pushed aside by the cold hand of ambition. We have hopefully followed the dashing charge of armies, only to be crushed at last by their unchecked power. We have searched through all the wreckage and debris of the exhausted centuries for that which will make our liberty secure, and we have now arrived on the hilltops of democracy. If this shall fail, then indeed has civilization failed.



# JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## DEMOCRACY

[Address by James Russell Lowell, poet, critic, Minister to England 1880-1885 (born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there August 12, 1891), delivered at Birmingham, England, October 6, 1884, on assuming the Presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.]

HE must be a born leader or misleader of men, or must have been sent into the world unfurnished with that modulating and restraining balance-wheel which we call a sense of humor, who, in old age, has as strong a confidence in his opinions and in the necessity of bringing the universe into conformity with them as he had in youth. In a world the very condition of whose being is that it should be in perpetual flux, where all seems mirage, and the one abiding thing is the effort to distinguish realities from appearances, the elderly man must be indeed of a singularly tough and valid fiber who is certain that he has any clarified residuum of experience, any assured verdict of reflection, that deserves to be called an opinion, or who, even if he had, feels that he is justified in holding mankind by the button while he is expounding it. And in a world of daily—nay, almost hourly—journalism, where every clever man, every man who thinks himself clever, or whom anybody else thinks clever, is called upon to deliver his judgment point-blank and at the word of command on every conceivable subject of human thought, or, on what sometimes seems to him very much the same thing, on every conceivable display of human want of thought, there is such a spendthrift waste of all those commonplaces which furnish the permitted staple of public discourse that there is little chance of beguiling a new tune out of the one-stringed instrument on which we have been thrumming so long.

In this desperate necessity one is often tempted to think that, if all the words of the dictionary were tumbled down

in a heap and then all those fortuitous juxtapositions and combinations that made tolerable sense were picked out and pieced together, we might find among them some poignant suggestions towards novelty of thought or expression. But, alas! it is only the great poets who seem to have this unsolicited profusion of unexpected and incalculable phrase, this infinite variety of topic. For everybody else everything has been said before, and said over again after. He who has read his Aristotle will be apt to think that observation has on most points of general applicability said its last word, and he who has mounted the tower of Plato to look abroad from it will never hope to climb another with so lofty a vantage of speculation. Where it is so simple if not so easy a thing to hold one's peace, why add to the general confusion of tongues?

There is something disheartening, too, in being expected to fill up not less than a certain measure of time, as if the mind were an hour-glass, that need only be shaken and set on one end or the other, as the case may be, to run its allotted sixty minutes with decorous exactitude. I recollect being once told by the late eminent naturalist Agassiz that when he was to deliver his first lecture as professor (at Zürich, I believe) he had grave doubts of his ability to occupy the prescribed three-quarters of an hour. He was speaking without notes, and glancing anxiously from time to time at the watch that lay before him on the desk. "When I had spoken a half hour," he said, "I had told them everything I knew in the world, everything! Then I began to repeat myself," he added, roguishly, "and I have done nothing else ever since." Beneath the humorous exaggeration of the story I seemed to see the face of a very serious and improving moral. And yet if one were to say only what he had to say and then stopped, his audience would feel defrauded of their honest measure. Let us take courage by the example of the French, whose exportation of Bordeaux wines increases as the area of their land in vineyards is diminished.

To me, somewhat hopelessly revolving these things, the undelaying year has rolled round, and I find myself called upon to say something in this place, where so many wiser men have spoken before me. Precluded in my quality of national guest, by motives of taste and discretion, from dealing with any ques-

tion of immediate and domestic concern, it seemed to me wisest, or at any rate most prudent, to choose a topic of comparatively abstract interest, and to ask your indulgence for a few somewhat generalized remarks on a matter concerning which I had some experimental knowledge, derived from the use of such eyes and ears as Nature had been pleased to endow me withal, and such report as I had been able to win from them. The subject which most readily suggested itself was the spirit and the working of those conceptions of life and polity which are lumped together whether for reproach or commendation under the name of Democracy.

By temperament and education of a conservative turn, I saw the last years of that quaint Arcadia which French travelers saw with delighted amazement a century ago, and have watched the change (to me a sad one) from an agricultural to a proletary population. The testimony of Balaam should carry some conviction. I have grown to manhood and am now growing old with the growth of this system of government in my native land, have watched its advances, or what some would call its encroachments, gradual and irresistible as those of a glacier, have been an ear-witness to the forebodings of wise and good and timid men, and have lived to see those forebodings belied by the course of events, which is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets. I recollect hearing a sagacious old gentleman say in 1840 that the doing away with the property qualification for suffrage twenty years before had been the ruin of the State of Massachusetts; that it had put public credit and private estate alike at the mercy of demagogues. I lived to see that Commonwealth twenty odd years later paying the interest on her bonds in gold, though it cost her sometimes nearly three for one to keep her faith, and that while suffering an unparalleled drain of men and treasure in helping to sustain the unity and self-respect of the nation.

I hear America sometimes playfully accused of sending you all your storms, and am in the habit of parrying the charge by alleging that we are enabled to do this because, in virtue of our protective system, we can afford to make better bad weather than anybody else. And what wiser use could we make of it than to export it in return for the paupers which some European countries are good enough to send over to us who have not

attained to the same skill in the manufacture of them? But bad weather is not the worst thing that is laid at our door. A French gentleman, not long ago, forgetting Burke's monition of how unwise it is to draw an indictment against a whole people, has charged us with the responsibility of whatever he finds disagreeable in the morals or manners of his countrymen. If M. Zola or some other competent witness would only go into the box and tell us what those morals and manners were before our example corrupted them! But I confess that I find little to interest and less to edify me in these international bandyings of "You're another."

I shall address myself to a single point only in the long list of offenses of which we are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest. It is that we are infecting the Old World with what seems to be thought the entirely new disease of Democracy. It is generally people who are in what are called easy circumstances who can afford the leisure to treat themselves to a handsome complaint, and these experience an immediate alleviation when once they have found a sonorous Greek name to abuse it by. There is something consolatory also, something flattering to their sense of personal dignity, and to that conceit of singularity which is the natural recoil from our uneasy consciousness of being commonplace, in thinking ourselves victims of a malady by which no one had ever suffered before. Accordingly they find it simpler to class under one comprehensive heading whatever they find offensive to their nerves, their tastes, their interests, or what they suppose to be their opinions, and christen it Democracy, much as physicians label every obscure disease gout, or as cross-grained fellows lay their ill-temper to the weather.

But is it really a new ailment, and, if it be, is America answerable for it? Even if she were, would it account for the phylloxera, and hoof-and-mouth disease, and bad harvests, and bad English, and the German bands, and the Boers, and all the other discomforts with which these later days have vexed the souls of them that go in chariots? Yet I have seen the evil example of Democracy in America cited as the source and origin of things quite as heterogeneous and quite as little connected with it by any sequence of cause and effect. Surely this



ferment is nothing new. It has been at work for centuries, and we are more conscious of it only because in this age of publicity, where the newspapers offer a rostrum to whoever has a grievance, or fancies that he has, the bubbles and scum thrown up by it are more noticeable on the surface than in those dumb ages when there was a cover of silence and suppression on the caldron.

Nor was it among the people that subversive or mistaken doctrines had their rise. A Father of the Church said that property was theft many centuries before Proudhon was born. Bourdaloue affirmed it. Montesquieu was the inventor of national workshops, and of the theory that the State owed every man a living. Nay, was not the Church herself the first organized Democracy? A few centuries ago the chief end of man was to keep his soul alive, and then the little kernel of heaven that sets the gases at work was religious, and produced the Reformation. Even in that, far-sighted persons like the Emperor Charles V saw the germ of political and social revolution. Now that the chief end of man seems to have become the keeping of the body alive, and as comfortably alive as possible, the heaven also has become wholly political and social. Formerly the immense majority of men—our brothers—knew only their sufferings, their wants, and their desires. They are beginning now to know their opportunity and their power. All persons who see deeper than their plates are rather inclined to thank God for it than to bewail it, for the sores of Lazarus have a poison in them against which Dives has no antidote.

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. Every successive swarm that has gone out from this *officina gentium* has, when left to its own instincts—may I not call them hereditary instincts?—assumed a more or less thoroughly democratic form. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British Constitution, under whatever disguises of prudence or decorum, is essentially democratic. Peo-



ple are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable, for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sanitary precautions have been neglected. "For this effect defective comes by cause," as Polonius said long ago. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what are called the Rights of Man become turbulent and dangerous. It is then only that they syllogize unwelcome truths.

Had the governing classes in France during the last century paid as much heed to their proper business as to their pleasures or manners, the guillotine need never have severed that spinal marrow of orderly and secular tradition through which in a normally constituted state the brain sympathizes with the extremities and sends will and impulsion thither. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy tales are made out of dreams of the poor. No; the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. This sentiment is merely an expression of the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control, and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift—what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things—has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they cannot prevent. Some people advise us to put on

the brakes, as if the movement of which we are conscious were that of a railway train running down an incline. But a metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home and embed it in the memory.

Our disquiet comes of what nurses and other experienced persons call growing-pains, and need not seriously alarm us. They are what every generation before us—certainly every generation since the invention of printing—has gone through with more or less good fortune. To the door of every generation there comes a knocking, and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold. The porter always grumbles and is slow to open—"Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub," he mutters. Not a change for the better in our human housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it—have not prophesied with the alderman that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade unions—at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured "Ichabod." But the trade unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation.

One of the most curious of these frenzies of exclusion was that against the emancipation of the Jews. All share in the government of the world was denied for centuries to perhaps the ablest, certainly the most tenacious, race that had ever lived in it—the race to whom we owed our religion and the purest spiritual stimulus and consolation to be found in all literature—a race in which ability seems as natural and hereditary as the curve of their noses. We drove them into a corner, but they had their revenge, as the wronged are always sure to have it sooner or later. They made their corner the counter and banking-house of the world, and thence they rule it and us with the ignoble scepter of finance.

We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition

as if that made matters clearer, but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would show us an age of stagnation. The question for us, as it has been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points are right so that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial "r." A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficent ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school for manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjuncts and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct—to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen of the charges lies in the habit it has of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the Powers that Be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the powers that be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with specters and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people, by the people, for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good

as I am.' ” And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaladeen tells us that “One knocked at the Beloved’s door, and a voice asked from within ‘Who is there?’ and he answered ‘It is I.’ Then the voice said, ‘This house will not hold me and thee’; and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked ‘Who is there?’ and he said ‘It is thyself’; and the door was opened to him.”

But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal. It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of a democracy strictly defined, for in such all the citizens decide directly upon every question of public concern in a general assembly. An example still survives in the tiny Swiss canton of Appenzell. But this immediate intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy; it is not necessary, nor indeed, in most cases, practicable. Democracies to which Mr. Lincoln’s definition would fairly enough apply have existed, and now exist, in which, though the supreme authority reside in the people, yet they can act only indirectly on the national policy. This generation has seen a democracy with an imperial figurehead, and in all that have ever existed the body politic has never embraced all the inhabitants included within its territory, the right to share in the direction of affairs has been confined to citizens, and citizenship has been further restricted by various limitations,



sometimes of property, sometimes of nativity, and always of age and sex.

The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in theory, and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a new suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed. The day of sentiment was over, and no dithyrambic affirmations or fine drawn analyses of the Rights of Man would serve their present turn. This was a practical question, and they addressed themselves to it as men of knowledge and judgment should. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to the new conditions of American life, and they solved it with singular discretion. They put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim. With few exceptions they probably admitted the logic of the then accepted syllogism—democracy, anarchy, despotism. But this formula was framed upon the experience of small cities shut up to stew within their narrow walls, where the number of citizens made but an inconsiderable fraction of the inhabitants, where every passion was reverberated from house to house and from man to man with gathering rumor till every impulse became gregarious and therefore inconsiderate, and every popular assembly needed but an infusion of eloquent sophistry to turn it into a mob, all the more dangerous because sanctified with the formality of law.



Fortunately their case was wholly different. They were to legislate for a widely-scattered population and for States already practiced in the discipline of a partial independence. They had an unequalled opportunity and enormous advantages. The material they had to work upon was already democratical by instinct and habitude. It was tempered to their hands by more than a century's schooling in self-government. They had but to give permanent and conservative form to a ductile mass. In giving impulse and direction to their new institutions, especially in supplying them with checks and balances, they had a great help and safeguard in their federal organization. The different, sometimes conflicting, interests and social systems of the several States made existence as a Union and coalescence into a nation conditional on a constant practice of moderation and compromise. The very elements of disintegration were the best guides in political training. Their children learned the lesson of compromise only too well, and it was the application of it to a question of fundamental morals that cost us our civil war. We learned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella but a poor roof; that it is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.

Has not the trial of democracy in America proved, on the whole, successful? If it had not, would the Old World be vexed with any fears of its proving contagious? This trial would have been less severe could it have been made with a people homogeneous in race, language, and traditions, whereas the United States have been called on to absorb and assimilate enormous masses of foreign population, heterogeneous in all these respects, and drawn mainly from that class which might fairly say that the world was not their friend, nor the world's law. The previous condition too often justified the traditional Irishman, who, landing in New York and asked what his politics were, inquired if there was a government there, and on being told that there was, retorted, "Thin I'm agin it!" We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens, who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defense of a country and of institutions which they know to be worth dying for.

The exceptions have been (and they are lamentable exceptions) where these hordes of ignorance and poverty have coagulated in great cities. But the social system is yet to seek which has not to look the same terrible wolf in the eyes. On the other hand, at this very moment Irish peasants are buying up the worn-out farms of Massachusetts, and making them productive again by the same virtues of industry and thrift that once made them profitable to the English ancestors of the men who are deserting them. To have achieved even these prosaic results (if you choose to call them so), and that out of materials the most discordant—I might say the most recalcitrant—argues a certain beneficent virtue in the system that could do it, and is not to be accounted for by mere luck. Carlyle said scornfully that America meant only roast turkey every day for everybody. He forgot that states, as Bacon said of wars, go on their bellies. As for the security of property, it should be tolerably well secured in a country where every other man hopes to be rich, even though the only property qualification be the ownership of two hands that add to the general wealth. Is it not the best security for anything to interest the largest possible number of persons in its preservation and the smallest in its division?

In point of fact, far-seeing men count the increasing power of wealth and its combinations as one of the chief dangers with which the institutions of the United States are threatened in the not distant future. The right of individual property is no doubt the very corner-stone of civilization as hitherto understood, but I am a little impatient of being told that property is entitled to exceptional consideration because it bears all the burdens of the State. It bears those, indeed, which can most easily be borne, but poverty pays with its person the chief expenses of war, pestilence, and famine. Wealth should not forget this, for poverty is beginning to think of it now and then. Let me not be misunderstood. I see as clearly as any man possibly can, and rate as highly, the value of wealth, and of hereditary wealth, as the security of refinement, the feeder of all those arts that ennoble and beautify life, and as making a country worth living in. Many an ancestral hall here in England has been a nursery of that culture which has been of example and benefit to all.

I should not think of coming before you to defend or to criticise any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race, with signal services to humanity and culture. There is not one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, such as the world has never seen, except in that white-haired king of Browning's who

"Lived long ago  
In the morning of the world,  
When Earth was nearer Heaven than now."

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet, if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble a good while before it found the chance for a convincing reply.

As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an Impartial Observer, a numerical preponderance seems, on the whole, as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised, but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.

The arguments against universal suffrage are equally

unanswerable. "What," we exclaim, "shall Tom, Dick, and Harry have as much weight in the scale as I?" Of course, nothing could be more absurd. And yet universal suffrage has not been the instrument of greater unwisdom than contrivances of a more select description. Assemblies could be mentioned composed entirely of Masters of Arts and Doctors in Divinity which have sometimes shown traces of human passion or prejudice in their votes. The democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one, "Is it wise to give every man the ballot?" but rather the practical one, "Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer? It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads. At any rate this is the dilemma to which the drift of opinion has been for some time sweeping us, and in politics a dilemma is a more unmanageable thing to hold by the horns than a wolf by the ears.

It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed, and there may be some truth in this, for I have observed that what men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it? Men who have a voice in public affairs are at once affiliated with one or other of the great parties between which society is divided, merge their individual hopes and opinions, are safer, because more generalized hopes and opinions are disciplined by its tactics, and acquire, to a certain degree, the orderly qualities of an army. They no longer belong to a class, but to a body corporate. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain, that, under whatever method of helping things to go wrong man's wit can contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will be found to govern in the end, and that the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those



wiser than they. Universal suffrage has in the United States sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform, and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular government. One of these has been the substitution in many of the States of popular election for official selection in the choice of judges. The same system applied to military officers was the source of much evil during our Civil War, and, I believe, had to be abandoned. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run.

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principles of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so, society could not hold together. Perhaps the best forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most over-bearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Picadilly at the height of the Season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of those symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere, but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as business, and partly to the decay of superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They do no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it, and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshiper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion.

But is it democracies alone that fall into these errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson, the



railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the savior of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austere genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so to justify them in respecting others.

Such a result is quite possible under other conditions than those of an avowedly democratical Constitution. For I take it that the real essence of democracy was fairly enough defined by the First Napoleon when he said that the French Revolution meant "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*"—a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind. I should be inclined to paraphrase this by calling democracy that form of society, no matter what its political classifications, in which every man had a chance and knew he had it. If a man can climb, and feels himself encouraged to climb, from a coalpit to the highest position for which he is fitted, he can well afford to be indiffer-

ent what name is given to the government under which he lives. The Bailli of Mirabeau, uncle of the more famous tribune of that name, wrote in 1771: "The English are, in my opinion, a hundred times more agitated and more unfortunate than the very Algerines themselves, because they do not know and will not know till the destruction of their over-swollen power, which I believe very near, whether they are monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, and wish to play the part of all three." England has not been obliging enough to fulfill the Bailli's prophecy, and perhaps it was this very carelessness about the name, and concern about the substance of popular government, this skill in getting the best out of things as they are, in utilizing all the motives which influence men, and in giving one direction to many impulses, that has been a principal factor of her greatness and power.

Perhaps it is fortunate to have an unwritten Constitution, for men are prone to be tinkering the work of their own hands, whereas they are more willing to let time and circumstances mend or modify what time and circumstances have made. All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate.

What is really ominous of danger to the existing order of things is not democracy (which, properly understood, is a conservative force), but the Socialism which may find a fulcrum in it. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes

any more than we can equalize the brains of men—and a very sagacious person has said that “where two men ride on a horse one must ride behind”—we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous. It is all very well to pooh-pooh Mr. George and to prove him mistaken in his political economy. But he is right in his impelling motive; right, also, I am convinced, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy; and in thinking man to be of more concern and more convincing than the longest columns of figures in the world. For unless you include human nature in your addition, your total is sure to be wrong and your deductions from it fallacious. Communism means barbarism, but Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction.

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure, outside of human nature itself. The rule will always hold good that you must

Be your own palace or the world's your gaol.

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sor-

rows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the smallpox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has outlived much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

# WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

## THE SOLDIERS' BONUS

[William Gibbs McAdoo was born near Marietta, Georgia, in 1863, educated at the University of Tennessee, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. He was president of the company which constructed and operated the Hudson River tunnel system, 1903-1909. As Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of President Wilson and as Director-general of the railways he played a large part in the conduct of the War. He received strong support for the presidential nomination in the Democratic Convention of 1920. This address was delivered on Armistice Day, November 11, 1922, at Fullerton, California, under the auspices of the American Legion Posts of Orange County.]

THIS is the Fourth Anniversary of a memorable day in human history. November 11, 1918, signalized not alone the ending of the greatest war in the annals of mankind but it marked the beginning of a new era in civilization.

The European war had its origin in causes which were distinctly alien to American ideals and traditions. Conflicting national interests and ambitions, secret alliances, and counter-alliances which sought to gain political, economic and military advantages to those concerned, racial and national hatreds engendered by centuries of strife, resulted in a final death grapple between two opposing principles of government, autocracy on the one hand and democracy on the other. For generations all Europe had been an armed camp. England, the greatest military power on the high seas, Germany, the greatest military power on land, and France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Austria, Turkey and the Balkan States, all armed to the death, awaited only the explosive to set in motion the mightiest machine for human slaughter ever operated in the history of mankind. The explosion came in August, 1914, and the world was thrown into a colossal convulsion from which it has now only partially emerged.

America had nothing to do with the controversies or causes



which led up to this great disaster. By tradition and by consistent policy we had never been a military power. We had never maintained a large standing army, but with the growth of powerful foreign navies, and because of our extended coast line, we had gradually built up a formidable modern navy of our own. But its primary purpose was self-defense and not aggression. We believed that our remoteness from the fields of foreign wars rendered us immune from embroilment or attack. But we had not taken into consideration the fact that our growth as a nation had necessarily made us a powerful factor in world commerce and that our security and prosperity were dependent upon the maintenance of our rights upon the high seas and upon uninterrupted intercourse with all parts of the world. When the European clash came, we declared our neutrality and sought, by every peaceful means, to maintain it. But the most powerful of the European belligerents began to encroach upon our neutral rights whenever they found that it was to their advantage to do so. We quickly discovered that it was impossible to isolate America. She was an integral part of world economy, her products were in demand by all the nations, she had a right as a neutral to trade with them and she refused to yield any of her vital rights to escape collision with any challenger or upon the behest of any despot. She was one of the most important members of the family of nations and she could neither shirk her responsibilities nor avoid the consequences. Disregard of America's rights by all of the belligerents produced a continuing tension which finally culminated in the destruction by one of the great powers of the lives and property of American citizens on the high seas in violation of the accepted rules of international warfare, and no alternative was left except to draw the sword.

April 6, 1917, Congress passed the fateful resolution that threw America into the World War and made her a party belligerent in the greatest conflict of all time on a field of action more than three thousand miles from the Atlantic seaboard. With characteristic patriotism and energy the nation sprang to arms. One of the most inspiring spectacles of all history was presented when the most powerful and peaceful democracy of all the ages transformed itself, with incredible celerity

and efficiency, into an irresistible military machine. The young David of democracy was matched in mortal combat with the mailed Goliath of autocracy. Democracy won the battle and we to-day celebrate the victory.

But have we realized the thing for which we fought primarily, the thing which lit the crusaders' fire in the hearts of our people, the thing which has been the Christian dream of centuries, the thing without which civilization is still imperiled, the thing which, above all things, would bring the greatest blessings to the human race—the destruction of war itself and the enthronement of enduring peace? We have not. America failed to follow up the victory. The greatest tragedy of human hopes was written when she refused to march onward to the goal which, for the first time since Christ, seemed almost within the Christian grasp. The four million men who sprang to the defense of their country with the determination to end war for all time, found themselves cheated of their prey in the very hour of their victory. Mars, the repulsive God of War, escaped, and again sits omnipotent upon his throne, ready to hurl new disasters upon the world. The peace of the world was destroyed by partisan politics. Selfishness and intolerance regained the day. We seek an isolation we cannot find, and we suffer the consequences, moral, spiritual and economic, of our failure to live up to our responsibilities and maintain the noble ideals which made us unconquerable on the field of battle.

In this reversion from the sublime heights of Christian purpose and glorious achievement to the debased level of partisan politics and ignoble shirking, our sense of justice and gratitude to the four million men who fought the war and won the victory seems to have been destroyed. We have failed them. We have, thus far, proven ourselves unequal to the ideals for which they fought and incapable of appreciating the heroic services they rendered in the hour of national peril.

What was the situation in the Spring of 1917 when America entered the war? A gloomier outlook for the Allied cause could not be painted. The submarine was doing its deadly work at sea, rapidly destroying the means of communication between Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States, upon the maintenance of which depended their supplies of

food, munitions and war materials. The ghastly prospect of starvation stared the Allies in the face. Quick relief could be obtained only from America. But the credit of the Allies was exhausted. This was a graver danger than the immediate effects of the submarine because without money or credit they could not buy essential supplies in America. At that time Great Britain had demand obligations in American banks amounting to four hundred million dollars which she could not meet. France and Italy were in financial extremity. What the Allies needed immediately to save them from irretrievable disaster was, first, American money, and, second, American men.

By act of Congress the Secretary of the Treasury was armed with authority to meet the credit situation. The Treasury of the United States immediately extended first aid to Great Britain, France and Italy by lending them money to buy the food and munitions necessary to keep them on the fighting line until American men could arrive upon the field of battle.

American men quickly followed American money—and what a colossal task it was to prepare untrained young America to fight the veteran legions of the most powerful military nations of the earth! But this was not all: to transport them across three thousand miles of sea infested with treacherous submarines and to put them in the battle line on foreign soil in strange surroundings amid a jargon of foreign tongues, equipped to fight the experienced veterans of the enemy, seemed an impossible task. But in an incredibly short space of time our raw recruits were transformed into a militant and irresistible fighting force. Three thousand miles of ocean were annihilated. The submarine was overcome. The mighty legions of the trained enemy were met and conquered, and in eighteen months after America entered the war, victory had been torn from the hands of defeat and the American dough-boy was acclaimed as the protector of the Nation and the savior of liberty and democracy in the world. For these heroic achievements, and in the flush of victory, the lips of a grateful people, in a grand chorus of praise and gratitude, said that nothing was too good for him.

How was this mighty deed accomplished? By the organized

might of America! The crisis was so grave that we could not rely upon our traditional policy of waiting for the volunteer to come forward and undertake this perilous and prodigious task. Swift measures were imperative. The Congress had provided the necessary money and credit to sustain the Allied cause until American troops could take the field, and now Congress took the next great step and passed a law, establishing a fundamental principle of war making in a democracy—a universal draft law—that required every eligible young man, the sons of the rich and the sons of the poor alike, to go into training and fight without discrimination or favoritism for the cause of their country.

Under this law the strong arm of Uncle Sam stretched out into every home in the land where there was an eligible boy of military age, and took him, without the sanction and regardless of the feelings of parents and loved ones, before Selective Service Boards which chose those who were physically fit and sent them into training camps throughout the country. Four millions of America's finest young effectives were taken in this manner and molded into an unconquerable fighting force.

We did not ask these young men if they wanted to go into the trenches and give their lives for their country. We did not, nor could we in time of national peril, consult their wishes in the matter. We took them and sent them out to perform the supreme duty of patriotism. The life of the nation was at stake and it was they who had to save it. We did not ask these men what compensation would be acceptable for the hazardous work we thrust upon them. There was neither individual nor collective bargaining as, of course, there could not be. The Congress arbitrarily fixed their pay and said that a soldier should receive, while fighting on the bloody fields of France, the sum of \$1.10 per day, and while in reserve on American soil, awaiting the call to Europe, \$1.00 per day. In the judgment of Congress it was worth 10c more per day to face the enemy's shot and shell and poison gas on the battlefields of Europe, than to be in reserve in America. Of this meager compensation the soldier paid almost one-fourth for the life insurance which a grateful nation permitted him to buy at minimum rates. If he was a married man, he was required by law to pay in addition, another half of his compensa-



tion for the support of his dependent family. The little that was left (about \$10 per month) the soldier was permitted to dispose of as he saw fit. There was, of course, no chance for the men and women in the army and navy to effect savings. After payments for life insurance and allowance for the support of families and loved ones, barely enough was left for their ordinary needs.

The war was ended and, by their valor, ended a year sooner than expected!

The victorious heroes returned. With justified pride and deep emotion they trod again the soil of their native land amid the plaudits of the multitude. Then they were mustered out. Their swords were sheathed, their guns stacked, their uniforms laid aside and the undramatic and crowded fields of civil life stretched before them. These young heroes had come from the farms, the villages, the towns and the cities of every part of the land. They had given up their jobs and occupations. They had exchanged their environments for something new, something different, something uplifting. Their horizons had been widened. They had fought for great ideals and for noble objects. They had been reforged in a crucible of fire and remade in the grim school of discipline and danger. They were bigger men—they were broader men than the unsophisticated youths who entered the army as raw recruits from the farms, the plains, the mountains and the cities of a great nation. They had to start life anew with enlarged vision, with new and finer conceptions of duty, with higher aims and ambitions. Thousands of them could not look with patience upon the narrow and provincial life from which they had been drawn. They wanted larger opportunity to make themselves useful citizens of the greatest Republic of all time. They wanted a chance at a larger and more fruitful life.

But what was there to begin with except character, enlarged experience and bright hope? They had emerged from the warm atmosphere of national welcome to find themselves in the cold atmosphere of practical, unsympathetic, indifferent civil life. Where were the jobs they had been led to believe were awaiting with warm welcome their return? Where were the opportunities which they had been told that a grateful nation would shower upon them for their heroic services—for



their priceless contribution to the cause of liberty and democracy? They were gone. Jobs and opportunity had been conquered by those who stayed at home and faced no peril while the conquerors of the Nation's foe were engaged on the field of battle. Life stretched before them, but what was there to start with? Not even a paltry fund which, if promptly available, would have opened up to the returned soldier the opportunity for a new and prosperous career.

It was the very need of this assistance, resulting from the inadequate pay granted the soldiers, that prompted the suggestion that a grateful nation recognize their inestimable services by increasing the compensation paid to them during the war. This is familiarly known as "adjusted compensation" or "Soldiers' Bonus" and since it has been under consideration for the past four years and is an important public question, it does not seem inappropriate to discuss it on this occasion.

What is "adjusted compensation" or "Soldiers' bonus"?

It is a proposal that the men who fought in France and received but \$1.10 per day therefor, be paid an additional \$1.25 per day for the period of actual service and that the men who were held in reserve in camps in the United States and received but \$1.00 per day therefor, be paid an additional \$1.00 per day for the period of actual service—but that in no case should the soldier in foreign service receive a total additional payment of more than \$600 nor the soldier in home service a total of more than \$500.

Is this an unreasonable request? Is \$2.35 per day, or \$70.50 per month, too much to pay to the men who endured all the dangers and horrors and sufferings of the trenches and of bloody battles? Is \$2.00 per day too much to pay to the men who were kept in reserve awaiting orders to go to the front and fill the gaps caused by those who died in battle?

As adequate compensation for service performed, it is, of course, too little; but as evidence of gratitude and appreciation of a great duty nobly performed, it is something. As a genuine help to the four million men and women who saved the Nation from grave peril, it is much. As a matter of justice, it is everything.

While these men were fighting and sacrificing for country, every class in America, protected by their valor and sacrifice,

was living in safety and earning more money and making larger profits than ever before in our history. Even the civil employes of the Government more than 500,000 in number, who were receiving salaries of \$2500 or less per annum, were granted a bonus of \$240 per year. For the past five years these civil employes have already received a total bonus of \$1200 each—twice the maximum proposed for the soldiers, and the bonus is still continuing.

The great manufacturing interests, which produced war munitions and supplies, and the great trusts and combinations in control of vital necessities for the army and the navy, and the people, made fabulous profits during the war because the valor of our heroes in the field made them secure in life, liberty, property and the pursuit of profit. By contrast, how can this great nation fail to grant the claim of the men, who saved the nation from disaster, to the comparatively small recognition involved in the allowance of their request for a readjustment of compensation for the actual time they were in the service of their country?

A Committee of the Senate, after exhaustive investigation, reported that it would require only about \$1,600,000,000 to pay in cash the entire amount of the adjusted compensation or bonus to the enlisted men and women of the United States.

But immediately a cry arose from the very interests which had profited most by the valor of the soldiers, that to pay the adjusted compensation would impose a greater burden upon the American people than they could bear, and that the credit of the government would be destroyed if such payment should be undertaken.

Never was there a more fallacious and unsupportable claim, and never was there an exhibition of baser ingratitude.

The Nation could have paid the claims for adjusted compensation without hurt to the national credit, and without imposing serious burdens upon the people. The additional compensation should be treated as a part of the cost of the war and should, like other burdens of the war, be funded into long time obligations and the payment spread over several generations so that the present generation should not be required to pay an undue share of it and succeeding generations should be required to pay a just share of it. We could issue fifty-

year government bonds in sufficient amount to pay the bonus in cash and thus not only discharge creditably and promptly an obligation the country justly owes, but remove the question from the hands of partisan and tricky politicians who have made use of the issue for base and ignoble ends. By this method another desirable result is accomplished—additional onerous burdens would not be imposed on the present generation which is already staggering under a heavy load of taxation. Only the annual interest and sinking fund would have to be paid. This would not exceed a total of five per cent., or about \$80,000,000 per annum, to take care of the interest on the bonds and the payment of the principal at maturity.

There are those to say that our enlisted men and women should not be paid additional compensation because they will waste the money—that no benefits will therefore be conferred upon them. This is, of course, mere assertion based neither upon fact nor reason. Arguing from human experience and the natural tendency of most men and women to save money and not to waste it, to use it wisely and not to lose it, it is more reasonable to assume that the great majority will use the money beneficially. But assuming for the sake of argument that justice demands that the claims of the soldiers be paid, or that the gratitude of a saved nation prompts the payment, it is no answer to say that justice should be denied or gratitude stifled upon the mere assumption that those entitled to justice or those who should be the recipients of the nation's gratitude may not use the rewards wisely or beneficially. We cannot satisfy the demands of justice by being unjust nor manifest gratitude by refusing to be grateful. If the soldiers are entitled to the bonus either because justice demands it or gratitude prompts it, it should be paid to them no matter what they may do with it. In its final analysis it is an affront to the enlisted men and women to assume that they are so worthless and incompetent that they will not make proper use of a payment to which they are, in justice, entitled.

There are others who say that the bonus should not be paid because it will "commercialize patriotism." This is merely trying to satisfy conscience with a phrase. If it be commercializing patriotism to increase the pay of the soldier for the dangerous work he did in the war, then why was it not equally

commercializing patriotism to pay him anything whatever for serving in the war? The argument must be carried to its logical conclusion. Either he should be paid within reasonable limits to the full extent of the Nation's ability to pay, or he should not be paid at all. If patriotism is to be exacted of the soldier without cost, then in time of war all civilian effort should be drafted without cost, and no profit should be allowed private enterprise or service as a contribution to the war effort. The most unfair and unjust thing that the opponents of the soldiers' bonus have done to the four million gallant men and women who fought the war, is this attempt to impeach their patriotism. A greater wrong could not be done. If it would commercialize patriotism to increase the pay of the soldier for the service he rendered in the war, then what can be said of the gross commercializing of patriotism indulged in by every firm, corporation and individual who turned to the utmost profit the opportunities the war gave them.

It is not unnatural that the people should hesitate to assume new tax burdens at a time when they already are overloaded with state, local and national taxation. Certainly these burdens ought not to be increased without convincing reasons. The opposition to the soldiers' bonus is grounded largely upon the fear that it will inevitably impose new tax burdens. But this objection is met if the bonus can be paid without increasing existing burdens through a division of the tariff subsidies already imposed upon the people or through the issuance of long time government bonds which will distribute the burden lightly over several generations. But in no circumstances can any nation take the position that justice to any great class of its citizens shall be denied because it will cost something to do justice.

There are some things which cannot be measured in dollars. Justice is one of them. Liberty is another. Democracy is still another. Liberty and Democracy are founded upon Justice, and the nation must stand for justice and do justice no matter what the cost may be in blood or treasure. If we refuse to do justice to the great army of men and women who saved the nation in its hour of extremity; if we leave in the hearts of the four million defenders of the nation and in the

hearts of their families and friends the feeling that the nation is not only unjust, but ungrateful, may we not do a graver injury to the spirit and morale and patriotism of our people than any savings in taxation could ever compensate?

In the wave of materialism which has swept over the land since the war was fought, our higher ideals seem to have been obscured. What Armistice Day ought to celebrate instead of merely signify has not yet been secured. Perhaps these things are only in eclipse. The triumph over war, injustice and oppression has not yet come. It may never come in full perfection, but it is our duty to fight unfalteringly for this noble end.

Let us pray God that that day of triumph may come, and while we pray God and press on with unconquerable determination, let us make sure that we preserve the soul of the nation from the corroding influences of injustice, materialism and selfishness. Let us, on this day made glorious by the valorous deeds of our sons and daughters, resolve that this great nation, fashioned by our forefathers in the spirit of the Christian God and dedicated by them to the service of humanity, shall be preserved for all time.



# WILLIAM McKINLEY

## AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

[Address by William McKinley, delivered at the dedication of the Cuyahoga County Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Cleveland, O., July 4, 1894. Mayor Robert Blee, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, introduced Mr. McKinley, then Governor of Ohio. Previous to the address, "Our Bonnie Flag" was sung by children who in singing the chorus beat the time of the music with flags.]

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF CUYAHOGA COUNTY, MY COMRADES AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I wish the whole world might have witnessed the sight we have just seen and have heard the song we have just listened to from the school children of the City of Cleveland. With patriotism in our hearts and with the flag of our country in our hands, there is no danger of anarchy and there is no danger to the American Union. [Applause.]

The place, the day, and the occasion upon which we assemble, fill us with patriotic emotion. They are happily and appropriately united. This old Monumental Square is filled with hallowed memories. This day registers the birthday of the Declaration of Independence. And this Monument that we dedicate to-day attests that every promise of that declaration has been kept and performed. [Applause.] Standing in this presence, I am reminded that this Public Square has witnessed many interesting and memorable events. The first I recall was on the 10th day of September, 1860, when the monument to Commodore Perry was unveiled. It was a deeply interesting occasion. An immense crowd thronged this city as it throngs it to-day. Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, with his staff and State officers, and the members of the Legislature of that State, and the Providence Light Infantry, participated in the interesting ceremony. Governor Dennison, the first war governor Ohio ever had, delivered the address of welcome. General J. W. Fitch, remembered by the

older citizens of Cleveland, was the Grand Marshal of the day; and General Barnett, whose distinguished services in the war are yet fresh in the memory of the people, and who now participates in these ceremonies, was in command of the Cleveland Light Artillery Regiment. The great historian, George Bancroft, delivered the principal address of the day. It was probably, my fellow citizens, the greatest celebration that Cuyahoga County had seen up to that time. It was on this ground, too, that the Soldiers' and Sailors' Aid Society of Northern Ohio, aye, of the whole country, was organized, and some of the noble mothers who were at the birth of that organization are seated upon this platform to-day. These noble women gave unselfish devotion to the country, and money from all this section of the State poured into the coffers of that association for the relief of the men at the front, who were sustaining the flag. It was in this Square, too, that the remains of the martyred Lincoln, the greatest emancipator, rested as they journeyed to his Western home. It was on this very spot, almost where we stand to-day, that the whole population of Northern Ohio viewed for the last time him who had been captain of all our armies under the Constitution, and whose death was a sacrifice to the great cause of freedom and the Union. [Applause.]

Here, too, my fellow citizens, on this very spot, the remains of the immortal Garfield lay in state, attended by the Congress of the United States, by the supreme judiciary of the Nation, by the officers of the Army and the Navy of the United States, by the Governors and Legislators of all the surrounding States. The steady tread of a mourning State and Nation was uninterrupted through the entire night. It was here that the people looked upon his face for the last time forever.

Interesting, my fellow citizens, and patriotic as the scenes witnessed in the past have been, I venture to say that none of them has stirred so many memories or quickened such patriotic feeling as the services we perform to-day in the dedication of this beautiful structure to the memory of the loyal Soldiers and Sailors who contributed their lives to save the Government from dissolution. Cuyahoga County can well be proud of this great Memorial. It is a fitting tribute to the Soldiers living and the Soldiers dead. Cuyahoga's sons were

represented in nearly every branch of the military service. Almost every Ohio regiment received some contribution from Cuyahoga County, whether in the infantry, cavalry, artillery, on land or on sea. Whether among white troops or colored troops Cuyahoga County's sons were to be found, they were always found at the post of greatest danger. [Applause.]

Nothing has so impressed me in the program to-day as the organization of the old Soldiers, carrying with them their tattered flags, which they bore a third of a century ago upon the fields of war. More than sixty of the old regimental flags will be carried by the survivors of their respective regiments, and the flag room at the capitol at Columbus could not supply the men of Cuyahoga County all the flags which they are entitled to bear. Is it any wonder that these old Soldiers love to carry the flags under which they fought and for which their brave comrades gave up their lives?

Is it any wonder that the old Soldier loves the flag under whose folds he fought and for which his comrades shed so much blood? He loves it for what it is and for what it represents. It embodies the purposes and history of the Government itself. It records the achievements of its defenders upon land and sea. It heralds the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to liberty forever. It attests the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in all the wars of the Republic. It has been sanctified by the blood of our best and our bravest. It records the achievements of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln. It has been bathed in the tears of a sorrowing people. It has been glorified in the hearts of a freedom-loving people, not only at home but in every part of the world. Our flag expresses more than any other flag; it means more than any other national emblem. It expresses the will of a free people and proclaims that they are supreme and that they acknowledge no earthly sovereign other than themselves. It never was assaulted that thousands did not rise up to smite the assailant. Glorious old banner!

When the Stars and Stripes were hauled down on Sumter, flags without numbers were raised above every fireside in the land and all the glorious achievements which that flag represented with all its hallowed memories glowed with burning

fervor in the heart of every lover of liberty and the Union. The mad assault which was made upon the flag at that time aroused its defenders and kindled a patriotism which could not be quenched until it had extinguished the unholy cause which assaulted our holy banner.

What more beautiful conception than that which prompted Abra Kohn, of Chicago, in February, 1861, to send to Mr. Lincoln, on the eve of his starting to Washington to take the office of President, to which he had been elected, a flag of our country, bearing upon its silken folds these words from the fifth and ninth verses of the first chapter of Joshua: "Have I not commanded thee, be strong and of good courage? Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord, our God, is with thee, whithersoever thou goest. There shall no man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life. As I was with Moses, so shall I be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

Could anything have given Mr. Lincoln more cheer, or been better calculated to sustain his courage or strengthen his faith in the mighty work before him? Thus commanded, thus assured, Mr. Lincoln journeyed to the capital, where he took the oath of office and registered in heaven an oath to save the Union; and "the Lord, our God," was with him and did not fail nor forsake him until every obligation of oath and duty was sacredly kept and honored. Not any man was able to stand before him. Liberty was enthroned, the Union was saved and the flag which he carried floated in triumph and glory upon every flagstaff of the Republic.

What does this Monument mean? It means the immortal principle of patriotism. It means love of country. It means sacrifices for the country we love. It means not only love of country but love of liberty! This alone could have inspired over 2,800,000 Union soldiers to leave home and family and to offer to die if need be for our imperiled institutions. Love of country alone could have inspired 300,000 men to die for the Union. Nothing less sacred than this love of country could have sustained 175,000 brave men, who suffered and starved and died in rebel prisons. Nor could anything else have given comfort to the 500,000 maimed and diseased, who escaped immediate death in siege and battle to end in torment the re-



mainder of their patriot lives. It is a noble patriotism and it impels you, my fellow countrymen, to erect this magnificent monument to their honor and memory. And similar love of country will inspire your remotest descendants to do homage to their valor and bravery forever.

This is what the monument means. The lesson it conveys to the present and all future generations. It means that the cause which triumphed through their valor shall be perpetuated for all time.

Charles Sumner said that President Lincoln was put to death by the enemies of the Declaration of Independence, but, said Sumner, though dead, he would always continue to guard that title-deed of the human race. So that it does seem to me that every time we erect a new monument to the memory of the Union Soldiers and Sailors, we are cementing the very foundations of the Government itself. We are doing that which will strengthen our devotion to free institutions and insure their permanency for the remotest posterity. We are not only rendering immortal the fame of the men who participated in the war by these magnificent structures, but we are doing better than that. We are making immortal the principles for which they contended and the union of free men for which they died. [Applause.]

Their erection may be a matter of comparatively little importance or concern to the Union Soldiers who are still living, but no one can accurately foretell the value and importance of their influence upon the young men and the young women from whom the Republic must draw her future defenders. Every time we erect a monument, every time we do honor to the Soldiers of the Republic, we reaffirm our devotion to the country, to the glorious flag, to the immortal principles of liberty, equality, and justice, which have made the United States unrivaled among the nations of the world. The union of these States must be perpetual. That is what our brave boys died for. That is what this monument must mean; and such monuments as this are evidences that the people intend to take care that the great decrees of the war shall be unquestioned and supreme. [Applause.]

The unity of the Republic is secure so long as we continue to honor the memory of the men who died by the tens of thou-



sands to preserve it. The dissolution of the Union is impossible so long as we continue to inculcate lessons of fraternity, unity, and patriotism, and erect monuments to perpetuate these sentiments.

Such monuments as these have another meaning, which is one dear to the hearts of many who stand by me. It is, as Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the Nation's later birth of freedom and the people's gain of their own sovereignty shall not perish from the earth. That is what this monument means. That is the lesson of true patriotism; that what was won in war shall be worn in peace.

But we must not forget, my fellow countrymen, that the Union which these brave men preserved, and the liberties which they secured, place upon us, the living, the gravest responsibility. We are the freest Government on the face of the earth. Our strength rests in our patriotism. Anarchy flees before patriotism. Peace and order and security and liberty are safe so long as love of country burns in the hearts of the people. It should not be forgotten, however, that liberty does not mean lawlessness. Liberty to make our own laws does not give us license to break them. [Applause.] Liberty to make our own laws commands a duty to observe them ourselves and enforce obedience among all others within their jurisdiction. Liberty, my fellow citizens, is responsibility, and responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law and for the law and by the law.

# HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING

## PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS

[Address by Cardinal Manning, English Roman Catholic prelate and religious writer (born in Totteridge, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808; died in London, January 14, 1892), delivered February 1, 1882, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, London, at a meeting convened by the Lord Mayor to give expression to the feeling excited in England by the then recently perpetrated atrocities upon the Jews in Russia.]

MY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It has often fallen to my lot to move a resolution in meetings such as this, but never in my memory have I moved one with more perfect conviction of my reason or more entire concurrence of my heart. Before I use any further words, it will, perhaps, be better that I should read what that resolution is. It is, "That this meeting, while disclaiming any right or desire to interfere in the internal affairs of another country, and desiring that the most amicable relations between England and Russia should be preserved, feels it a duty to express its opinion that the laws of Russia relating to the Jews tend to degrade them in the eyes of the Christian population, and to expose Russian Jewish subjects to the outbreaks of fanatical ignorance."

I need not disclaim, for I accept the eloquent disclaimer of the noble lord, that we are not met here for a political purpose. If there were a suspicion of any party politics, I should not be standing here. It is because I believe that we are highly above all the tumults of party politics, that we are in the serene region of human sympathy and human justice, that I am here to-day. I can also declare that nothing can be further from my intention, as I am confident nothing can be further from yours, than to do that which would be a violation of the laws of mutual peace and order, and the respect which binds nations

together, or to attempt to interfere or dictate in the domestic legislation of Russia. I am also bound to say that I share heartily in the words of veneration used by the noble earl [the Earl of Shaftesbury, who moved the first resolution: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the persecution and the outrages which the Jews in many parts of the Russian dominion have for several months past suffered, are an offense to civilization to be deeply deplored."] towards his Imperial Majesty of Russia. No man can have watched the last year of the Imperial family, no man can know the condition in which the Emperor stands now without a profound sympathy which would at once bind every disposition to use a single expression which would convey a wound to the mind of the Czar. Therefore, I disclaim absolutely and altogether that anything that passes from my lips—and I believe I can speak for all—should assume a character inconsistent with veneration for a person charged with a responsibility so great. Further, I may say that while we do not pretend to touch upon any question in the internal legislation of Russia, there are laws larger than any Russian legislation—the laws of humanity and of God, which are the foundation of all other laws, and if in any legislation they be violated, all the nations of Christian Europe, the whole commonwealth of civilized and Christian men would instantly acquire a right to speak out aloud.

And now I must touch upon one point, which I acknowledge has been very painful to me. We have all watched for the last twelve months the anti-Semitic movement in Germany. I look upon it with a twofold feeling—in the first place with horror as tending to disintegrate the foundations of social life, and, secondly, with great fear lest it may light up an animosity, which has already taken flame in Russia and may spread elsewhere. I have read with great regret an elaborate article, full, no doubt, of minute observations, written from Prussia and published in "The Nineteenth Century," giving a description of the class animosities, jealousies, and rivalries which are at present so rife in that country. When I read that article, my first feeling was one of infinite sorrow that the power and energy of the Old Testament should be so much greater in Brandenburg than those of the New. I am sorry to see that a society penetrated with rationalism has not so much Christian

knowledge, Christian power, Christian character, and Christian virtue as to render it impossible that, cultivated, refined, industrious, and energetic as they are, they should endanger the Christian society of that great kingdom. I have also read with pain accounts of the condition of the Russian Jews, bringing against them accusations which, if I touch upon them, I must ask my Jewish friends near me to believe I reject with incredulity and horror. Nevertheless, I have read that the cause of what has happened in Russia is that the Jews have been pliers of infamous trades—usurers, immoral, demoralizing, and I know not what. When I read these accusations, I ask, Will they be cured by crime, murder, outrage, abominations of every sort? Are they not learning the lesson from those who ought to teach a higher?

Again, if it be true, which I do not believe, that they are in the condition described are they not under penal laws? Is there anything that can degrade men more than to close against intelligent, energy, and industry all the honorable careers of public life? Is there anything that can debase and irritate the soul of man more than to be told, "You must not pass beyond that boundary; you must not go within eighteen miles of that frontier; you must not dwell in that town; you must live only in that province"? I do not know how any one can believe that the whole population can fail to be affected in its inmost soul by such laws; and if it be possible to make it worse, this is the mode and the discipline to make it so.

They bring these accusations against the Russian Jews; why do they not bring them against the Jews of Germany? By the acknowledgment of the anti-Semitic movement, the Jews in Germany rise head and shoulders above their fellows. Why do they not bring these accusations against the Jews of France? Is there any career of public utility, any path of honor, civil or military, in which the Jews have not stood side by side with their countrymen? If the charge is brought against the Jews of Russia, who will bring it against the Jews of England? For uprightness, for refinement, for generosity, for charity, for all the graces and virtues that adorn humanity, where will be found examples brighter or more true of human excellence than in this Hebrew race? And when we are told that the

accounts of those atrocities are not to be trusted, I ask if there were to appear in the newspapers long and minute narratives of murder, rapine, and other atrocities round about the Egyptian hall, in Old Jewry, in Houndsditch, in Shoreditch, if it were alleged that the Lord Mayor was looking on, that the metropolitan police did nothing, that the guards at the Tower were seen mingled with the mob, I believe you would thank any man who gave you an opportunity of exposing and contradicting the statement.

Well, then, I say we are rendering a public service to the public departments and Ministry of Russia by what we are doing now, and I believe it will carry consolation to the heart of the great prince who reigns over that vast empire. But let me suppose for a moment that these things are true—I do not found my belief in their truth from what has appeared either in "The Times" newspaper or in the "Pall Mall Gazette," which has confirmed the statements. I hold the proofs in my own hand. And from whom do they come? From official documents, from the Minister of the Interior, General Ignatieff. The resolution speaks of the laws of Russia as regards its Jewish subjects. I do not assume to be an old jurist in English law, much less to say what the laws of Russia are in this respect. I should not know what to say on the resolution if I did not hold in my hand a rescript of much importance. I hope I shall not be told that, like the ukase, it is a forgery. These horrible atrocities had continued throughout May, June, and July, and in the month of August this document was issued. The first point in it is that it laments and deplores—what? The atrocities on the Jewish subjects of the Czar? By no means, but the sad condition of the Christian inhabitants of the southern provinces. The next point is that the main cause of these "movements and riots," as they are called, to which the Russian nation had been a stranger, is but a commercial one. The third point is that this conduct of the Jews has called forth "protests" on the part of the people, as manifested by acts—of what do you think? Of violence and robbery. Fourthly, we are told by the Minister of the Interior that the country is subject to malpractices, which were, it is known, the cause of the agitation.



My Lord Mayor, if the logic of this document be calm, the rhetoric and insinuation of it are most inflammatory, and I can hardly conceive how, with that rescript in their hands, the Russian population could not have felt that they were encouraged to go on. The document then goes on to say, "We have appointed a Commission to inquire"—into what? "First, what are the trades of the Jews which are injurious to the inhabitants of the place; and, secondly, what makes it impracticable to put into force the already existing laws limiting the rights of the Jews in the matter of buying and farming land and trading in intoxicants and usury. Thirdly, how shall these laws be altered so that the Jews can no longer evade them, and what new laws may be passed to prevent their evasion."

Besides answering the foregoing questions, the following additional information was sought—first, on usury; secondly, on the number of public houses; thirdly, on the number of persons in the service of the Jews; fourthly, on the extent and acreage of the land; and, lastly, on the number of Jewish agriculturists. We have in our hands the Russian laws affecting the Jewish subjects of the Empire. I would ask what is the remedy for a population in this state? Is it more penal laws? Is it to disqualify them from holding land? Is it to forbid them to send their children to higher places of education? No, my Lord Mayor; I believe that the remedy for this state of things is twofold—first, the vital supremacy of Christian law in all its amplitude. It was not by laws like these that the Christians won the world and won the Imperial power to execute justice among men. It will not be by laws other than these that the great Imperial power of Russia will blend with the population of the Empire their Jewish subjects.

The other remedy I believe to be this: a stern and merciful execution of justice upon evil-doers, coupled with a stern and rigorous concession of all that is right in the law of nature and of God to every man. All that is necessary for the protection of life and limb, and liberty and property—all that constitutes human freedom—this, and nothing less than this, will be the remedy for the evil of which the Minister of the Interior complains.

I look very hopefully to what may be the effect of this meeting. Do not let us overrate it. If we believe that this meeting will have done the work, and that we may cease to speak, its effect will not be what we desire. Let us not underrate it either. I believe that all through the United Kingdom there will be a response to this meeting. Manchester and Birmingham have begun; and wheresoever the English tongue is spoken throughout the world, that which your lordship has said so eloquently and so powerfully will be known. I believe at the very moment we are assembled here, a meeting of the same kind is assembled in New York; and what passes here will be translated into every language of Europe, and will pass even the frontiers of Russia. Like the light and the air, it cannot be excluded, and wheresoever there is human sympathy the declarations that are made here and elsewhere will meet with a response that will tend to put an end to these horrible atrocities.

There is a book, my lord, which is common to the race of Israel and to us Christians. That book is a bond between us, and in that book I read that the people of Israel are the eldest people upon the earth. Russia, and Austria, and England of yesterday compared with the imperishable people which, with an inextinguishable life and immutable traditions, and faith in God and in the laws of God, scattered as it is all over the world, passing through the fires unscathed, trampled into the dust, and yet never combining with the dust into which it is trampled, lives still a witness and a warning to us. We are in the bonds of brotherhood with it. The New Testament rests upon the Old. They believe in half of that for which we would give our lives. Let us then acknowledge that we unite in a common sympathy. I read in that book these words, "I am angry with a great anger with the wealthy nations that are at ease, because I was a little angry with Israel, and they helped forward the affliction." That is, my people were scattered; they suffered unknown and unimaginable sufferings, and the nations of the world that dwell at ease and were wealthy, and had power in their hands, helped forward a very weighty affliction which was upon them all.

My lord, I only hope this—that not one man in England who calls himself a civilized or Christian man will have it in his

heart to add by a single word to that which this great and ancient and noble people suffer; but that we shall do all we can by labor, by speech, and by prayer to lessen if it be possible, or at least to keep ourselves from sharing in sympathy with these atrocious deeds.

# THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL

## FAREWELL TO THE SENATE

[Thomas Riley Marshall, twenty-eighth Vice President of the United States, was born in North Manchester, Indiana, in 1854. He graduated from Wabash College in 1873, was admitted to the bar in 1875 and was Governor of Indiana from 1909 to 1913. Mr. Marshall has long been widely known as an after-dinner speaker and his occasional addresses while Vice President were distinguished by their pith and humor. The address which follows was his farewell to the Senate made on March 4, 1921.]

SENATORS:—Very shortly I shall have ended my official life as the constitutional presiding officer of this body. That moment, when it arrives, will not mark my demotion into the ranks of the average American citizen, for I never arose above them.

I sprang from the loins of men who helped to lay the foundations of the Republic. At my birth my father placed upon my baby brow the coronal of a free-born American citizen. In my youth I was taught that if I wore it worthily, no prince nor potentate nor electorate could add to or detract from the honor of that royal coronet.

I may have failed but I have tried to keep the faith. I have never doubted that, so far as the principles of civil government are concerned, the pillars of Hercules rest upon the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. To my mind there is no beyond. The forms under which the principles of the Republic are administered may need changes to meet changing conditions but the underlying idea does not, for truth is unchanging and eternal. What was so when the morning stars sang together will be so when the Angel of the Apocalypse appears.

I venture to express this much of that idea: A government dedicated to the inalienable rights of man to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness can find its perfect accomplish-

ment only in representatives brave and strong enough to rise above the ambitions, passions, and prejudices of individuals and groups. Representative government was intended to guaranty these inalienable rights of man through the enactment and enforcement of laws calculated to preserve and promote equal and exact justice to all men. Religions die because priests mumble their creeds but have no faith in their gods. Governments go to wreck because their statesmen shout aloud their shibboleths but let a friendly enemy pass the ford.

I freely grant the right of this people to change our form of government and to adopt other basic principles, but, if it is to be done, let it be done decently and directly so that all of us may know it. The old faith has already too many sleek and smiling Joabs asking of it, "Is it well with thee, my brother?"

While the old order endures let representatives represent the old ideals; let it be understood that they are not mere bell boys, subject to calls for legislative cracked ice every time the victims of a debauch of greed, gambling, or improvidence feel the fever of frenzied need.

The life is more than meat and the body more than raiment. It is of a minor importance who holds the wealth of the Nation if the hearts of all its people beat with true historic American throb. The clothes may mark but the clothes cannot make the gentleman. The economic rehabilitation of America is of vast moment but the rehabilitation of the ancient faith which upheld the ragged Continentals, emerged in pristine glory from the throes of civil war, and hurled its smiling and undaunted face against the grim engines of tyranny upon the fields of France, is a far greater work.

It is enough—perhaps too much. Who am I to suggest, even with shame-faced timidity, anything to you? For eight long years, crowded with events which have forever changed the currents of the world's history, I have been with you. I come to the end of them with a feeling of heartfelt gratitude to you all for those little, nameless unremembered acts of kindness and charity which have marked your friendship and good will. You have been good to me. The odor of your friendship will sweeten any air that I may breathe. Not one of you can wish for himself a kindlier fate than I would give you if I were omnipotent.



I go but you remain. I leave with the same inarticulate cry in my soul with which I came to you: My country. It is no new nor unusual cry for the American, but it has, I fear, myriad concepts. To some it means broad acres and fertile fields; to many, opportunity for personal preferment; to a thoughtless few, the right to utter every vagrant word which finds lodgment in a mind diseased; to the half educated, that democracy should be governed as soon by the infant's cry as by the prophet's warning. But to me it is but the composite voice of all the good and wise and self-sacrificing souls who trod or tread its soil, calling for the liberty which is law-encrowned, preaching that doctrine which seeks not its own but the common good and, above all, warning us by the memory of the dead and the hope of the unborn to close our ears to the mouthings of every peripatetic reformer who tells us that the way to sanctify the Republic is to remove every landmark which has hitherto marked the boundaries of national and individual life.

It is no new religion we need. Our creed should be: One Lord, one faith, one baptism—the Lord of Justice, who was with Washington at Valley Forge, Grant and Lee at Appomattox, Pershing on the fields of France; the faith that under a republican form of government alone, democracy permanently can endure; the baptism of that spirit which will not be content until no man is above the penalties and no man beyond the protection of our laws.

Let him who goes and him who stays remember that he who saves his life at the loss of his country's honor, loses it, and he who loses his life for the sake of his country's honor, saves it. [Applause.]

And now, by virtue of the power in me vested, I declare the Senate of the Sixty-sixth Congress of the United States adjourned sine die.

# BRANDER MATTHEWS

## AMERICAN CHARACTER

[Brander Matthews, author and critic, was born in New Orleans in 1852, and has been Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University since 1890. Other addresses by him appear in Volumes II and V. The following address was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Columbia University in June, 1905, and was repeated at Rutgers College in November, 1905. It is reprinted here with permission of author and publisher from "The American of the Future." Copyright Charles Scribner's Sons.]

IN a volume recording a series of talks with Tolstoi, published by a French writer in the final months of 1904, we are told that the Russian novelist thought the Dukhobors had attained to a perfected life, in that they were simple, free from envy, wrath and ambition, detesting violence, refraining from theft and murder, and seeking ever to do good. Then the Parisian interviewer asked which of the peoples of the world seemed most remote from the perfection to which the Dukhobors had elevated themselves; and when Tolstoi returned that he had given no thought to this question, the French correspondent suggested that we Americans deserved to be held up to scorn as the least worthy of nations.

The tolerant Tolstoi asked his visitor why he thought so ill of us; and the journalist of Paris then put forth the opinion that we Americans are "a people terribly practical, avid of pleasure, systematically hostile to all idealism. The ambition of the American's heart, the passion of his life, is money; and it is rather a delight in the conquest and possession of money than in the use of it. The Americans ignore the arts; they despise disinterested beauty. And now, moreover, they are imperialists. They could have remained peaceful without danger to their national existence; but they had to have a fleet and an army. They set out after Spain, and attacked her; and now they begin to defy Europe. Is there not something

scandalous in this revelation of the conquering appetite in a new people with no hereditary predisposition toward war?"

It is to the credit of the French correspondent that after setting down this fervid arraignment, he was honest enough to record Tolstoi's dissent. But although he dissented, the great Russian expressed little surprise at the virulence of this diatribe. No doubt it voiced an opinion familiarized to him of late by many a newspaper of France and Germany. Fortunately for us, the assertion that foreign nations are a contemporaneous posterity is not quite true. Yet the opinion of foreigners, even when most at fault, must have its value for us as a useful corrective of conceit. We ought to be proud of our country; but we need not be vain about it. Indeed, it would be difficult for the most patriotic of us to find any satisfaction in the figure of the typical American which apparently exists in the mind of most Europeans, and which seems to be a composite photograph of the backwoodsman of Cooper, the negro of Mrs. Stowe, and the Mississippi river-folk of Mark Twain, modified perhaps by more vivid memories of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Surely this is a strange monster; and we need not wonder that foreigners feel towards it as Voltaire felt toward the prophet Habakkuk,—whom he declared to be "capable of anything."

It has seemed advisable to quote here what the Parisian journalist said of us, not because he himself is a person of consequence, indeed, he is so obscure that there is no need even to mention his name, but because he has had the courage to attempt what Burke declared to be impossible,—to draw an indictment against a whole nation. It would be easy to retort on him in kind, for, unfortunately,—and to the grief of all her friends,—France has laid herself open to accusations as sweeping and as violent. It would be easy to dismiss the man himself as one whose outlook on the world is so narrow that it seems to be little more than what he can get through a chance slit in the wall of his own self-sufficiency. It would be easy to answer him in either of these fashions, but what is easy is rarely worth while; and it is wiser to weigh what he said and to see if we cannot find our profit in it.

Sifting the essential charges from out the mass of his malevolent accusation, we find this Frenchman alleging first, that we

Americans care chiefly for making money; second, that we are hostile to art and to all forms of beauty; and thirdly, that we are devoid of ideals. These three allegations may well be considered, one by one, beginning with the assertion that we are mere money-makers.

Now, in so far as this Frenchman's belief is but an exaggeration of the saying of Napoleon's, that the English were a nation of shopkeepers, we need not wince, for the Emperor of the French found to his cost that those same English shopkeepers had a stout stomach for fighting. Nor need we regret that we can keep shop profitably, in these days when the doors of the bankers' vaults are the real gates of the Temple of Janus, war being impossible until they open. There is no reason for alarm or for apology so long as our shopkeeping does not cramp our muscle or curb our spirit, for, as Bacon declared three centuries ago, "walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery and the like, all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike."

Even the hostile French traveler did not accuse us of any flabbiness of fiber; indeed, he declaimed especially against our "conquering appetite," which seemed to him scandalous "in a new people with no hereditary predisposition toward war." But here he fell into a common blunder; the United States may be a new nation—although as a fact the stars-and-stripes is now older than the tricolor of France, the union-jack of Great Britain and the standards of those new-comers among the nations, Italy and Germany,—the United States may be a new nation, but the people here have had as many ancestors as the population of any other country. The people here, moreover, have "a hereditary predisposition toward war," or at least toward adventure, since they are, every man of them, descended from some European more venturesome than his fellows, readier to risk the perils of the Western Ocean and bolder to front the unknown danger of an unknown land. The warlike temper, the aggressiveness, the imperialistic sentiment,—these are in us no new development of unexpected ambition; and they ought not to surprise any one familiar with the way in which our forefathers grasped this Atlantic

coast first, then thrust themselves across the Alleghanies, spread abroad to the Mississippi, and reached out at last to the Rockies and to the Pacific. The lust of adventure may be dangerous, but it is no new thing; it is in our blood, and we must reckon with it.

Perhaps it is because "the breed and disposition of the people" is "stout and warlike" that our shopkeeping has been successful enough to awaken envious admiration among other races whose energy may have been relaxed of late. After all, the arts of war and the arts of peace are not so unlike; and in either a triumph can be won only by an imagination strong enough to foresee and to divine what is hidden from the weakling. We are a trading community, after all and above all, even if we come of fighting stock. We are a trading community, just as Athens was, and Venice and Florence. And like the men of these earlier commonwealths, the men of the United States are trying to make money. They are striving to make money not solely to amass riches, but partly because having money is the outward and visible sign of success,—because it is the most obvious measure of accomplishment.

In his talk with Tolstoi our French critic revealed an unexpected insight when he asserted that the passion of American life was not so much the use of money as a delight in the conquest of it. Many an American man of affairs would admit without hesitation that he would rather make half a million dollars than inherit a million. It is the process he enjoys, rather than the result; it is the tough tussle in the open market which gives him the keenest pleasure, and not the idle contemplation of wealth safely stored away. He girds himself for battle and fights for his own hand; he is the son and the grandson of the stalwart adventurers who came from the Old World to face the chances of the new. This is why he is unwilling to retire as men are wont to do in Europe when their fortunes are made. Merely to have money does not greatly delight him—although he would regret not having it; but what does delight him unceasingly is the fun of making it.

The money itself often he does not know what to do with; and he can find no more selfish use for it than to give it away. He seems to recognize that his making it was in some measure due to the unconscious assistance of the community as a whole;



and he feels it his duty to do something for the people among whom he lives. It must be noted that the people themselves also expect this from him; they expect him sooner or later to pay his footing. As a result of this pressure of public opinion and of his own lack of interest in money itself, he gives freely. In time he comes to find pleasure in this as well; and he applies his business sagacity to his benefactions. Nothing is more characteristic of modern American life than this pouring out of private wealth for public service. Nothing remotely resembling it is to be seen now in any country of the Old World; and not even in Athens in its noblest days was there a larger-handed lavishness of the individual for the benefit of the community.

Again, in no country of the Old World is the prestige of wealth less powerful than it is here. This, of course, the foreigner fails to perceive; he does not discover that it is not the man who happens to possess money that we regard with admiration but the man who is making money, and thereby proving his efficiency and indirectly benefiting the community. To many it may sound like an insufferable paradox to assert that nowhere in the civilized world to-day is money itself of less weight than here in the United States; but the broader his opportunity the more likely is an honest observer to come to this unexpected conclusion. Fortunes are made in a day almost, and they may fade away in a night; as the Yankee proverb put it pithily, "it's only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." Wealth is likely to lack something of its glamor in a land where well-being is widely diffused and where a large proportion of the population have either had fortune and lost it, or else expect to gain one in the immediate future.

Probably also there is no country which now contains more men who do not greatly care for large gains and who have gladly given up money-making for some other occupation they found more profitable for themselves. These are the men like Thoreau—in whose "Walden," now half a century old, we can find an emphatic declaration of all the latest doctrines of the simple life. We have all heard of Agassiz,—best of Americans, even though he was born in another republic,—how he repelled the proffer of large terms for a series of lectures, with the answer that he had no time to make money. Closely

akin was the reply of a famous machinist in response to an inquiry as to what he had been doing,—to the effect that he had accomplished nothing of late,—“we have just been building engines and making money, and I’m about tired of it.” There are not a few men to-day in these toiling United States who hold with Ben Jonson that “money never made any man rich,—but his mind.”

But while this is true, while there are some men among us who care little for money, and while there are many who care chiefly for the making of it, ready to share it when made with their fellow-citizens, candor compels the admission that there are also not a few who are greedy and grasping, selfish and shameless, and who stand forward, conspicuous and unscrupulous, as if to justify to the full the aspersions, which foreigners cast upon us. Although these men manage for the most part to keep within the letter of the law, their morality is that of the wrecker and of the pirate. It is a symptom of health in the body politic that the proposal has been made to inflict social ostracism upon the criminal rich. We need to stiffen our conscience and to set up a loftier standard of social intercourse, refusing to fellowship with the men who make their money by overriding the law or by undermining it,—just as we should have declined the friendship of Captain Kidd laden down with stolen treasure.

In the immediate future these men will be made to feel that they are under the ban of public opinion. One sign of an acuter sensitiveness is the recent outcry against the acceptance of “tainted money” for the support of good works. Although it is wise always to give a good deed the credit of a good motive, yet it is impossible sometimes not to suspect that certain large gifts have an aspect of “conscience money.” Some of them seem to be the result of a desire to divert public attention from the evil way in which the money was made to the nobler manner in which it is spent. They appear to be the attempt of a social outlaw to buy his peace with the community. Apparently there are rich men among us, who, having sold their honor for a price, would now gladly give up the half of their fortunes to get it back.

Candor compels the admission also that by the side of the criminal rich there exists the less noxious but more offensive

class of the idle rich, who lead lives of wasteful luxury and of empty excitement. When the French reporter who talked with Tolstoi called us Americans "avid of pleasure" it was this little group he had in mind, as he may have seen the members of it splurging about in Paris, squandering and self-advertising. Although these idle rich now exhibit themselves most openly and to least advantage in Paris and in London, their foolish doings are recorded superabundantly in our own newspapers; and their demoralizing influence is spread abroad. The snobbish report of their misguided attempt at amusement may even be a source of danger in that it seems to recognize a false standard of social success or in that it may excite a miserable ambition to emulate these pitiful frivolities. But there is no need of delaying longer over the idle rich; they are only a few, and they have doomed themselves to destruction, since it is an inexorable fact that those who break the laws of nature can have no hope of executive clemency.

Patience a little; learn to wait,  
Years are long on the clock of fate.

The second charge which the wandering Parisian journalist brought against us was that we ignore the arts and that we despise disinterested beauty. Here again the answer that is easiest is not altogether satisfactory. There is no difficulty in declaring that there are American artists, both painters and sculptors, who have gained the most cordial appreciation in Paris itself, or in drawing attention to the fact that certain of the minor arts,—that of the silversmith, for one, and for another, that of the glass-blower and the glass-cutter,—flourish in the United States at least as freely as they do anywhere else, while the art of designing in stained glass has had a new birth here, which has given it a vigorous vitality lacking in Europe since the Middle Ages. It would not be hard to show that our American architects are now undertaking to solve new problems wholly unknown to the builders of Europe, and that they are often succeeding in this grapple with unprecedented difficulty. Nor would it take long to draw up a list of the concerted efforts of certain of our cities to make themselves more worthy and more sightly with parks well planned and

with public buildings well proportioned and appropriately decorated. We might even invoke the memory of the evanescent loveliness of the White City that graced the shores of Lake Michigan a few years ago; and we might draw attention again to the Library of Congress, a later effort of the allied arts of the architect, the sculptor and the painter.

But however full of high hope for the future we may esteem these several instances of our reaching out for beauty, we must admit—if we are honest with ourselves—that they are all more or less exceptional, and that to offset this list of artistic achievements the Devil's Advocate could bring forward a damning catalog of crimes against good taste which would go far to prove that the feeling for beauty is dead here in America and also the desire for it. The Devil's Advocate would bid us consider the flaring and often vulgar advertisements that disfigure our highways, the barbaric ineptness of many of our public buildings, the squalor of the outskirts of our towns, and villages, the hideousness and horror of the slums in most of our cities, the negligent toleration of dirt and disorder in our public conveyances, and many another pitiable deficiency of our civilization present in the minds of all of us.

The sole retort possible is a plea of confession and avoidance, coupled with a promise of reformation. These evils are evident and they cannot be denied. But they are less evident to-day than they were yesterday; and we may honestly hope that they will be less evident to-morrow. The bare fact that they have been observed warrants the belief that unceasing effort will be made to do away with them. Once aroused, public opinion will work its will in due season. And here occasion serves to deny boldly the justice of a part of the accusation which the French reporter brought against us. It may be true that we "ignore the arts,"—although this is an obvious overstatement of the case; but it is not true that we "despise beauty." However ignorant the American people may be as a whole, they are in no sense hostile toward art—as certain other peoples seem to be. On the contrary, they welcome it; with all their ignorance, they are anxious to understand it; they are pathetically eager for it. They are so desirous of it that they want it in a hurry, only too often to find themselves put off with an empty imitation. But the



desire itself is indisputable; and its accomplishment is likely to be helped along by the constant commingling here of peoples from various other stocks than the Anglo-Saxon, since the mixture of races tends always to a swifter artistic development.

It is well to probe deeper into the question and to face the fact that not only in the arts but also in the sciences we are not doing all that may fairly be expected of us. Athens was a trading city as New York is, but New York has had no Sophocles and no Phidias. Florence and Venice were towns whose merchants were princes, but no American city has yet brought forth a Giotto, a Dante, a Titian. It is now nearly threescore years and ten since Emerson delivered his address on the "American Scholar," which has well been styled our intellectual Declaration of Independence, and in which he expressed the hope that "perhaps the time is already come . . . when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fulfil the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of a mechanical skill." Nearly seventy years ago was this prophecy uttered which still echoes unaccomplished.

In the nineteenth century in which we came to maturity as a nation, no one of the chief leaders of art, even including literature in its broadest aspects, and no one of the chief leaders in science, was native to our country. Perhaps we might claim that Webster was one of the world's greatest orators and that Parkman was one of the world's greatest historians; but probably the experts outside of the United States would be found unprepared and unwilling to admit either claim, however likely it may be to win acceptance in the future. Lincoln is indisputably one of the world's greatest statesmen; and his fame is now firmly established throughout the whole of civilization. But this is all we can assert; and we cannot deny that we have given birth to very few indeed of the foremost poets, dramatists, novelists, painters, sculptors, architects or scientific discoverers of the last hundred years.

Alfred Russel Wallace, whose renown is linked with Darwin's and whose competence as a critic of scientific advance is beyond dispute, has declared that the nineteenth century was the most wonderful of all since the world began. He asserts



that the scientific achievements of the last hundred years, both in the discovery of general principles and in their practical application, exceed in number the sum total of the scientific achievements to be credited to all the centuries that went before. He considers, first of all, the practical applications, which made the aspect of civilization in 1900 differ in a thousand ways from what it had been in 1801. He names a dozen of these practical applications: railways, steam navigation, the electric telegraph, the telephone, friction-matches, gas-lighting, electric lighting, the photograph, the Roentgen rays, spectrum analysis, anæsthetics, and antiseptics. It is with pride that an American can check off not a few of these utilities as being due wholly or in large part to the ingenuity of one or another of his countrymen.

But his pride has a fall when Wallace draws up a second list not of mere inventions but of those fundamental discoveries, of those fecundating theories underlying all practical applications and making them possible, of those principles "which have extended our knowledge or widened our conceptions of the universe." Of these he catalogs twelve; and we are pained to find that no American has had an important share in the establishment of any of these broad generalizations. He may have added a little here and there; but no single one of all the twelve discoveries is mainly to be credited to any American. It seems as if our French critic was not so far out when he asserted that we were "terribly practical." In the application of principles, in the devising of new methods, our share was larger than that of any other nation. In the working out of the stimulating principles themselves, our share was less than "a younger brother's portion."

It is only fair to say, however, that even though we may not have brought forth a chief leader of art or of science to adorn the wonderful century, there are other evidences of our practical sagacity than those set down by Wallace, evidences more-favorable and of better augury for our future. We derived our language and our laws, our public justice and our representative government from our English ancestors, as we derived from the Dutch our religious toleration and perhaps also our large freedom of educational opportunity. In our time we have set an example to others and helped along the

progress of the world. President Eliot holds that we have made five important contributions to the advancement of civilization. First of all, we have done more than any other people to further peace-keeping, and to substitute legal arbitration for the brute conflict of war. Second, we have set a splendid example of the broadest religious toleration,—even though Holland had first shown us how. Thirdly, we have made evident the wisdom of universal manhood suffrage. Fourthly, by our welcoming of new-comers from all parts of the earth, we have proved that men belonging to a great variety of races are fit for political freedom. Finally, we have succeeded in diffusing material well-being among the whole population to an extent without parallel in any other country in the world.

These five American contributions to civilization are all of them the result of the practical side of the American character. They may even seem commonplace as compared with the conquering exploits of some other races. But they are more than merely practical; they are all essentially moral. As President Eliot insists, they are “triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith and justice over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity and distrust. Beneath each of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit.”

A “strong ethical sentiment,” and a “strenuous moral purpose” cannot flourish unless they are deeply rooted to idealism. And here we find an adequate answer to the third assertion of Tolstoi’s visitor, who maintained that we are “hostile to all idealism.” Our idealism may be of a practical sort, but it is idealism none the less. Emerson was an idealist, although he was also a thrifty Yankee. Lincoln was an idealist, even if he was also a practical politician, and opportunist, knowing where he wanted to go, but never crossing a bridge before he came to it. Emerson and Lincoln had ever a firm grip on the facts of life; each of them kept his gaze fixed on the stars,—and he also kept his feet firm on the soil.

There is a sham idealism, boastful and shabby, which stares at the moon and stumbles in the mud, as Shelley and Poe stumbled. But the basis of the highest genius is always a

broad common sense. Shakspeare and Molière were held in esteem by their comrades for their understanding of affairs; and they each of them had money out at interest. Sophocles was entrusted with command in battle; and Goethe was the shrewdest of the Grand Duke's counselors. The idealism of Shakspeare and of Molière, of Sophocles and of Goethe, is like that of Emerson and of Lincoln; it is unfailingly practical. And thereby it is sharply set apart from the aristocratic idealism of Plato and of Renan, of Ruskin and of Nietzsche, which is founded on obvious self-esteem and which is sustained by arrogant and inexhaustible egotism. True idealism is not only practical, it is also liberal and tolerant.

Perhaps it might seem to be claiming too much to insist on certain points of similarity between us and the Greeks of old. The points of dissimilarity are only too evident to most of us; and yet there is a likeness as well as an unlikeness. Professor Butcher has recently asserted that "no people was ever less detached from the practical affairs of life" than the Greeks, "less insensible to outward utility; yet they regarded prosperity as a means, never as an end. The unquiet spirit of gain did not take possession of their souls. Shrewd traders and merchants, they were yet idealists. They did not lose sight of the higher and distinctively human aims which give life its significance." It will be well for us if this can be said of our civilization two thousand years after its day is done; and it is for us to make sure that "the unquiet spirit of gain" shall not take possession of our souls. It is for us also to rise to the attitude of the Greeks, among whom, as Professor Butcher points out, "money lavished on personal enjoyment was counted vulgar, oriental, inhuman."

There is comfort in the memory of Lincoln and of those whose death on the field of Gettysburg he commemorated. The men who there gave up their lives that the country might live, had answered to the call of patriotism, which is one of the sublimest images of idealism. There is comfort also in the recollection of Emerson, and in the fact that for many of the middle years of the nineteenth century he was the most popular of lecturers, with an unfading attractiveness to the plain people, perhaps, because, in Lowell's fine phrase, he "kept constantly burning the beacon of an ideal life above the

lower region of turmoil." There is comfort again in the knowledge that idealism is one manifestation of imagination, and that imagination itself is but an intenser form of energy. That we have energy and to spare, no one denies; and we may reckon him a nearsighted observer who does not see also that we have our full share of imagination, even though it has not yet expressed itself in the loftiest regions of art and of science. The outlook is hopeful, and it is not true that

We, like sentries are obliged to stand  
In starless nights and wait the appointed hour.

The foundations of our commonwealth were laid by the sturdy Elizabethans who bore across the ocean with them their portion of that imagination which in England flamed up in rugged prose and in superb and soaring verse. In two centuries and a half the sons of these stalwart Englishmen have lost nothing of their ability to see visions and to dream dreams, and to put solid foundations under their castles in the air. The flame may seem to die down for a season, but it springs again from the embers most unexpectedly, as it broke forth furiously in 1861. There was imagination at the core of the little war for the freeing of Cuba,—the very attack on Spain, which the Parisian journalist cited to Tolstoi as the proof of our predatory aggressiveness. We said that we were going to war for the sake of the ill-used people in the suffering island close to our shores; we said that we would not annex Cuba; we did the fighting that was needful;—and we kept our word. It is hard to see how even the most bitter of critics can discover in this anything selfish.

There was imagination also in the sudden stopping of all the steamcraft, of all the railroads, of all the street-cars, of all the incessant traffic of the whole nation, at the moment when the body of a murdered chief magistrate was lowered into the grave. This pause in the work of the world was not only touching, it had a large significance to any one seeking to understand the people of these United States. It was a testimony that the Greeks would have appreciated; it had the bold simplicity of an Attic inscription. And we would thrill again in sympathetic response if it was in the pages of Plutarch that



we read the record of another instance: When the time arrived for Admiral Sampson to surrender the command of the fleet he had brought back to Hampton Roads, he came on deck to meet there only those officers whose prescribed duty required them to take part in the farewell ceremonies as set forth in the regulations. But when he went over the side of the flagship he found that the boat which was to bear him ashore was manned by the rest of the officers, ready to row him themselves and eager to render this last personal service; and then from every other ship of the fleet there put out a boat also manned by officers, to escort for the last time the commander whom they loved and honored.

As another illustration of our regard for the finer and loftier aspects of life, consider our parks, set apart for the use of the people by the city, the state and the nation. In the cities of this new country the public playgrounds have had to be made, the most of them at high cost,—whereas the towns of the Old World have come into possession of theirs for nothing, more often than not inheriting the private recreation-grounds of their rulers. And Europe has little or nothing to show similar either to the reservations of certain states, like the steadily enlarging preserves in the Catskills and the Adirondacks, or to the ampler national parks, the Yellowstone, the Yosemite and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, some of them far larger in area than one at least of the original thirteen states. Overcoming the pressure of private greed, the people have ordained the preservation of this natural beauty and its protection for all time under the safe guardianship of the nation and with free access to all who may claim admission to enjoy it.

In like manner many of the battlefields, whereon the nation spent its blood that it might be what it is and what it hopes to be,—these have been taken over by the nation itself and set apart and kept as holy places of pilgrimage. They are free from the despoiling hand of any individual owner. They are adorned with monuments recording the brave deeds of the men who fought there. They serve as constant reminders of the duty we owe to our country and to the debt we owe to those who made it and who saved it for us. And the loyal veneration with which these fields of blood have been cherished here in the United States finds no counterpart in any country in Europe,



no matter how glorious may be its annals of military prowess. Even Waterloo is in private hands; and its broad acres, enriched by the bones of thousands, are tilled every year by the industrious Belgian farmers. Yet it was a Frenchman, Renan, who told us that what welds men into a nation, is "the memory of great deeds done in common and the will to accomplish yet more."

According to the theory of the conservation of energy, there ought to be about as much virtue in the world at one time as at another. According to the theory of the survival of the fittest, there ought to be a little more now than there was a century ago. We Americans to-day have our faults, and they are abundant enough and blatant enough, and foreigners take care that we shall not overlook them; but our ethical standard—however imperfectly we may attain to it—is higher than that of the Greeks under Pericles, of the Romans under Cæsar, of the English under Elizabeth. It is higher even than that of our forefathers who established our freedom, as those know best who have most carefully inquired into the inner history of the American Revolution. In nothing was our advance more striking than in the different treatment meted out to the vanquished after the Revolution and after the Civil War. When we made our peace with the British the native tories were proscribed, and thousands of loyalists left the United States to carry into Canada the indurated hatred of the exiled. But after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, no body of men, no single man indeed, was driven forth to live an alien for the rest of his days; even though a few might choose to go, none were compelled.

This change of conduct on the part of those who were victors in the struggle was evidence of an increasing sympathy. Not only is sectionalism disappearing, but with it is departing the feeling that really underlies it,—the distrust of those who dwell elsewhere than where we do. This distrust is common all over Europe to-day. Here in America it has yielded to a friendly neighborliness which makes the family from Portland, Maine, soon find itself at home in Portland, Oregon. It is getting hard for us to hate anybody,—especially since we have disestablished the devil. We are good-natured and easy-going; Herbert Spencer even denounced this as our immediate danger,

maintaining that we were too good-natured, too easy-going, too tolerant of evil; and he insisted that we needed to strengthen our wills to protest against wrong, to wrestle with it resolutely, and to overcome it before it is firmly rooted.

We are kindly and we are helpful; and we are fixed in the belief that somehow everything will work out all right in the long run. But nothing will work out all right unless we so make it work; and excessive optimism may be as corrupting to the fiber of the people as "the Sabbathless pursuit of fortune," as Bacon termed it. When Mr. John Morley was last in this country he seized swiftly upon a chance allusion of mine to this ingrained hopefulness of ours. "Ah, what you call optimism," he cried, "I call fatalism." But an optimism which is solidly based on a survey of the facts cannot fairly be termed fatalism; and another British student of political science, Mr. James Bryce, has recently pointed out that the intelligent native American has—and by experience is justified in having—a firm conviction that the majority of qualified voters are pretty sure to be right.

Then he suggested a reason for the faith that is in us, when he declared that no such feeling exists in Europe, since in Germany the governing class dreads the spread of socialism, in France the republicans know that it is not impossible that Monarchism and Clericalism may succeed in upsetting the Republic, while in Great Britain each party believes that the other party, when it succeeds, succeeds by misleading the people, and neither party supposes that the majority are any more likely to be right than to be wrong.

Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce were both here in the United States in the fall of 1904, when we were in the midst of a presidential election, one of those prolonged national debates, creating incessant commotion, but invaluable agents of our political education, in so far as they force us all to take thought about the underlying principles of policy, by which we wish to see the government guided. It was while this political campaign was at its height that the French visitor to the Russian novelist was setting his notes in order and copying out his assertion that we Americans were mere money-grabbers, "systematically hostile to all idealism." If this unthinking Parisian journalist had only taken the trouble to consider the ad-

dresses which the chief speakers of the two parties here in the United States were then making to their fellow-citizens in the hope of winning votes, he would have discovered that these practical politicians, trained to perceive the subtler shades of popular feeling, were founding all their arguments on the assumption that the American people as a whole wanted to do right. He would have seen that the appeal of these stalwart partisans was rarely to prejudice or to race-hatred,—evil spirits that various orators have sought to arouse and to intensify in the more recent political discussions of the French themselves.

An examination of the platforms, of the letters of the candidates, and of the speeches of the more important leaders on both sides revealed to an American observer the significant fact that "each party tried to demonstrate that it was more peaceable, more equitable, more sincerely devoted to lawful and righteous behavior than the other;" and "the voter was instinctively credited with loving peace and righteousness, and with being stirred by sentiments of good-will toward men." This seems to show that the heart of the people is sound, and that it does not throb in response to ignoble appeals. It seems to show that there is here the desire ever to do right and to see right done, even if the will is weakened a little by easy-going good-nature, and even if the will fails at times to stiffen itself resolutely to make sure that the right shall prevail.

"Liberty hath a sharp and double edge fit only to be handled by just and virtuous men," so Milton asserted long ago, adding that "to the bad and dissolute, it becomes a mischief unwieldy in their own hands." Even if we Americans can clear ourselves of being "bad and dissolute," we have much to do before we may claim to be "just and virtuous." Justice and virtue are not to be had for the asking; they are the rewards of a manful contest with selfishness and with sloth. They are the results of an honest effort to think straight, and to apply eternal principles to present needs. Merely to feel is only the beginning; what remains is to think and to act.

A British historian, Mr. Frederic Harrison, who came here to spy out the land three or four years before Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce last visited us, was struck by the fact—and by the many consequences of the fact—that "America is the only land on earth where caste has never had a footing, nor has left a

trace." It seemed to him that "vast numbers and the passion of equality tend to low averages in thought, in manners, and in public opinion, which the zeal of the devoted minority tends gradually to raise to higher planes of thought and conduct." He believed that we should solve our problems one by one because "the zeal for learning, justice and humanity" lies deep in the American heart. Mr. Harrison did not say it in so many words, but it is implied in what he did say, that the absence of caste and the presence of low averages in thought, in manners, and in public opinion, impose a heavier task on the devoted minority, whose duty it is to keep alive the zeal for learning, justice and humanity.

Which of us, if haply the spirit moves him, may not elect himself to this devoted minority? Why should not we also, each in our own way, without pretense, without boastfulness, without bullying, do whatsoever in us lies for the attainment of justice and of virtue? It is well to be a gentleman and a scholar; but after all it is best to be a man, ready to do a man's work in the world. And indeed there is no reason why a gentleman and a scholar should not also be a man. He will need to cherish what Huxley called "that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism for veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning, a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge." He will need also to remember that

Kings have their dynasties,—but not the mind;  
Cæsar leaves other Cæsars to succeed,  
But Wisdom, dying, leaves no heir behind.

# HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

## THE SECOND BIRTH

[Henry Russell Miller, manager of the Crescent Press, Pittsburgh, is well known both as an author and as a public speaker. This address was given, for the Kiwanis Club of Pittsburgh, to the Thirty-Seventh Annual Encampment of the Union Veteran Legion, held in Pittsburgh, September 13-14, 1922.]

SOLDIERS OF THE UNION:—War is a habit of the nations, and the end, alas! is not yet. The story of man seems but a monotonous repetition of the ancient theme, until at last a heart-weary, blood-drained world has learned to hate it. And here we come upon a paradox. War the institution, the insatiate monster that devours whole peoples, a world verging upon sanity has learned to abhor. But the warrior, the individual soldier, he who bears the burden, pays the costs, he is always the hero. Strong youth marching to or from the wars, victor or in defeat, wears ever upon his brow a halo—not always deserved, since war sometimes does dreadful things to the man as it does to the nations—but not often out of place.

Whence this worship of the soldier? "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands," sang the women in the camp of ancient Israel. But that is not the answer. The world does not love its killers, nor the soldier because he has slain—rather because of something almost godlike in the soldier spirit, ready for a cause beyond and greater than himself to give up that to which most men, in all miseries and through all misfortunes, cling to the end—not the most precious thing in life, but life itself. Not the killer but the sacrifice is acclaimed and lives on in glory undimmed when those who toil only for gain are forgotten.

Your Legion can never die. You live, you live in strength undiminished, you shall live forever, an example, an inspiration, yourselves an ideal.



You won an epic victory.

Threescore years ago the storm long gathering burst upon the young republic—and found it unready. Not ready, did I say? So runs written history. But I think it was ready. For here and there, all over the North, were those—young men mostly—whose eyes had discerned the issue, the ultimate issue, whose hearts were ablaze and whose souls athrill with the knowledge that in this crisis all else were well lost if only this nation might be saved to its destiny.

And when the soul is ready, the body is easily schooled.

They gathered to the task, and they were led by you, you with your pledge to serve till the need was past. Others, too, came, and I draw no comparisons; there are men of ten talents, and some of five, and vision and inspiration come not always the same to all men. But around and upon you, you whose devotion knew no limit, they built, until they had fashioned a force that for skill and spirit and purpose has known no greater since time began. Such an army was needed, for they faced a foeman worthy their metal, a gallant people, magnificently led, who fought with a desperate valor that brought luster to a mistaken cause. And through four years, those two armies wrote in fire and steel and blood an epic of endurance and sacrifice. The weaker ones—weaker in body or in soul—straggled away, but the heart of the North, those who had given the unlimited pledge, carried on. And in the end came victory.

But mere victory is nothing. There have been victories shamefully won and well forgotten, and peoples who in defeat loomed greater than the victors in triumph. Victory is worth the winning only when the fruits of victory are worth the cost.

You, though, had an adequate cause. You fought, not for booty, not for vengeance, not for glory even, but to save whole your nation, a nation with an especial and manifest destiny, to preserve its ideals undiminished for *all* the peoples. And in your struggle and triumph you builded that nation anew, brought it through its second birth.

For nations, like men, are twice-born. What man cannot look back and mark that second birth in his own life?—some task under which it seemed young sinews must crack and

break, some grief so poignant the young heart seemed ready to burst, some trial or temptation before which young honor stood out until—or so it seemed—the soul was reeling and young courage could endure no longer. And when it was over, a new creature had emerged—a little lost the beautiful bloom of youth, a little cooled youth's fine ardor for life, youth's vaunting hopes and ambitions crystallized into purpose—the *man* is born, with a new knowledge of his powers, a new purpose to use those powers, a new will to suffer and endure. So it is with men, and so it is with nations. So at least it was with this nation.

Before that great crisis, America had yet to prove itself. Who can blame a cynical world for doubting? America seemed to doubt itself. Dedicated to liberty, it yet lagged behind the enlightened world—it still cherished the institution of human slavery. Proclaiming itself a nation, it yet showed symptoms of that which had wrecked the early republics, the narrow, unyielding spirit of factionalism. Was it in truth a nation? Had it that fixity of national character, that fundamental unity of ideal and purpose, needed to maintain the nice balance between pure liberty and the exigencies of life? Had it the vision, the devotion to right for its own sake, the faith in its ideals, which they need who would make ideals come true? For to the world then, as to the world now, anything new was idealistic, and in '61, that a people could govern itself without excess or folly, maintain unity and meet the problems of national existence, was yet but a fantastic dream, offspring of childish, unpractical minds.

Then the crisis burst, and to the doubting world stood revealed a thing that had seemed to be lacking—patriotism. Not the narrow, passionate inherited nationalism of the older peoples, that made of the land a god and of kinship a fetich, but a deep, enduring faith—faith, not in the land, not in the people, but in the *idea* upon which the nation had been founded, faith in its worth, faith in its future. Failure marched close upon failure, until it seemed the young nation's sinews must crack and break; disasters so heavy, the young heart almost was ready to burst. The easy way tempted, and the young faith and courage might have been forgiven a weakness. But in its agony the young nation's soul, not lost, but

gained. After every failure, after every disaster, somehow, somewhere the weary people of the North found new wells of courage, new strata of endurance, new depths of purpose, to beat back the thrusts of rebellion. And when the sword was sheathed, the task was done.

From Appomatox went throughout the earth the thrilling assurance, "The experiment, the romantic adventure, is ended. This people has found itself." The nation—strong, sure, steadfast in its faith—the *nation* was born, new hope to the world.

A man's greatest gift to his age and nation is not the things he does, but the things he is. Lincoln—with all his fine skill in handling men, his sure vision, his profound statesmanship—Lincoln's greatest gift to humanity was the man Lincoln. No doubt his legend has grown with time, but it is clear that even in his own day his people saw, and were stirred out of themselves by, the great, patient heart that bled with every drop of blood shed by his warring countrymen, that counted self as nothing if only his nation and the ideal for which it stood might not perish from the earth.

Lincoln was not an accident. He was the legitimate product of his people and their agony. And he was not alone. All throughout the North were thousands upon thousands of other Lincolns of whom history has kept no record: silent, obscure "Greathearts" who too counted self as nothing, sacrifice a crown, if only this nation might be saved for the purpose to which it was being shaped. You, sirs, who toiled the long marches, stood unmoved at Gettysburg, hacked a tragic path through the Wilderness—Lincoln was your leader because he was your voice, because the spirit that breathed in him was the same spirit that inspired your unlimited service, that urged you on even when shadow of defeat hovered low.

I think no other war had ever been waged in quite the spirit of the people of the North. They might have said to the South, "You may go," and might still have become a strong, prosperous nation. They might have said of the slave, "He is the problem and responsibility of the South. Am I my brother's keeper?" No material loss might have accrued to the North if the South had been permitted to secede. To save the Union must cost, and as the weary months and years

dragged by, that cost, in treasure and in life, mounted until the brain reeled at thought of it. But the soul of the North was not quenched by sacrifice, rather it was awakened, quickened to a knowledge that some things are not a question of profit and loss, but of right or wrong, and if right, must be maintained, whatever the cost. It was right that the South stand by its covenant of union. It was right that Freedom should spread its wings over black as well as white. It was right that the great American experiment, this republic of free men, should be defended against the world and against itself. It was wrong, shamefully wrong, for a people to withhold any service within its power to give.

In that spirit, the spirit of service for its own sake, the North struggled on, and America came forth cleansed of its great sin. And so that spirit, ruling through four years when the souls of men were white-hot, was fused into the character of this people. You and your comrades saved the Union, and for that you have a secure place in history. You drove slavery from our midst, and for that humanity is your debtor. But when, through your years of suffering and sacrifice, you breathed your spirit into the soul of America, you brought new hope, new faith, new life to the world.

All future history was to be builded upon your service. Already that service has had its sequel. For the nation you saved, one day was to save an imperilled world. And the end is not yet. The nation you led into knowledge, unity and strength, is yet to lead the broken nations into a Promised Land.

My heart turns now to those not with us to-day, lying, as they fell, in soldiers' graves, or come at last to the end of lives of honor and peace. Not with us, did I say? Yet I think they are with us. I think that always when you meet, or when the nation's need is great, they gather, all that glorious army who set to service only the limit of the nation's need. They are not dead. They live!

Again—and when last you meet, take this as America's farewell—your Legion can never die. While lives an American, while lives America, while live the ideals for which America stands, in the hearts of your countrymen, of whatever generation, in the life and soul of your nation, you live and shall live forever, an example, an inspiration, yourselves an ideal.

## ALVIN OWSLEY

### THE AMERICAN LEGION AND THE NATION

[An oration delivered by Col. Alvin Owsley, Commander in Chief of the American Legion, on Thanksgiving Day of 1922 in Washington, D. C. This oration was radiographed by relay, throughout the United States.]

This day has been set apart by our ancestors for a very definite and excellent purpose. It has been set apart as the Day for the Giving of Thanks and thus it has been observed for three hundred years. It is the oldest of American holidays; it was first observed by less than a hundred settlers struggling in a wilderness; to-day it is observed by a hundred million people established across a continent. This is the measure of the nation's growth. Twelve generations have dreamed and toiled and fought to bring the Republic to this eminence.

American citizens, workmen of liberty, inheritors of the high endeavor of three hundred years, I address myself to you. Yours is the privilege of citizenship in this great republic, and yours the opportunity of taking active part in the progress of a mighty people. Nor is this any small privilege, or an honor lightly to be esteemed; it is a high distinction rather, and an opportunity. It has not been long since the storm of a great war struck the spinning world, shattered its best establishments, and brought confusion into the minds of men. To-day great powers lay prostrate, and whole peoples and populations are wandering in the darkness. Yet our America endured the storm, her strong abiding institutions emerged unaltered. Her sons and daughters go peacefully about the ordering of their lives to-day. Let us be thankful then for this great country of our own—peaceful and prosperous America, mother of cities and of true men and women.

American Legionnaires, fighters and builders, men facing



forward, I address myself to you. It is you who make up the membership of no mean organization, an organization not least among all those that go to the making of this great America of ours. Not least indeed, but rather first and foremost of them all; conceived in a season of splendor and sacrifice, and consecrated to the service of the nation; this is The American Legion, and it is worthy of our loyalty.

We of the Legion share together the memories of heroic trials, and struggles that left a mark upon our hearts. In that hard service we came upon comradeship; for not till men march and sacrifice together do they come to a true appreciation of each other's worth. Through rough endeavor we won that spirit of service and comradeship, and having won it we shall never give it up; we know its value now.

We know its value; and therefore there can be no forgetfulness for us, of certain men who suffer. There are near thirty thousand of these men, our comrades. Five years ago they were erect and strong, lively and hopeful; with their lives just opening into the years of labor and achievement. Boys of America, with eager eyes, they put on the uniform and went out in the service of the Republic. Mothers, wives and sweet-hearts awaited their coming back.

They did come back, those beloved and pitiful thirty thousand boys. They came back blinded, or with their bodies shattered, or with their minds shadowed by strange horrors; they were brought back silently, with the hope of their lives put out. There were no bugles at the stations to welcome these men coming home. They were shifted from beds of pain to other painful beds, or they were brought unhappy into sorrowful homes.

It must be hard to sit helpless in the chair of an invalid and watch the world go by and all your dreams depart. It is hard to lie alone in bed and watch the four walls of a ward in hospital, while thinking of what might have been. It is hardest of all to nurse your scars in silence, powerless to help your nearest and dearest in their struggle against poverty. Why, it catches at the heart to think of the little children of the disabled, hungry perhaps and ragged here in rich America. It is a heavy cross that the sick and wounded of the war have been given to bear.

Here was a service of comradeship ready to our hand; and we of the Legion may well be proud and thankful that we have not been slow in that service. We have drafted and revised the legislation for the disabled and brought it into efficiency, and we have stood guard to see that this legislation was carried out in actual fact to the last full measure of its good intent. For four years we have guarded and forwarded the interests of the broken veterans of the great war; and we shall maintain this vigilance for forty years if need be, till all that can be done for those men be accomplished, and the nation's debt to the disabled be paid in full.

The Legion asks for no charity for the disabled; the Legion calls for justice, that is all. We call upon the nation to be mindful of its duty to its own. To-day there is great suffering overseas, just as there has been since the war began. Hatred and cruelty have worked their will upon unfortunate millions in the troubled East; there have been famine and plagues, and humanity has fallen under misrule and anarchy. These distant peoples have cried sharply to America for help; and help from America has come to them beyond all measure. We have sent them bread and gold and all assistance in our power. At the peril of their own lives, our devoted agents of relief have established themselves in all those wasted lands, and the charity of America has brought whole populations out of disaster. This is a good work, a noble work, a work deserving of all praise. Yet in admiring it I cannot quite forget those thirty thousand of our own, those broken comrades who now, this month, this Thanksgiving season, are facing their fifth year of suffering. And this thought comes to me: Out of the millions that we send continually overseas for the saving of tribes that we know little of, if this flood of gold for one day only were diverted to the aid of the men disabled in America's defense, it would provide a Thanksgiving and a Christmas for every one of them that would lighten a gray existence with a gleam of joy.

Let us be thankful that there is no need of that, even for one day. The men and women of the Legion and the women of its Auxiliary can care for America's disabled on every Thanksgiving, and care for them they will; and America's charity may continue overseas. Let us be charitable, if need be, when the

agents of the soviets of Russia come before American audiences to plead for our charities and to denounce our country alike in utter confidence. But the American Legion devotes itself to the American disabled.

We of the American Legion seek to devote ourselves to things American; and after the care of the American disabled there comes cultivation of American citizenship. There are things of the heart and mind that set apart America from all other nations; these things we simply call Americanism. Concerning these our creed is concise and definite.

We hold that the Constitution of the United States is the most effective instrument yet devised for the expression of the will of all the people for the benefit of a free people. It provides for a representative government responsible to the people for the carrying out of their commands; and it incorporates within itself the machinery for its alternation according to the people's will, leaving no argument to any advocates of forceful change. In this first century and one half, under this Constitution the American Republic has advanced beyond any previous experience of mankind. And this establishment has survived the severest of domestic and foreign difficulties. It brings to the American citizen liberty secure under the law, and the opportunity of working out his life according to his desires and his abilities. It requires from the American citizen loyalty. We of the Legion believe the bargain is fair.

By this Constitution there has been established a Congress of the United States for the function of legislation, and a Supreme Court of the United States invested with the ultimate judicial authority. Protection of minorities is a basic principle of free government, and this protection the Supreme Court has been established and empowered to maintain. This allocation of authority is just and constitutional, and has stood the test of time. There is a movement under way to extend the authority of Congress over the Supreme Court. The American Legion opposes this movement and brands it as dangerous and un-American.

Equality of opportunity is a necessity of a free people; for the lack of such opportunity brings citizens invariably under other rule and would create class distinctions impossible in America. Equality of opportunity can only be arrived at

through equal opportunity of education. This opportunity of education we are resolved to bring about for all the children of America. There are children in America condemned to toil too young who should and must be brought into the schools. Nor is the number of these inconsiderable, nor can the country afford to pass them by. There are twenty-five million children of school age in the United States. There are millions of these children who are not regularly attending any school. Already the Legion has effected legislation for compulsory school attendance, and has assisted greatly in the enforcement of such legislation already in existence. We shall continue until child labor has been supplanted by child growth, development and study throughout the land.

Illiteracy and ignorance comprise the one great menace to popular government. An illiterate citizen cannot vote intelligently, nor can ignorant men achieve good management of public affairs. Yet the United States stands highest in illiteracy of the great civilized nations of the world. We have millions of citizens entitled to the vote who cannot read or write with any degree of understanding. This condition must be met and conquered if popular government is to endure. The Legion has undertaken a campaign against illiteracy that we shall carry on until illiteracy is wiped out and reason based upon understanding prevails.

Nor is this all that can and must be done for the youth of America. Ability to read and write is not the sole qualification of good citizenship. There must be an understanding of the meaning of civil government, and a comprehension of the salient facts of American history and the great spirit underlying and animating it with a realization of the value and significance of American institutions. With these will come loyalty and ability, and a strong devotion to the Republic in the bosoms of her citizens to come. These are the boys and girls of today; they constitute the nation's treasures, far more precious than any farms, mills or mines. In their development is the nation's hope, in their neglect is the nation's certain decline. We, the ex-service men, are devoted to their training and development. We are working for it in every State in the American Union.

Nor is mental development the only necessity of an efficient



individual and a good citizen. The day of the open life is passing in this country, and there are conditions that contribute to a great decline in the physical efficiency of the nation. There was a call to the colors in 1917, and through that call we came to realize that one out of every four of our young men was physically unfit for military service. What does this mean? It means that the nation is approaching a physical decadence fraught with evil possibilities, which must be met and overcome while there is yet time. There must be measures adopted for the adequate physical instruction and development of the youth of the country. There must be fresh air and sanitation in the cities; there must be parks and playgrounds, there must be an establishment of adequate physical instruction in all the schools; and in all the States of America the Legion is working to this end.

So much for the future citizens of the Republic; now let us fancy these boys and girls looking about and saying, "You have done all this to prepare us for America; what have you done to prepare America for us?" Well for us if we may reply, "We have not left undone that which we ought to have done. We have wrought with our hands and our hearts to prepare a place for you."

This is an answer that we cannot make as long as we have left undone our duty of making due provision against the inflow of alien immigration that is rising around our institutions in America; and this is an answer that we cannot make as long as we have not prepared a place of security by adequate provision for the defense of the nation.

In the United States to-day, one-third of our whole population is foreign born or born of foreign parentage. To-day, moreover, the hundreds of thousands entering America bring with them no ideals nor any understanding of the spirit of America; I am afraid they come for gain and offer in exchange ingratitude. They come as profiteers, not pioneers; and they bring with them indifference, and ignorance and inability to take intelligent part in the self-determination of free government. They come with empty stomachs and heads full of anarchy, a great many of them; and they repay the country that feeds them with scorn and distrust of that country's govern-



ment. It is evident that the present influx of immigration is undesirable, and that if it continues it will submerge the present institutions of America and alter the character of the nation very greatly. The ex-service men of America fought to preserve the free Republic of to-day, and it is their hope that the nation will develop and progress along avenues distinctly American, in line with the established ideals and traditions of America; for these have been put to the test and found worthy. Therefore they favor and will take action for the exclusion of immigration for a fixed period of years.

For the defense of the nation, the men who have had the experience of the hardships of war desire that an adequate establishment be maintained. The men of the Legion are out of sympathy with the policy of economy that would cut our military defense below the safety line. That line has been defined by acknowledged experts in the enactments of the Defense Act of 1920. The minimum established by that act for the personnel of the Army has been lowered since; the Legion asks that it be restored. The ex-service men realize that adequate preparation discourages aggression, and saves lives in the eventuality of war; and they submit that their opinion, based on the assurance of actual experience, should have weight. Let us have done with that bitter and false economy that sets American dollars above American lives.

And let us do away as well with that other and equally false economy that sets American dollars above American service, and operates in the long run to the advantage of the profiteer above the patriot. There has been a great war fought and won by the service men of America at an economic sacrifice on the part of every man of them. During this war there were other Americans who avoided active service and remained in the ranks of peace, to their own great economic profit—a profit due directly to the waging and winning of the war. It is the will of the people that this injustice be righted by an adjustment of wartime compensation; and they have expressed that will in no uncertain terms on every opportunity afforded them. There is no shadow of a doubt of the coming of this national adjustment of compensation. And it will bring with it in-

surance for the safeguarding of families, and loans for the building of homes, and setting up of farms. Then the ex-service man, restored in so far as possible to his rightful economic status, can enter into the building of business and the development of the country in the spirit of service rightly recognized, of patriotism proven and of faith justified in full.

And there are other things awaiting our endeavor. There is to-day a great association of the Allied veterans of the World War, of which we of the Legion comprise the American membership. The organized veterans of seven other nations as well make up the international organization. Its personnel is comprised of men who come through the service of war to a great desire for peace. The veterans of these eight nations in this great organization associated are working with all their powers for a better understanding among the nations such as will clear the path for permanent and lasting peace. Thereafter the nations of the world may take eyes off each other and develop each its own ideals through the medium of its own culture. And here in America there shall be busy streets of cities, where men and women shall go about their work securely, content and confident each one of justice and of liberty. There shall be pleasant avenues of homes, and highways leading out among flourishing farms. Athletic fields there will be, and libraries, and above all schools; nor shall any children any longer be kept out of schools. And here and there along the streets you will see the clubhouses of the veterans, whose service helped to bring these things about. And as your gaze climbs higher, you will see floating above the clubhouses of the veterans, the Flag of America, and you will see above all the schools the Flag of America; and above all office and public buildings the Flag of America; until the blue of its field enlarges into the heaven's blue, and the stars of that field take on the splendor of the eternal stars above. And as our eyes are fixed upon our radiant flag symbolizing the unity of our free and mighty people, let there pour out from our hearts a message of Thanksgiving to the God of our fathers, for a continuance of His goodness and mercy, and may we as a people prove worthy.

## RESPECT THE FLAG

[Address by the Commander-in-Chief of the American Legion.]

WHEN you see the Stars and Stripes displayed, son, stand up and take off your hat.

Somebody may titter. It is in the blood of some to deride all expression of noble sentiment. You may blaspheme in the street and stagger drunken in public places, and the bystanders will not pay much attention to you; but if you should get down on your knees and pray to Almighty God or if you should stand bareheaded while a company of old soldiers marches by with flags to the breeze, some people will think you are showing off.

But don't you mind! When Old Glory comes along, salute, and let them think what they please! When you hear the band play "The Star-Spangled Banner" while you are in a restaurant or hotel dining room, get up, even if you rise alone; stand there, and don't be ashamed of it, either!

For of all the signs and symbols since the world began there is none other so full of meaning as the flag of this country. That piece of red, white and blue bunting means five thousand years of struggle upwards. It is the full-grown flower of ages of fighting for liberty. It is the century plant of human hope in bloom.

Your flag stands for humanity, for an equal opportunity to all the sons of men. Of course, we haven't arrived yet at that goal; there are many injustices yet among us, many senseless and cruel customs of the past still clinging to us, but the only hope of righting the wrongs of men lies in the feeling produced in our bosoms by the sight of that flag.

Other flags mean a glorious past, this flag a glorious future. It is not so much the flag of our fathers as it is the flag of our children, and of all children's children yet unborn. It is the flag of to-morrow. It is the signal of the "Good Time Coming." It is not the flag of your king, it is the flag of yourself and of all your neighbors.

Don't be ashamed when your throat chokes and the tears come, as you see it flying from the masts of our ships on all

the seas or floating from every flagstaff of the Republic. You will never have a worthier emotion. Reverence it as you would reverence the signature of the Deity.

Listen, son! The band is playing the national anthem—"The Star-Spangled Banner!" They have let loose Old Glory yonder. Stand up—and others will stand with you.

# IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

## THE NEW POLAND

[This address was delivered at Warsaw before the Sejm, or parliament, of Poland on May 22, 1919, the first made by President Paderewski after his return from the Peace Conference in Paris. The famous pianist, born in Poland in 1860, made his début at Vienna in 1887, Paris, 1888, London, 1890, and New York, 1891. During the war, in addition to giving concerts for the aid of Polish war sufferers, he appeared as a public speaker in behalf of his native country. After the war, he became president, representative at Paris and premier of the new republic.]

THE Polish nation is to-day living through solemn moments. I suppose that in its eventful history there was never a time more solemn, more fateful than the present. The fate of our country is at stake; powerful people, holding in their hands the destiny of the world, are building a framework for our independent existence, are deciding the frontiers of our State, and soon will pronounce a final sentence, from which, no doubt for long years, there will be no appeal, perhaps for many generations. Violent bursts of hope and of joy and anxiety are strongly shaking our national spirit. From every side, from every corner of our former Commonwealth, people are coming here to Warsaw and going there to Paris, in frock coats and smock frocks, in old-fashioned country dress, in mountaineer costume, and they cry aloud and implore that their distant provinces should be united to the Polish State. The Polish eagle does not seem to be a bird of prey, since people are gathering themselves under its wings.

What will Poland be like? What will be her frontiers? Will they give us everything we should have? These are the questions that every Pole is asking. I am here to answer, as far as I am able, all these questions. I have taken part in the work of the Polish delegation to the Peace Conference, and I am here to report on this work to the Sejm, and I ask for attention.



I will begin with what has been done. The conference has only dealt as yet with one of its defeated adversaries, the Germans. Conditions have been dictated to them, though they are not yet signed, which give us considerable advantages on the west frontier. We are not all satisfied with our frontier. I admit freely that I belong to the unsatisfied ones; but have we really a right to complain? The conference tried to decide justly according to the rule of ethnographical and national majority as regards all territorial questions. It applied this rule to our territory, and we have obtained considerable advantages from it on the west. But not everything was decided according to this principle. Thus, for example, our Polish population in the Sycowski and Namyslowski district and in some parts of the locality of Posen has distinctly been wronged. The Polish peace delegation will do its best to have this remedied.

The press has already published the chief points of the Peace Treaty. I will, however, remark in passing that by this treaty we are to receive more than 5,000,000 of population. This territory may yet be increased if the plebiscite in other districts formerly Polish has results favorable to us. The Peace Conference has not yet given us Warmia, Prussian Masuria, part of the Malborg district, also the Stzumsan, Kwdzynsan, and Suski districts, through which passes the railway line from Gdansk (Danzig) to Warsaw by way of the Mlava. The Peace Conference has given us the Keszyski coast, the Silesian mines, and the unlimited use of the port of Gdansk, also complete control over our Vistula, and a protectorate over the town of Gdansk under almost the same conditions as we had it in the most glorious days of our Commonwealth.

These conditions are different only in so far as present-day life is different from the life of that time. The area of the free town has been considerably increased. In the course of 126 years of Prussian oppression and systematic Germanization many Poles have forgotten their native tongue, and there are many real Germans settled in Gdansk. However, the former will soon remember Polish, and the others will soon learn it. Gradually Gdansk will tend to become what we wish

it to become, if we show seriousness and common sense, enterprise, and political understanding. All Polish State property is returned to Poland absolutely, without any burdens or expenses. On the whole, I consider that Poland may be grateful for the verdict. If we are not obliged to shed more of our blood, I say that this is a great and fine gift from God.

I come to still more pressing matters. As you know, we have recognized the authority and dignity of the Peace Conference, as all other civilized nations have done, and we wait for its verdict. Up to the present its verdicts have been favorable to us. We voted here an alliance with the Entente, that is, with France, England, and Italy, who are continually sending us the help which is absolutely necessary to us in present circumstances. We have very much to be grateful for from America and its President. Without the powerful support of President Wilson, whose heart the best friend of the Polish cause, Colonel House, was able to win for us, Poland would no doubt have remained an internal question for Germany and Russia, at best confined within those frontiers which were assigned to her by the Germans in the act of Nov. 5, 1916. America is giving us food, America is giving us clothes, boots, linen, and munitions of war, and other supplies, on very easy terms, and with long credit.

Just before my departure from Paris, I received a letter from Mr. Hoover, promising Poland effective financial and economic help. That is the beginning of a very important help for us. Yesterday I learned that 2,000 tons of cotton would arrive at Gdansk in a few days, and that the Ministry of Finance in Washington were considering the question of granting Poland a considerable loan. Gentlemen, the Peace Conference, and especially England and America, with President Wilson at the head, while recognizing the necessity of our defending ourselves against the Bolsheviki, does not wish for further war on any front. Mr. Wilson expressed this wish repeatedly and very firmly. Could a Polish Prime Minister, director of the Polish Government, a man upon whose shoulders falls the really dreadful responsibility for the fate of his people in the near future, could such a man wave aside such demands? I did as my conscience prompted me. I acted

as my love for my country and my honor as a Pole demanded. I said that I would do all I could to satisfy these demands, and I have kept my word.

An armistice was demanded. I agreed in principle to that. It was demanded that Haller's army should not fight against the Ukrainians. It was withdrawn from the Ukraine front, and finally it was required that the offensive should be stopped. Although the Ukrainians in their telegram of May 11 asked for the cessation of hostilities, on the 12th, at noon, they attacked us treacherously near Ustrzyk, bombarding the town of Sanok from airplanes. In the face of this criminal attack no force could stop the elemental impulse of our young soldiers. Like a whirlwind they threw themselves upon the enemy, and with lightning swiftness took Sambor, Drohobych, Boryslav, Strey, Izolkiew, Soki, Brody, and Zloczow, being joyfully greeted everywhere as saviors by the Polish and Ukrainian population. To-day our soldiers are probably approaching Stanislawow. [A voice: "It is taken already."]

So much the better. But from Podwoloczysk and from Huslatyn a strong Soviet army has entered unhappy Galicia, or, rather, Ruthenia. Haller's army will probably be obliged to fight on the Ukraine front, but not against the Ukrainians, only against the Bolsheviki, and perhaps it is fighting to-day.

On May 14 I broke off by telegraph all negotiations for an armistice, as I considered that, after the way the Ukrainians had behaved themselves, an armistice was absolutely impossible. The oppression, violence, cruelty, and crimes committed by them are without parallel. Wounded soldiers were buried alive in a wood near Lwow. Which of us has not heard of the young officer Losia, who, when wounded, was taken prisoner, and, after dreadful tortures, was also buried alive? The day before yesterday I had news of a young man who was known to me as a child, the twenty-four-year-old Wolsky, who was taken as a hostage, first tortured and then knouted. He received 110 blows, and finally died a martyr's death, together with sixteen of his comrades, killed by the Ukrainian soldiers in Zloczow. Yesterday news came which brought mourning to our Ministerial colleague Linde. His wife's sister was murdered in Kolomia.

Gentlemen, I am far from blaming the Ukrainian people

for such crimes. It was not they who made such an army. Other people made it for them. [A voice: "The Germans."] But speaking of the Ukrainians, I must state that people who do such monstrous deeds cannot be treated as an army. Thus our Polish expedition into East Galicia is not a war, but a punitive expedition against bandits from whose oppression both the Polish and the Ruthenian population must be set free before law and order can be set up on this immemorially Polish territory.

Law and order will quickly be introduced there by every possible means. We are, at least for the moment, strong there, but we shall not abuse this strength. None of us think of retaliation or revenge, nor would Polish sentiment ever permit such a thing. There should be liberty, equality, and justice for everybody. And in this spirit and with this wish I ask the honorable Sejm to vote in favor of autonomy for East Galicia, and at the same time I ask for powers for the Polish Government to open peace negotiations with any Government in Ukraina that shows moral strength and inspires confidence. I have finished.

# EMMELINE PANKHURST

## MILITANT SUFFRAGISTS

[Mrs. Pankhurst is widely known because of her active interest in the cause of woman suffrage in England. She was the energetic leader of the militant suffragists in the campaign for "Votes for Women" and in 1913, although under a sentence of penal servitude, came to America to explain their methods and achievements. The following address was delivered on November 13, 1913, in Hartford, Connecticut.]

MANY people come to Hartford to address meetings as advocates of some reform. To-night it is not to advocate a reform that I address a meeting in Hartford. I do not come here as an advocate, because whatever position the suffrage movement may occupy in the United States of America, in England it has passed beyond the realm of advocacy and it has entered into the sphere of practical politics. It has become the subject of revolution and civil war, and so to-night I am not here to advocate woman suffrage. American suffragists can do that very well for themselves. I am here as a soldier who has temporarily left the field of battle in order to explain—it seems strange it should have to be explained—what civil war is like when civil war is waged by women. I am not only here as a soldier temporarily absent from the field of battle; I am here—and that, I think, is the strangest part of my coming—I am here as a person who, according to the law courts of my country, it has been decided, is of no value to the community at all; and I am adjudged because of my life to be a dangerous person, under sentence of penal servitude in a convict prison. So you see there is some special interest in hearing so unusual a person address you. I dare say, in the minds of many of you—you will perhaps forgive me this personal touch—that I do not look either very like a soldier or very like a convict, and yet I am both.

It would take too long to trace the course of militant methods as adopted by women, because it is about eight years since the



word militant was first used to describe what we were doing; it is about eight years since the first militant action was taken by women. It was not militant at all, except that it provoked militancy on the part of those who were opposed to it. When women asked questions in political meetings and failed to get answers, they were not doing anything militant. To ask questions at political meetings is an acknowledged right of all people who attend public meetings; certainly in my country, men have always done it, and I hope they do it in America, because it seems to me that if you allow people to enter your legislatures without asking them any questions as to what they are going to do when they get there you are not exercising your citizen rights and your citizen duties as you ought. At any rate in Great Britain it is a custom, a time-honored one, to ask questions of candidates for parliament and ask questions of members of the government. No man was ever put out of a public meeting for asking a question until Votes for Women came onto the political horizon. The first people who were put out of a political meeting for asking questions, were women; they were brutally ill-used; they found themselves in jail before twenty-four hours had expired. But instead of the newspapers, which are largely inspired by the politicians, putting militancy and the reproach of militancy, if reproach there is, on the people who had assaulted the women, they actually said it was the women who were militant and very much to blame.

It was not the speakers on the platform who would not answer them, who were to blame, or the ushers at the meeting; it was the poor women who had had their bruises and their knocks and scratches, and who were put into prison for doing precisely nothing but holding a protest meeting in the street after it was all over. However, we were called militant for doing that, and we were quite willing to accept the name, because militancy for us is time-honored; you have the church militant and in the sense of spiritual militancy we were very militant indeed. We were determined to press this question of the enfranchisement of women to the point where we were no longer to be ignored by the politicians as had been the case for about fifty years, during which time women had patiently used every means open to them to win their political enfranchisement.

Well now, let me come to the situation as we find it. We felt we had to rouse the public to such a point that they would say to the government, you must give women the vote. We had to get the electors, we had to get the business interests, we had to get the professional interests, we had to get the men of leisure all unitedly saying to the government, relieve the strain of this situation and give women the vote; and that is a problem that I think the most astute politician in this meeting would find very difficult. We have done it; we are doing it every day; and I think when you take that fact into consideration you will realize why we have been attacking private property, why we have been attacking the property of men so absorbed in their business that they generally forget to vote in ordinary elections, why we have attacked the pleasures of men whose whole life is spent in a round of pleasure, and who think politics so dull and so beneath their distinguished ossification that they hardly know which party is in power. All these people have had to be moved in order to bring enough pressure to bear upon the government to compel them to deal with the question of Woman Suffrage. And now that in itself is an explanation. There is a homely English proverb which may help to clear the situation which is this: "You cannot rouse the Britisher unless you touch his pocket." That is literally true. Perhaps you now can understand why we women thought we must attack the thing that was of most value in modern life in order to make these people wake up and realize that women wanted the vote, and that things were going to be very uncomfortable until women got the vote, because it is not by making people comfortable you get things in practical life, it is by making them uncomfortable. That is a homely truth that all of us have to learn.

I don't know whether I have used the domestic illustration in Hartford, but it is a very good one; it is quite worth using again. You have two babies very hungry and wanting to be fed. One baby is a patient baby, and waits indefinitely until its mother is ready to feed it. The other baby is an impatient baby and cries lustily, screams and kicks and makes everybody unpleasant until it is fed. Well, we know perfectly well which baby is attended to first. That is the whole history of politics. Putting sentiment aside, people who really want reforms learn

that lesson very quickly. It is only the people who are quite content to go on advocating them indefinitely who play the part of the patient baby in politics. You have to make more noise than anybody else, you have to make yourself more obtrusive than anybody else, you have to fill all the papers more than anybody else, in fact you have to be there all the time and see that they do not snow you under, if you are really going to get your reform realized. That is what we women have been doing, and in the course of our desperate struggle we have had to make a great many people very uncomfortable. Now, one woman was arrested on an occasion when a great many windows were broken in London, as a protest against a piece of trickery on the part of the government, which will be incredible in fifty years, when the history of the movement is read. Women broke some windows as a protest; they broke a good many shop-keepers' windows; they broke the windows of shop-keepers where they spent most of their money when they bought their hats and their clothing; they also broke the windows of many of the Clubs, the smart Clubs in Piccadilly. One of the Clubs was the Guard Club. Well the ordinary army man is not much in politics, but he very often, because of his aristocratic and social connections, has considerable influence if he would use it. One woman broke the windows of the Guard Club, and when she broke those windows she stood there quietly until the Guard hall porter came out and seized her and held her until the policemen came to take her to prison. A number of the guards came out to see the kind of woman it was who had broken their windows, and they saw there a quiet little woman. She happened to be an actress, a woman who had come into our militant movement because she knew of the difficulties and dangers and temptations of the actress's life, of how badly paid she is, what her private sorrows are and her difficulties, and so she had come into the militant movement to get votes for actresses as quickly as possible, so that through the vote they could secure better conditions. Some of the guards—I think men who had never known what it was to earn a living, who knew nothing of the difficulties of a man's life, let alone the difficulties of a woman's life—came out, and they said: "Why did you break our windows? We have done nothing." She said: "It is because you have done nothing

I have broken your windows." And perhaps out of that woman's breaking of windows has come this new movement of men of my country, where we find distinguished men who fought through the Boer war are drilling now like Sir Edward Carson, in Belfast, drilling men in order to form a bodyguard to protect the militant women. Probably that broken window of the Guard Club did a good deal to rouse men to the defense of women and to the injustice of their situation.

Then, there were the shop-keepers who could not understand why we should break their windows. Why should we alienate the sympathy of the shop-keepers? Well, there is the other side of the question, gentlemen,—why should the shop-keepers alienate the sympathy of their customers by refusing to help them to get political power, some power to make the condition of the woman who helps to earn the shop-keeper's money by serving in his shop, easier than it is at the present time. Those women broke shop-keepers' windows and what was the situation? Just at the beginning of the winter season when all the new winter hats and coats were being shown, the shop-keepers had to barricade all their windows with wood and nobody could see the new winter fashions. Well, there again is an impossible situation. The shop-keeper cannot afford to quarrel with his customers, and we have to-day far more practical sympathy amongst the shop-keepers of London than we ever had when we were quiet, gentle, lady-like suffragists asking nicely for a vote.

Well then, there were the men of pleasure, or the business men who were so busy earning money during the week that all they could think of when the week came to an end was recreation, and the great recreation in England to-day is playing golf. Everywhere on Saturday you see men streaming away into the country for the week-end to play golf. They so monopolize the golf links that they have made a rule that although the ladies may play golf all the week, the golf links are entirely reserved for men on Saturday and Sunday; and you have this spectacle of the exodus of men from London into the country to fill up the week-end with playing golf. They are not, ladies, putting their heads together thinking how best they can govern the country for you, what good laws they can make for you and for the world; they are there, all of them, getting their



health, and I do not blame them for it at the week-end. Well we attacked the golf links; we wanted to make them think; and if you had been in London and taken a Sunday paper you would have read, especially if you played golf, with consternation, that all the beautiful greens that had taken years to make, had been cut up or destroyed with an acid or made almost impossible to play upon on the Friday night, when in many cases there were going to be important matches on the Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

Just to give you an illustration of the effectiveness of these methods in waking the Britisher up, in conveying to him that women want the vote and are going to get it even if we do not adopt quite the men's methods in order to do so, I was staying at a little house in the country on a golf links, a house that had been loaned to me to use whenever I could get away from my work, and several times in the course of that Sunday morning I got telephone calls from gentlemen who were prominent members of golf clubs in that vicinity. It so happened that the golf links where I was spending the week-end, had not been touched. Those links had been respected because some of the prominent women suffragettes happened to be members of the club, and those women who destroyed the greens—I don't know who they were, but it was no doubt done by women—spared the links where these women whom they admired and respected, played. Well, then, that morning I was rung up over and over again by excited gentlemen who begged that those golf links should be spared, saying: "I don't know whether your followers know that we are all suffragists, on our committee, we are entirely in favor of woman suffrage." And I said: "Well, don't you think you had better tell Mr. Asquith so, because if you are suffragists and do nothing, naturally you will only add to the indignation of the women. If you really want your golf links spared you had better intimate to Mr. Asquith that you think it is high time he put his principles into practice and gave the women the vote."

But this experience will show you that if you really want to get anything done, it is not so much a matter of whether you alienate sympathy; sympathy is a very unsatisfactory thing if it is not practical sympathy. It does not matter to the practical suffragist whether she alienates sympathy that was never



of any use to her. What she wants is to get something practical done, and whether it is done out of sympathy or whether it is done out of fear, or whether it is done because you want to be comfortable again and not be worried in this way, doesn't particularly matter so long as you get it. We had enough of sympathy for fifty years; it never brought us anything; and we would rather have an angry man going to the government and saying, my business is interfered with and I won't submit to its being interfered with any longer because you won't give women the vote, than to have a gentleman come onto our platforms year in and year out and talk about his ardent sympathy with woman suffrage.

If you are dealing with an industrial revolution, if you get the men and women of one class to rising up against the men and women of another class, you can locate the difficulty; if there is a great industrial strike, you know exactly where the violence is, and every man knows exactly how the warfare is going to be waged; but in our war against the government you can't locate it. You can take Mrs. Hepburn and myself on this platform, and now, without being told, how could you tell that Mrs. Hepburn is a non-militant and that I am a militant? Absolutely impossible. If any gentleman who is the father of daughters in this meeting went into his home and looked around at his wife and daughters, if he lived in England and was an Englishman, he couldn't tell whether some of his daughters were militants or non-militants. When his daughters went out to post a letter, he couldn't tell if they went harmlessly out to make a tennis engagement at that pillar-box by posting a letter, or whether they went to put some corrosive matter in that would burn all the letters up inside of that box. We wear no mark; we belong to every class; we permeate every class of the community from the highest to the lowest; and so you see in the woman's civil war the dear men of my country are discovering this absolutely impossible to deal with; you cannot locate it, and you cannot stop it. "Put them in prison," they said; "that will stop it." But it didn't stop it. They put women in prison for long terms of imprisonment, for making a nuisance of themselves—that was the expression when they took petitions in their hands to the door of the House of Commons; and they thought that by sending them to prison, giving

them a day's imprisonment, would cause them to all settle down again and there would be no further trouble. But it didn't happen so at all: instead of the women giving it up, more women did it, and more and more and more women did it until there were three hundred women at a time, who had not broken a single law, only "made a nuisance of themselves" as the politicians say.

The whole argument with the anti-suffragists, or even the critical suffragist man, is this: that you can govern human beings without their consent. They have said to us, government rests upon force, the women haven't force, so they must submit. Well, we are showing them that government does not rest upon force at all; it rests upon consent. As long as women consent to be unjustly governed, they can be; but directly women say: "We withhold our consent, we will not be governed any longer so long as that government is unjust," not by the forces of civil war can you govern the very weakest woman. You can kill that woman, but she escapes you then; you cannot govern her. And that is, I think, a most valuable demonstration we have been making to the world.

Now, I want to say to you who think women cannot succeed, we have brought the government of England to this position, that it has to face this alternative; either women are to be killed or women are to have the vote. I ask American men in this meeting, what would you say if in your State you were faced with that alternative, that you must either kill them or give them their citizenship,—women, many of whom you respect, women whom you know have lived useful lives, women whom you know, even if you do not know them personally, are animated with the highest motives, women who are in pursuit of liberty and the power to do useful public service? Well, there is only one answer to that alternative; there is only one way out of it, unless you are prepared to put back civilization two or three generations; you must give those women the vote. Now that is the outcome of our civil war.

You won your freedom in America when you had the revolution, by bloodshed, by sacrificing human life. You won the civil war by the sacrifice of human life when you decided to emancipate the negro. You have left it to the women in your land, the men of all civilized countries have left it to women,

to work out their own salvation. That is the way in which we women of England are doing. Human life for us is sacred, but we say if any life is to be sacrificed it shall be ours; we won't do it ourselves, but we will put the enemy in the position where they will have to choose between giving us freedom or giving us death.

# ALFRED S. PINKERTON

## SPIRIT OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP

[Address by Alfred S. Pinkerton, lawyer (born in Lancaster, Pa., March 19, 1856;—), delivered at Richmond, Va., in his capacity as Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, September 17, 1900.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, YOUR EXCELLENCY, MR. MAYOR, REPRESENTATIVES OF OUR ORDER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This is not the first time that I have received the greetings of a Richmond audience and been the recipient of Virginian hospitality. I know the warmth of the one, the unbounded generosity of the other, and I voice the sentiment of every member of the Sovereign Grand Lodge when I say that each of us appreciates the splendid welcome you have given, and rejoices in the privilege that is his of visiting, under such happy auspices, this beautiful and historic State.

We knew that chivalry and knightly courtesy still existed in the Old Dominion; that Southern hearts would welcome us, and Southern hands be extended in fraternal greeting. Our anticipations have been realized, and we sit among you not as strangers, but as welcome guests, as neighbors, and as friends.

Representing an Order founded in man's nobility, we gladly assemble among a people whose ancestors first proclaimed the right of the individual man to direct his own affairs and destiny.

Before Plymouth Rock felt the touch of English feet the seeds of a nation had been sown at Jamestown. On Virginian soil representative government in America was born. The colonial charter of 1621 was the first grant of self-government given by a hereditary ruler to dwellers on this continent, given to those who dared assert that English blood in Virginia meant a voice in Virginian rule.

As two centuries ago the people of England testified in behalf of those bishops who but asserted their privileges of self-

respect; as then the flower of the British bar successfully pleaded for freedom of church and freedom of right; so in our fathers' time it was a country lawyer, "who spoke as Homer wrote," who in the "parsons' " cause voiced that sentiment of Virginia which afterwards flamed in syllabled fire from that old church still standing in your city; he it was who ten years before a political revolution that divided in government—but not in hearts—the New World from the Old, offered the resolution by which your General Assembly declared that it alone had the right to tax Virginians. It was a Virginian who presided over the first American Congress, and from Virginian hands came another and immortal resolution, that which declared these colonies should be free and independent States.

I come from a community that has much in common with this. Sprung from the same great freedom-loving race, speaking the same language, sharing the glory of a common descent and of a common literature, one in sentiment and in aspiration, the colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts were side by side in the contest for political independence. Each called its land a "commonwealth," thus in the very title indicating the form of government under which its people lived—the *common wealth*—the home and rule of all the people—the union of all for the benefit of each—the land of equal opportunities and equal privileges. Yes, in the old days we were together. Virginia remembers—

" . . . how the Bay State, in answer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses spoke out from Faneuil Hall  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath  
Of northern winds the thrilling cry of 'liberty or death.' "

Beneath the old elm still standing by Harvard College the first soldier of Virginia—the first American—assumed command of that army of "tradesmen, farmers, and mechanics," that in a spirit of sublime prophecy dared to call itself "Continental," that won freedom from the trained soldiery of Europe and gave visible form to a government that has made good the name its soldiers bore. Then side by side our fathers fought; then side by side our statesmen sat; and the first name that appears upon that immortal Declaration of Independence, penned by a Virginian hand, and based upon Virginia's bill of



rights, is that of a Massachusetts man, President of that Congress which gave to the world and to the godlike and aspiring soul this bible of the rights of man.

Hancock and Jefferson, Adams and Mason, Otis and Henry, united those two colonies that, more than any others, gave impulse to American thought and speech and action. There was Bunker Hill; here Yorktown. Nor do we forget that mighty lawyer, born of your blood and sleeping in your soil, the great interpreter of the written Constitution of our land, nor him, of Northern birth, that Constitution's eloquent defender—Marshall and Webster—great sons of the same proud race.

It was the civilization of Jamestown and of Plymouth that made possible this Government of ours, and though for a time the clouds lowered o'er our house, thank God we are once more as of yore; as, of old, they together "encountered Tarleton's charge of fire," so again have Virginia and Massachusetts struck hands—and this time in deathless friendship; so again in the presence of a common danger, and in honor of a common flag, have our brothers touched elbows in the ranks, slept by the same camp-fires, and together offered upon the country's altar the rich libation of their blood. History is making fast. From the Western Hemisphere has departed every vestige of Castilian power. The starry flag has become a fixed constellation o'er Asiatic seas, but, better than all, we have learned to know our Motherland. The conquering English-speaking people have come closer together—and so have we at home. It was a good day for America when the soldier boy of New England and of the Northwest enlisted under a Virginian Lee, and when the star of Wheeler glistened upon a coat of army blue. Gone are the days of strife and bitterness and doubt; welcome the days of peace, of confidence, of lasting brotherhood.

We come to you in the closing hours of the Nineteenth century, a century of wonderful development; a century of great achievements. Old empires have passed away; nations in swaddling-cloths have grown to manhood's state. Kings and czars have been born, have ruled, and been forgotten—boundaries of nations have been changed—thrones have fallen, and old dynasties been destroyed. Man everywhere is asserting

the power and attributes of man. This Government of the people has shed its radiating light throughout the world. Europe, Asia, and Africa have felt its beneficent beams; individual man, under whatever government he may live, lifts his eyes higher than ever before, and while war and famine, and pestilence, and death still constitute a portion of our heritage, the path is upward, and never has God's light seemed so warm and bright to the great toiling masses of the earth as at this hour, when kingdoms and principalities and powers are but the instruments and not the destroyers of men.

Nor has the development been confined to the political world. In art, in science, in mechanics, has

"Man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill,  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will."

The cotton-gin, the power-loom, the sewing-machine, the rotary printing-press, the reaper, the telegraph and telephone, the binding of electricity to man's common use, the thousand and one mechanical appliances that make our burdens light, and life more worth living, are but a part of this century's tribute to the future. In letters and in literature what advances have been made! The printing-press has brought the richest thoughts of the best minds within easy reach of all, and the philosopher and the astronomer share their secrets with a thousand friends. Thought is purer than before, theology more simple and humane, religion more near the human heart and soul.

This is the age in which we live; this is the century that called into life that great humanitarian movement which we denominate Odd-Fellowship. It is the child of American spirit and life; it is a creation designed for daily food; it lives and moves among breathing men; it is for the closet and for the field; it is of practical use to a practical people; its secrets are a shield and not a sword; it believes in the royal heritage of man and in the divine right of self-advancement. Teaching loyalty to established government, and obedience to law, it holds that governments are made for man and that the citizen who controls himself, who recognizes the rights of, and has

faith in, his fellow citizens is the best prop and support of such a government. It believes in truth, in honor, in temperance, in the overshadowing Fatherhood of God; in the lasting, eternal brotherhood of man; in charity in thought and charity in acts; to the cry of Cain it answers, "I am my brother's keeper," and in every hour of its existence it has blessed humanity and lessened human toil and suffering.

Bear with me for a moment. If I am correctly informed, the present total taxable valuation, real and personal, of this city is \$69,215,240. Raze beautiful Richmond to the ground; convert into coin every foot of land within its corporate limits; let every stone and timber of every factory, every business block, every dwelling-house, contribute to the sum; into the crucible put your jewels and your stores of gold and silver; market the securities, bonds, and stocks of your people; and when you shall have done all this, when you shall have converted your city's soil and buildings into scrip, when you shall have stripped your citizens of all their taxable property, you will, even then, be over fifteen million dollars short of the amount of money that this Order has expended, since 1830, in brotherly relief. You will then be short a sum equal to seven-twelfths of the entire taxable valuation of the personal property here owned. At the present rate of charitable expenditure we distribute, for such purposes, the wealth of a Richmond every nineteen years; a distribution in which there is no expense account and in which every dollar finds the pocket of the beneficiary. Pardon the illustration, Mr. Mayor. We like your city too well to despoil it; we hope to come again; but the comparison made demonstrates the magnitude of this Order's silent charitable work.

Can you question the fraternal spirit of such a brotherhood? Dare you challenge its right to live? Can you define the future's bounds? It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of the Order's principles, or to pronounce an eulogy upon its work. To-day it holds one million souls within its fond embrace. The streams of its unostentatious charity have flowed to every corner of our land; its white banner has led the march of fraternal life. To-day we salute our comrades across the seas; our flag is uplifted in the isles of the Pacific. Our faith has overleaped the barriers of States, nor has it been retarded

by the artificial distinctions of society. Virginia's sons have shared our Order's struggles and its honors. They have taught its lessons on your soil, and "by their works ye shall know them."

We come to-day representing every State and Territory of this great Union in answer to Virginia's call, and in response to Richmond's welcome. With us as comrades, brothers, and friends are citizens of that northward land, with whose sons we claim kinship, whose national hymn is set to the same air as ours, and whose gentle ruler is Queen of American as well as of English hearts. Within our convention hall are clustered the flags of sixteen different lands wherein this Order dwells, and over all hangs the white flag of peace, emblazoned with the scarlet links of truth.

Such an order it is my proud privilege to represent. In its name I accept your greeting, and in its name I thank you for it. Generous as have been the spoken words, more generous has been the manner of your salutation. From the moment we entered Virginia until this hour we have been the recipients of boundless hospitality. We have traveled your beautiful valleys with delight—we have shared in a true Virginia welcome—we are glad that we have come, and we shall bear to our several homes brightest recollections of the Old Dominion and of its sons and daughters.

To your Excellency, to you, Mr. Mayor, to the several representatives of our Order, and to you who represent our gentle sisterhood, I tender the thanks and the fraternal salutations of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, and I trust that our sojourn among you may be as pleasant to you as it is profitable and enjoyable to us.

Representatives: Virginia has formally welcomed us to her heart; Richmond has opened wide her gates; our brothers and sisters, the portals of their homes; let us repay this courtesy by making this the most memorable session of our history—memorable for the good we accomplish, for the inspiration given to our brotherhood, for the assistance rendered to the weary soul. As the gates of a new century swing outward at our touch, let us lift our flag to loftier heights, and let us dedicate our Order anew to the great purposes that gave it birth.

We meet among a generous people and amid historic surroundings. Here, in more ancient days, people of our blood and kin laid the foundations of a mighty power. The history of this commonwealth is interwoven with that of this nation and of the English-speaking race. Its sons have been conspicuous in the forum and on the battlefield. Again and again has it sent forth its bravest to build up other States, and to the nation it has given rulers whose name and fame will live while centuries pass away. We know its splendid history; we have faith in its bright future, and—

“Again we hail thee  
Mother of States and unpolluted men,  
Virginia, fitly named from England’s manly Queen.”



# THEODORE ROOSEVELT

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE

[Address by Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-fifth President of the United States, author, statesman, former Governor of New York 1898-1900 (born in New York City, October 27, 1858; died Jan. 6, 1919), delivered at the Appomattox Day Celebration of the Hamilton Club, at Chicago, Ill., April 10th, 1899. President Hope Reed Cody of the club occupied the chair. Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, was the central figure and chief speaker at the celebration.]

GENTLEMEN:—In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preëminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort; of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself, and from his sons, shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace is to be the first consideration in your eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practice such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich, and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure,

it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor; who is prompt to help a friend; but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail; but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present, merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a General, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period not of preparation but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a satisfactory life, and above all it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives, we would have

saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heart-break of many women, the dissolution of many homes; and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it we should have shown that we were weaklings and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days—let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected, that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them; sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk; busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day; until suddenly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound in the end to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill. Last year we could not help being brought face to face with the problem of war with Spain. All we could decide was whether we should shrink like cowards from the contest or enter into it as beseemed a

brave and high-spirited people; and, once in, whether failure or success should crown our banners. So it is now. We cannot avoid the responsibilities that confront us in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. All we can decide is whether we shall meet them in a way that will redound to the national credit, or whether we shall make of our dealings with these new problems a dark and shameful page in our history. To refuse to deal with them at all merely amounts to dealing with them badly. We have a given problem to solve. If we undertake the solution there is, of course, always danger that we may not solve it aright, but to refuse to undertake the solution simply renders it certain that we cannot possibly solve it aright.

The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the overcivilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues, the ignorant man and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills "stern men with empires in their brains"—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the nation undertake its new duties; shrink from seeing us build a navy and army adequate to our needs; shrink from seeing us do our share of the world's work by bringing order out of chaos in the great, fair tropic islands from which the valor of our soldiers and sailors has driven the Spanish flag. These are the men who fear the strenuous life, who fear the only national life which is really worth leading. They believe in that cloistered life which saps the hardy virtues in a nation, as it saps them in the individual; or else they are wedded to that base spirit of gain and greed which recognizes in commercialism the be-all and end-all of national life, instead of realizing that, though an indispensable element, it is after all but one of the many elements that go to make up true national greatness. No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity; to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads; to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand; for great is the debt of the nation to these and their

kind. But our debt is yet greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties—duties to the nation and duties to the race.

We cannot sit huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests and are brought into closer and closer contact, if we are to hold our own struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the Isthmian Canal, and we must grasp the points of vantage which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and the West.

So much for the commercial side. From the standpoint of international honor, the argument is even stronger. The guns that thundered off Manila and Santiago left us echoes of glory, but they also left us a legacy of duty. If we drove out a mediæval tyranny only to make room for savage anarchy, we had better not have begun the task at all. It is worse than idle to say that we have no duty to perform and can leave to their fates the islands we have conquered. Such a course would be the course of infamy. It would be followed at once by utter chaos in the wretched islands themselves. Some stronger, manlier power would have to step in and do the work; and we would have shown ourselves weaklings, unable to carry to successful completion the labors that great and high-spirited nations are eager to undertake. The work must be done. We cannot escape our responsibility, and if we are worth our salt, we shall be glad of the chance to do the work—glad of the chance to show ourselves equal to one of the great tasks set modern civilization. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the importance of the task. Let us not be misled by vainglory into underestimating the strain it will put on our powers. Above all, let us, as we value our own self-respect, face the responsibilities with proper seriousness, courage, and



high resolve. We must demand the highest order of integrity and ability in our public men who are to grapple with these new problems. We must hold to a rigid accountability those public servants who show unfaithfulness to the interests of the nation or inability to rise to the high level of the new demands upon our strength and our resources.

Of course, we must remember not to judge any public servant by any one act, and especially should we beware of attacking the men who were merely the occasions and not the causes of disaster. Let me illustrate what I mean by the army and the navy. If twenty years ago we had gone to war, we should have found the navy as absolutely unprepared as the army. At that time our ships could not have encountered with success the fleets of Spain any more than nowadays we can put untrained soldiers, no matter how brave, who are armed with archaic black-powder weapons against well-drilled regulars armed with the highest type of modern repeating rifle. But in the early '80s the attention of the nation became directed to our naval needs. Congress most wisely made a series of appropriations to build up a new navy, and under a succession of able and patriotic Secretaries, of both political parties, the navy was gradually built up, until its material became equal to its splendid personnel, with the result that last summer it leaped to its proper place as one of the most brilliant and formidable fighting navies in the entire world. We rightly pay honor to the men controlling the navy at the time it won these great deeds, honor to Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, to the Captains who handled the ships in action, to the daring Lieutenants who braved death in the smaller craft, and to the heads of bureaus at Washington who saw that the ships were so commanded, so armed, so equipped, so well engined, as to insure the best results. But let us also keep ever in mind that all of this would not have availed if it had not been for the wisdom of the men who during the preceding fifteen years had built up the navy. Keep in mind the Secretaries of the Navy during those years; keep in mind the Senators and Congressmen who by their votes gave the money necessary to build and to armor the ships, to construct the great guns, to train the crews; remember also those who actually did build the ships, the armor, and the guns; and remember the Admirals

and Captains who handled battle-ship, cruiser, and torpedo boat on the high seas, alone and in squadrons, developing the seamanship, the gunnery, and the power of acting together, which their successors utilized so gloriously at Manila and off Santiago.

And, gentlemen, remember the converse, too. Remember that justice has two sides. Be just to those who built up the navy, and for the sake of the future of the country keep in mind those who opposed its building up. Read the "Congressional Record." Find out the Senators and Congressmen who opposed the grants for building the new ships, who opposed the purchase of armor, without which the ships were worthless; who opposed any adequate maintenance for the Navy Department, and strove to cut down the number of men necessary to man our fleets. The men who did these things were one and all working to bring disaster on the country. They have no share in the glory of Manila, in the honor of Santiago. They have no cause to feel proud of the valor of our sea Captains, of the renown of our flag. Their motives may or may not have been good, but their acts were heavily fraught with evil. They did ill for the national honor; and we won in spite of their sinister opposition.

Now, apply all this to our public men of to-day. Our army has never been built up as it should be built up. I shall not discuss with an audience like this the puerile suggestion that a nation of seventy millions of freemen is in danger of losing its liberties from the existence of an army of 100,000 men, three-fourths of whom will be employed in certain foreign islands, in certain coast fortresses, and on Indian reservations. No man of good sense and stout heart can take such a proposition seriously. If we are such weaklings as the proposition implies, then we are unworthy of freedom in any event. To no body of men in the United States is the country so much indebted as to the splendid officers and enlisted men of the regular army and navy; there is no body from which the country has less to fear; and none of which it should be prouder, none which it should be more anxious to upbuild.

Our army needs complete reorganization—not merely enlarging—and the reorganization can only come as the result of legislation. A proper general staff should be established, and

the positions of ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster officers should be filled by detail from the line. Above all, the army must be given a chance to exercise in large bodies. Never again should we see, as we saw in the Spanish War, Major Generals in command of divisions who had never before commanded three companies together in the field. Yet, incredible to relate, the recent Congress has showed a queer inability to learn some of the lessons of the war. There were large bodies of men in both branches who opposed the declaration of war, who opposed the ratification of peace, who opposed the upbuilding of the army, and who even opposed the purchase of armor at a reasonable price for the battle-ships and cruisers, thereby putting an absolute stop to the building of any new fighting ships for the navy. If during the years to come any disaster should befall our arms, afloat or ashore, and thereby any shame come to the United States, remember that the blame will lie upon the men whose names appear upon the roll-calls of Congress on the wrong side of these great questions. On them will lie the burden of any loss of our soldiers and sailors, of any dishonor to the flag; and upon you and the people of the country will lie the blame, if you do not repudiate, in no unmistakable way, what these men have done. The blame will not rest upon the untrained commander of untried troops; upon the civil officers of a department, the organization of which has been left utterly inadequate; or upon the Admiral with insufficient number of ships; but upon the public men who have so lamentably failed in forethought as to refuse to remedy these evils long in advance, and upon the nation that stands behind those public men.

So at the present hour no small share of the responsibility for the blood shed in the Philippines, the blood of our brothers and the blood of their wild and ignorant foes, lies at the thresholds of those who so long delayed the adoption of the treaty of peace, and of those who by their worse than foolish words deliberately invited a savage people to plunge into a war fraught with sure disaster for them—a war, too, in which our own brave men who follow the flag must pay with their blood for the silly, mock-humanitarianism of the prattlers who sit at home in peace.

The army and navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth—if she is not to stand merely as the China of the Western Hemisphere. Our proper conduct toward the tropic islands we have wrested from Spain is merely the form which our duty has taken at the moment. Of course, we are bound to handle the affairs of our own household well. We must see that there is civic honesty, civic cleanliness, civic good sense in our home administration of city, State, and Nation. We must strive for honesty in office, for honesty towards the creditors of the nation and of the individual; for the widest freedom of individual initiative where possible, and for the wisest control of individual initiative where it is hostile to the welfare of the many. But because we set our own household in order, we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a freeman. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind.

In the West Indies and the Philippines alike we are confronted by most difficult problems. It is cowardly to shrink from solving them in the proper way; for solved they must be, if not by us, then by some stronger and more manful race; if we are too weak, too selfish, or too foolish to solve them, some bolder and abler people must undertake the solution. Personally I am far too firm a believer in the greatness of my country and the power of my countrymen to admit for one moment that we shall ever be driven to the ignoble alternative.

The problems are different for the different islands. Porto Rico is not large enough to stand alone. We must govern it wisely and well, primarily in the interest of its own people. Cuba is, in my judgment, entitled ultimately to settle for itself whether it shall be an independent State or an integral portion of the mightiest of republics. But until order and stable liberty are secured, we must remain in the island to insure



them; and infinite tact, judgment, moderation, and courage must be shown by our military and civil representatives in keeping the island pacified, in relentlessly stamping out brigandage, in protecting all alike, and yet in showing proper recognition to the men who have fought for Cuban liberty. The Philippines offer a yet graver problem. Their population includes half-caste and native Christians, warlike Moslems, and wild pagans. Many of their people are utterly unfit for self-government and show no signs of becoming fit. Others may in time become fit, but at present can only take part in self-government under a wise supervision at once firm and beneficent. We have driven Spanish tyranny from the islands. If we now let it be replaced by savage anarchy, our work has been for harm and not for good. I have scant patience with those who fear to undertake the task of governing the Philippines, and who openly avow that they do fear to undertake it, or that they shrink from it because of the expense and trouble; but I have even scantier patience with those who make a pretense of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and who cant about "liberty" and the "consent of the governed," in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men. Their doctrines if carried out would make it incumbent upon us to leave the Apaches of Arizona to work out their own salvation and to decline to interfere in a single Indian reservation. Their doctrines condemn your forefathers and mine for ever having settled in these United States.

England's rule in India and Egypt has been of great benefit to England, for it has trained up generations of men accustomed to look at the larger and loftier side of public life. It has been of even greater benefit to India and Egypt. And finally, and most of all, it has advanced the cause of civilization. So, if we do our duty aright in the Philippines, we will add to that national renown which is the highest and finest part of national life; will greatly benefit the people of the Philippine Islands; and, above all, we will play our part well in the great work of uplifting mankind. But to do this work, keep ever in mind that we must show in a high degree the qualities of courage, of honesty, and of good judgment. Resistance must be stamped out. The first and all-important



work to be done is to establish the supremacy of our flag. We must put down armed resistance before we can accomplish anything else, and there should be no parleying, no faltering in dealing with our foe. As for those in our own country who encourage the foe, we can afford contemptuously to disregard them; but it must be remembered that their utterances are saved from being treasonable merely from the fact that they are despicable.

When once we have put down armed resistance, when once our rule is acknowledged, then an even more difficult task will begin for then we must see to it that the islands are administered with absolute honesty and with good judgment. If we let the public service of the islands be turned into the prey of the spoils politician we shall have begun to tread the path which Spain trod to her own destruction. We must send out there only good and able men, chosen for their fitness and not because of their partisan service, and these men must not only administer impartial service to the natives and serve their own government with honesty and fidelity, but must show the utmost tact and firmness, remembering that with such people as those with whom we are to deal, weakness is the greatest of crimes, and that next to weakness comes lack of consideration for their principles and prejudices.

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The Twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease, and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

# WILLIAM SOWDEN SIMS

## CRITICISM AND PREPAREDNESS

[Admiral Sims was born at Port Hope, Canada, in 1858, graduated from the Naval Academy in 1880, and was promoted through the various grades to rank of Vice-Admiral in 1917, and Admiral, Dec. 4, 1918. During the War, he was in command of American naval operations in European waters. In 1919 he resumed the presidency of the Naval War College at Newport. In the address which follows Admiral Sims defends criticism of war operations as an essential part of military preparedness. As is well known he has practiced what he here preaches. The address was delivered at the University of Pennsylvania on the occasion of the university's ninety-fifth annual observance of Washington's Birthday, held Feb. 21, 1920.

Provost Smith in introducing the speaker said, "Permit me to present the orator of the morning—a gentleman whose name is a household word—and whose fame encircles the globe. He brings a message in regard to him whose birthday we celebrate. I have great pleasure in introducing Admiral Sims."]

It is peculiarly gratifying to find myself upon such an occasion as this in the city and State that have for about 150 years been the home of the Sims family.

It is true that, in the eyes of Pennsylvanians, my father was a foreigner, having been an inhabitant of New Jersey; but, as he was native born, and spent most of his life in this State, I assume that you would consider him an American citizen; and though a naval officer has no permanent residence, and though my mother was a Canadian and happened to be in Canada when I was born, perhaps you may be kind enough to consider me also an American, notwithstanding the title that has been given me by certain unfriendly critics of the "leading British admiral in the American navy."

However, in addition to being an admiral, I am also a college president—the President of the U. S. Naval War College—and, as such, I have naturally assumed that, in honoring me by your invitation to address the faculty and students of this great university, upon some feature of the career of Gen-

eral Washington, it was your intention that I should endeavor to draw from the experiences of this most admirable of Americans a military lesson, or lessons, which may be useful as a guide in the future.

To this end I have reviewed the military career of Washington, as far as my limited time would permit, and I have first of all been again impressed with the very painful difficulties with which he was confronted throughout, due to the same causes which have made the task of all of our leaders in war so very trying; that is, the causes which have forced us to enter upon all our wars, without exception, in a state of more or less complete unpreparedness.

It is distressing to read of the heartrending trials to which this great man was subjected through the ignorance of the responsible civil officials of the elementary principles of warfare, and their consequent inability to accept the military advice of even such a master of the art of war and such an admirable character.

In writing from Boston, in September, 1775, to Joseph Reed, the distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar, who was appointed secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Washington said: "What will be the end of these maneuvers is beyond my scan. I tremble at the prospect. . . . Could I have foreseen what I have experienced, and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth would have induced me to accept this command."

It would be unprofitable to describe in detail the difficulties under which he carried out his responsible duties. They are tolerably well known to all who have even a casual knowledge of our early history. They are very well known, indeed, to those who have been interested in our purely military history. This military history is unpleasant reading, in spite of accounts of glorious actions and remarkable achievements against heavy odds. It is unpleasant because of the evidence that our lack of material and intellectual preparedness entailed enormous sacrifices in valuable lives and treasure.

Every schoolboy knows Washington's injunction that this country should be continuously prepared for war. He stated that "to be prepared for war is one of the most effective means of preserving peace"; that "a free people ought not only to be

armed, but disciplined; to which end a well-digested plan is requisite." This injunction has been continuously neglected since Washington's time.

Not once, but very many times throughout the critical years of the Revolution, he explained with all of the insistence in his power the principles which should govern the action of the military authorities, and pointed out the consequences of neglecting them, but with little success.

It seems incredible that this advice should not have been followed then, and that it should have been neglected ever since, particularly as it was so plain, so simple and so reasonable as to commend itself to the common sense of the average citizen.

In his various communications to the Congress he repeatedly advised that we should have adequate and trained military forces; that if we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it; that if we desire to secure peace it must be known that we are at all times ready for war; that our military forces should be controlled by an efficient general staff; that the commander-in-chief should be allowed to choose his principal officers; that the general staff should be considered so many parts of the commander-in-chief; that criticisms, "remonstrances or applications," should be allowed; that, to quote Washington's words, "slaves indeed should we be if this privilege were denied"; that efficiency requires that the forces should not only be well equipped, well educated and well trained, but well paid; that the contentment resulting from a decent living and an assured future is an essential element of efficiency; that patriotism without interest will not win a long and bloody war. Note the very words of our great President in this latter respect:

"Men may speculate as they will; they may talk of patriotism; they may draw a few examples from ancient story of great achievement performed by its influence, but whoever builds upon them as a sufficient basis for conducting a long and bloody war will find himself deceived in the end. We must take the passions of men as nature has given them, and those principles as a guide which are generally the rule of action. I do not mean to exclude altogether the idea of patriotism. I know it exists, and I know it has done much in

the present contest. But I will venture to assert that a great and lasting war can never be supported on this principle alone. It must be aided by a prospect of interest or some reward. For a time it may, of itself, push men to action, to bear much, to encounter difficulties; but it will not endure unassisted by interest."

The injunctions of Washington embody the immutable fundamental principles of the art of war and their application to national security. They have been insisted upon by our political and military historians, but they have failed to take hold of the minds of the people.

As this is not true of other countries, at least, not to the same degree, it is important to indicate, if possible, the reason for this dangerous lack in our people of a proper solicitude as to our national security.

I am by no means sure that I can explain this satisfactorily, but I believe that this national defect—and it is a serious defect—is due chiefly to our belief that our geographic isolation renders us practically immune to serious attack.

Our people are all proud of what is designated by the peculiar term "Americanism"—peculiar because there are no such terms as "Britishism," "Frenchism," "Italianism," "Russianism," "Turkishism," "Rumanianism," or any "Balkanism."

Americanism is a composite of our various ideals, aspirations and desires. It comprises love of country, love of personal liberty, insistence upon national independence, approval of our institutions, patriotism and the duty of defense.

What is its peculiarity? How does it differ from the similar ideals of other countries? It does not differ in implying the pride of superiority. They all imply that. We are quite convinced that there is no country the equal of America and no people the equal of Americans. It is said that we take no pains to conceal our conviction in this matter; that we are entirely willing and ready at all times to explain it to anybody, whether he is particularly interested or not. The same conviction exists in other countries, even to a greater degree in some. It is true that the Britisher does not explain the superiority of his institutions and people. He does not consider it necessary. He assumes that you know and acknowledge it already.



The Frenchman is politely sorry for all people who are not French, and the Italian considers his nation the intellectual leader of the world, and so it goes.

But in all these nations there is an element of their patriotic ideals, their particular "isms," which is not fully developed in our Americanism. We have been so fortunate in all of our wars and other difficulties that we do not appreciate how much we have to be thankful for. A nation, like an individual, must have lost a blessing in order to appreciate it.

America has never been defeated in war and suffered humiliation or loss of territory. Our independence has never been in danger, and we have always heretofore had the feeling that it is never likely to be, though this feeling has been somewhat shaken by recent events.

Contrast this condition of mind with that in some European countries. The French know what it means to have a victorious enemy march through their capital, to lose territory and pay a heavy indemnity.

Other continental Powers have had a similar experience. In all these countries the national defense is a live issue. The military forces must not only be adequate in material and personnel, but they must be kept intellectually efficient through constant training in readiness for war.

Under these circumstances the truth about the actual condition of their armed forces is so vitally important that anyone who can point out a defect or suggest an improvement will earn the gratitude of his government. Criticism is recognized as so vital to efficiency that it is not only welcomed but is invited, and is rewarded when it proves beneficial.

Officers not actually on duty are at liberty to publish any criticisms they please of the actions of the government or of any of its departments. For example, since the signing of the armistice books have been published by Admirals Jellicoe, Fisher, Scott and Bacon and by Field Marshal French. These books contain criticisms of such severity as to make any of those which have appeared in America seem very mild in comparison. Such of these criticisms as subsequent public discussion shows to be well founded will necessarily have the effect of avoiding in future the errors they have pointed out.

Incidentally, though hardly less important, such discussions serve to create an enlightened public opinion upon these subjects—and efficiency is hardly possible without a clear understanding on the part of the people, at least of the necessity for and the necessary elements of preparedness.

In the United States we not only neglect to provide for public criticisms by our officers but actually forbid it. The missing element in Americanism is that it does not include adequate solicitude for our safety. The Government, and to a certain extent our people, resents criticism of anything American. This attitude was expressed by a certain magazine writer as follows: "We are all right, and if we are not, we don't want to hear about it." This is a dangerous attitude that has cost us many thousands of lives and many millions in treasure.

The consequence is that the American people know less about the elements of warfare and less about the actual condition of their military forces than the people of any of the other great Powers. Though this has militated against our preparedness for war in the past, and although we have nevertheless always attained our object in war without very serious loss, still it must be evident that a similar attitude cannot be maintained in future without serious risk. In a country governed as ours is, the efficiency of its various departments must necessarily depend very largely upon the interest the people take in this efficiency.

It behooves us, therefore, seriously to recall the admonitions of our great first President in regard to our preparation for war and adopt the necessary measures to insure that the public shall at all times be adequately informed of their progress through public discussion carried out under such regulations as to safeguard the public interests.

And now, in conclusion, Mr. Provost and members of the faculty of this university, in thanking you for the great honor you have seen fit to confer upon me, permit me to state that I understand this to be an expression of your appreciation of and admiration for the splendid services rendered our country and the great cause by the gallant officers and men I had the honor to command during the great war.

No such success could have been achieved in safeguarding

the essential supplies to the combined armies in Europe or in safely transporting our army of two million men had it not been for the trained intelligence, zeal and loyal devotion of these splendid men.

# JAN C. SMUTS

## PEACE AND EMPIRE

[This speech is by a very remarkable man upon an extraordinary occasion. General Smuts was a resourceful and intrepid commander of the Boers against the English. Fifteen years later he was commander of the British forces in the East African campaign which destroyed the German power. But his ultimate fame may well rest less on his brilliant military exploits than upon his services to peace—in his advocacy of the League of Nations, in his promotion of the Irish Settlement, and in his leadership of South Africa as a member of the British Federation.]

The speech was delivered before the Conference of Prime Ministers and Representatives of the United Kingdom, the Dominions, and India, held from June 20 to August 5, 1921, in London. The conference was opened by Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain, and General Smuts spoke as Prime Minister of South Africa. The Conference doubtless marks a new epoch in imperial federation.]

I SHOULD like to associate myself with what has been said by the Prime Minister of Australia in regard to the speech which you made yesterday, and, in particular, speaking on behalf of South Africa, I should like to thank you very, very much for the reference you made to General Botha. General Botha was not only a great South African, but a great man, and his name will remain as one of the greatest men in the history of the British Empire, and I think the references made to him yesterday were fully justified. You opened yesterday, Prime Minister, in a speech, if I may say so, of such power and brilliance, that it is very difficult for us, in fact, impossible for me, to follow on, but we agreed yesterday that the Prime Ministers should each make a general preliminary statement, and so I proceed to make a few remarks upon the topics on which we are called upon to deal here.

I think a discussion like this may be useful, because it will disclose in a preliminary and general way the attitude taken up by the Dominions on the topics which we have come here

to discuss. I shall not attempt to break fresh ground in the few remarks I am going to make. I am going to adhere more or less to the tenor of what I said in the South African Parliament when the subject matters of this Conference were under debate. What I said was generally approved in Parliament and by the public in South Africa, and I shall therefore adhere to what I said there. I said on that occasion that what the world most needs to-day is peace, a return to a peaceful temper and to the resumption of peaceful and normal industry. To my mind that is the test of all true policy to-day. Peace is wanted by the world. Peace is wanted especially by the peoples of the British Empire. We are a peaceful Empire, our very nature is such that peace is necessary for us. We have no military aims to serve, we have no militaristic ideals, and it is only in a peaceful world that our ideals can be realized. It should, therefore, be the main, in fact, the only object of British policy to secure real peace for the Empire and the world generally. Now the Prime Minister stated in his speech what progress has been made towards the attainment of this ideal. He pointed out that some of the matters which gave us the greatest trouble in Paris had been settled. The question of reparations, which was, perhaps, the most difficult and intricate with which we had to deal in Paris, has finally, after some years of debate and trouble, been eliminated, in a settlement which, I venture to hope, will prove final and workable. That is a very great advance. The other great advance that has been made—and it is an enormous advance—is the final disarmament of Germany. That the greatest military Empire that has ever existed in history should be reduced to a peace establishment of 100,000 men is something which I considered practically impossible. It is a great achievement, so far-reaching, indeed, that it ought to become the basis of a new departure in world policy. We cannot stop with Germany, we cannot stop with the disarmament of Germany. It is impossible for us to continue to envisage the future of the world from the point of view of war. I believe it is impossible for us to contemplate the piling up of armaments in the future of the world and the exhaustion of our very limited remaining resources in order to carry out a policy of that kind.



Such a policy would be criminal, it would be the betrayal of the causes for which we fought during the War, and if we embarked on such a policy it would be our undoing. If we were to go forward into the future staggering under the load of military and naval armaments whilst our competitors in Central Europe were free from the incubus of great armies, we should be severely handicapped, and in the end we should have the fruits of victory lost to us by our post-war policy. Already circumstances are developing on those lines. Already under the operation of inexorable economic factors we find that the position is developing to the advantage of Central Europe. The depreciation of their currencies, the universal depreciation of currencies, and the unsettlement of the exchanges are having the effect of practical repudiation of liabilities on the part of a large part of the Continent. If we add to our financial responsibilities and have, in addition, to pile on the fresh burdens of new armies and navies I am afraid the future for us is very dark indeed, and we shall in the long run lose all we have won on the field of battle.

Armaments depend upon policy, and therefore I press very strongly that our policy should be such as to make the race for armaments impossible. That should be the cardinal feature of our foreign policy. We should not go into the future under this awful handicap of having to support great armaments, build new fleets, raise new armies, whilst our economic competitors are free of that liability under the Peace Treaty. The most fatal mistake of all, in my humble opinion, would be a race of armaments against America. America is the nation that is closest to us in all the human ties. The Dominions look upon her as the oldest of them. She is the relation with whom we most closely agree, and with whom we can most cordially work together. She left our circle a long time ago because of a great historic mistake. I am not sure that a wise policy after the great events through which we have recently passed might not repair the effects of that great historic error, and once more bring America on to lines of general coöperation with the British Empire. America, after all, has proved a staunch and tried friend during the War. She came in late because she did not realize what was at stake. In the very darkest hour of the War she came in and ranged

herself on our side. That was, I believe, the determining factor in the victory of our great cause.

Since the War we have somewhat drifted apart. I need not go into the story—I do not know the whole story—it is only known to you here. There are matters on which we have not seen eye to eye, to some extent springing from what happened at Paris and also from mistakes made by statesmen. But these mistakes do not affect the fundamental attitude of the two peoples. To my mind it seems clear that the only path of safety for the British Empire is a path on which she can walk together with America. In saying this I do not wish to be understood as advocating an American alliance. Nothing of the kind. I do not advocate an alliance or any exclusive arrangement with America. It would be undesirable, it would be impossible and unnecessary. The British Empire is not in need of exclusive allies. It emerged from the War quite the greatest Power in the world, and it is only unwisdom or unsound policy that could rob her of that great position. She does not want exclusive alliances. What she wants to see established is more universal friendship in the world. The nations of the British Empire wish to make all the nations of the world more friendly to each other. We wish to remove grounds for misunderstandings and causes of friction, and to bring together all the free peoples of the world in a system of friendly conferences and consultations in regard to their difficulties. We wish to see a real Society of Nations, away from the old ideas and practices of national domination or Imperial domination, which were the real root causes of the great War. No, not in alliances, in any exclusive alliances, but in a new spirit of amity and coöperation do we seek the solution of the problems of the future. Although America is not a member of the League of Nations, there is no doubt that coöperation between her and the British Empire would be the easy and natural thing, and there is no doubt it would be the wise thing.

In shaping our course for the future, we must bear in mind that the whole world position has radically altered as a result of the War. Europe is no longer what she was, and the power and the position which she once occupied in the world have been largely lost. The great Empires have disappeared.

Austria will never rise again. Russia and Germany will no doubt revive, but not in this generation nor in the next; and when they do, they may be very different countries in a world which may be a very different world. The position, therefore, has completely altered. The old viewpoint from which we considered Europe has completely altered. She suffers from an exhaustion, which is the most appalling fact of history; and the victorious countries of Europe are not much better off than the vanquished. No, the scene has shifted on the great stage. To my mind that is the most important fact in the world situation to-day, and the fact to which our foreign policy should have special regard. Our temptation is still to look upon the European stage as of the first importance. It is no longer so; and I suggest we should not be too deeply occupied with it. Let us be friendly and helpful all round to the best of our ability, but let us not be too deeply involved in it. The fires are still burning there, the pot is occasionally boiling over, but there are not really first-rate events any more. This state of affairs in Central Europe will probably continue for many years to come, and no act on our part could very largely alter the situation. Therefore, not from feelings of selfishness, but in a spirit of wisdom, one would counsel prudence and reserve in our Continental commitments, and that we do not let ourselves in for European entanglements more than is necessary, and that we be impartial, friendly and helpful to all alike, and avoid any partisan attitude in the concerns of the continent of Europe. Undoubtedly the scene has shifted away from Europe to the Far East and to the Pacific. The problems of the Pacific are to my mind the world problems of the next fifty years or more. In these problems we are, as an Empire, very vitally interested. Three of the Dominions border on the Pacific; India is next door; there, too, are the United States and Japan. There, also, is China, the fate of the greatest human population on earth will have to be decided. There, Europe, Asia and America are meeting, and there, I believe, the next great chapter in human history will be enacted. I ask myself, what will be the character of that history? Will it be along the old lines? Will it be the old spirit of national and imperial domination which has been the undoing of Europe? Or shall

we have learned our lesson? Shall we have purged our souls in the fires through which we have passed? Will it be a future of peaceful coöperation, of friendly coördination of all the vast interests at stake?

Shall we act in continuous friendly consultation in the true spirit of a Society of Nations, or will there once more be a repetition of rival groups, of exclusive alliances, and finally, of a terrible catastrophe more fatal than the one we have passed through? That, to my mind, is the alternative. That is the parting of the ways at which we have arrived now. That is the great matter, I take it, we are met to consider in this Conference. If we are wisely guided at this juncture, this Conference may well become one of the great landmarks in history. It comes most opportune. The American Senate has already made the first move in a unanimous resolution calling for a Conference of the United States, the British Empire and Japan. Japan has been a consistent supporter of the League of Nations. She is one of the Great Powers with a permanent seat on the Council, and she has, so far as I can gather, consistently been a power for good in the Councils of the League of Nations. The British Empire, again, is not only one of the strongest influences behind the League, but she is honestly and sincerely feeling her way to a better ordering of international relations. China is not only a member of the League, but has been elected a member of the Council at the last meeting of the Assembly at Geneva. All the great parties concerned in the Pacific and in Pacific policy are, therefore, pledged to friendly conference and consultation in regard to what is the most important, possibly the most dangerous, next phase of world politics. They are all pledged to the new system of conference and consultation, either by membership of the League and its Council, or, in the case of America, by the resolution which the Senate has just passed. It is now for this Conference of ours to give the lead and guide the Powers concerned into a friendly conference, or system of conferences, in regard to this great issue. This, I submit, is the great opportunity presented to this Conference, and I trust that our deliberations will be exploited to the full for the good and future peace of the world. As you said yesterday, Mr. Prime Minister, the British Empire involves the great



question of East and West, the relations of East and West. That great question is now coming to a head. There is no doubt that the British Empire is more vitally interested than any other country in this, for she has her feet planted on all the continents. By her great position she is called upon to act as the peacemaker, the mediator, between East and West, and nowhere else has she such scope, such opportunity, for great world service as just here. Great rival civilizations are meeting and great questions have to be decided for the future. I most heartily applaud what you said yesterday on this point, and I trust that difficulties on this most thorny path will not prove insuperable to us. You spoke yesterday most eloquently on the Peace Treaty, the sacredness of the Peace Treaty, and the obligation to carry out the Peace Treaty.

There is one chapter in that Treaty which, to my mind, should be specially sacred to the British Empire. That is the first chapter on the League of Nations. The Covenant may be faulty, it may need amendment in order to make it more workable and more generally acceptable, but let us never forget that the Covenant embodies the most deeply-felt longings of the human race for a better life. There, more than anywhere else, do we find a serious effort made to translate into practical reality the great ideals that actuated us during the War, the ideals for which millions of our best gave their lives. The method of understanding instead of violence, of free coöperation, of consultation and conference in all great difficulties which we have found so fruitful in our Empire system, is the method which the League attempts to apply to the affairs of the world. Let us, in the British Empire, back it for all it is worth. It may well prove, for international relations, the way out of the present morass. It may become the foundation of a new international system which will render armaments unnecessary, and give the world at large the blessings which we enjoy in our lesser League of Nations in the Empire.

I have spoken at length already, Prime Minister, and therefore I do not wish to refer to the other great matter which we are met here to consider, which Mr. Hughes touched upon, namely, constitutional relations. We shall come to a very full discussion of that subject, and, therefore, I do not wish to say any more at this stage.



# HARRY COLLINS SPILLMAN

## ADJUSTING OURSELVES TO A NEW ERA IN BUSINESS

[This address was delivered before the Twenty-second annual Convention of the Biscuit and Cracker Manufacturers Association of America, held in Chicago in 1922. Mr. Spillman is manager of the School Dept. of the Remington Typewriter Co. and is well-known as a speaker before business and educational organizations.]

ELBERT HUBBARD used to be very fond of saying a great many wise men came from New York. He said the sooner they came, the wiser they were, and that has always been my experience when I get out here to Chicago. I always, for that reason, hark back a little further in my experience and come from Kentucky, because I really came via New York from Kentucky, down where the corn is full of kernels and the colonels are still full of corn. Mr. Volstead had made no great change. In fact, a man wrote me from Louisville and said, "Spillman, from one drug store to the next is still the shortest distance between two pints in Kentucky." I wasn't here at the banquet last night, but I understand the same is true here as in Kentucky.

I have been assigned a very high-sounding subject to talk to you about to-day. Down in my native state some years ago a gentleman was sent by the revenue department of the government to apprehend a very dangerous distiller of moonshine. The moonshiner had killed off all revenue officers that had been sent to apprehend him, so he had made a very dangerous reputation. The government sent another and said, "Get that man, dead or alive."

He traveled a few days and came finally to a little ravine where the cabin was situated in which the moonshiner resided. He knocked on the door, and a little tow-headed boy came out. The revenue officer said, "Son, where is your father?"

He said, "Pap is up at the still making liquor."

"Well," he said, "I'll give you a quarter if you take me up to your pap."

He said, "Sure."

"All right, son, get your cap and take me up to your pap, and when I come back I will give you a quarter."

He said, "Mister, give me the quarter now, you are not coming back."

So every time I come to Chicago to talk on this subject I wonder whether I am going to have the honor of coming back. I think I ought to say, by way of supplementing the things said about me, that I am a school teacher as well as a business man. I got most of my experience in the classroom on the side lines of education. I am pleased to see the great changes coming over education, and the longer I live the more truly I recognize education going on outside of the classroom rather than inside of it. Experience is the master school teacher of the world.

You are here to discuss the problems common to your different communities, I am sure, and to exchange ideas in order that each of you may know what is going on in the other's territory. Sometime ago I was reading a fable telling the experience of the wonderful rooster that flew out of his barnyard over into the neighbor's barnyard, and he found a lot of fowls there that he didn't have in his own barnyard. For instance, there were geese and turkeys and ostriches. This rooster came upon a very large ostrich egg, the like he had never seen before, and he was so interested that he pecked at it. When he pecked it caused the egg to roll towards his barnyard. He pecked it again and rolled it under the fence, and when he got inside he clucked and clucked and called all the hens around. The hens came up and looked at the big ostrich egg. The rooster said, "Understand I am not complaining at all, but I want you to know what they are doing in other communities."

You are here to exchange ideas and carry back to your respective neighborhoods the point of common interest to each other. Now, if I need a text for what I am going to say to you this morning, I think I would find it in James Russell Lowell where he said, "New times demand new methods and

new men. The world moves on apace and soon outgrows the laws which in our fathers' day were best."

So we recognize in the beginning this morning and have recognized no doubt for a long time that a great change has come over business, a great change has come over education, and we are facing a new world and we must face it with new methods, with new propaganda, and new ideas of selling.

In the Middle Ages everybody fought and talked about religion. In the Renaissance everybody talked about art and literature; and for the last one hundred years humanity everywhere has been busy talking and studying for the most part about one thing, and that thing was mechanical. That thing was the machine; so we have been busy for the last hundred years in a mechanical way making our things better until we stand to-day in that ridiculous attitude of knowing nearly everything there is to be known about things. Having perfected the wheel the inventor of these wonderful devices stands apart from the things invented and is mystified by his own handiwork. We have lived through a great age of horsepower, and you know horsepower is the power of a horse from the neck back. We must develop another kind of power in the era we are living in now—and that is manpower. I believe during the next ten years organizations like yours are going to have a great deal more to say about the manpower of your industry and less about the technical aspects of it.

I heard a great manufacturer say the other day he wished he could make his men as good as his merchandise. I have an idea that the problem before you men here is that you have made the cracker so good, perhaps not perfect, but so much more perfect than the men selling crackers, that there is no comparison between the goodness of the merchandise and the goodness of the men trying to sell the merchandise. I suspect to-day that if your selling organization was on speaking terms with the quality of your merchandise, you would be in a much better way than you are.

Oh, yes, I think we have all the horsepower we need in the motor. I think we have to get a little horse sense in the drivers. We need that. We need it in the man. The call everywhere is for manpower; give us better salesmen, better

men to direct, better production, finer production. Ah yes, I say this nation depends upon its manpower, and your industry depends upon its manpower. I was brought up in Kentucky, if I may refer to that experience again. My uncle was a wagon maker. He made nearly all the common carriers that ran over the foothills in which I was born and raised. After my uncle finished one of the wagons he rolled it out in the shop yard and a farmer would come along and say, "I'll take one of those wagons, but I want to know how to keep it in repair."

My uncle would say, "You know I don't have to give you written instructions; all you have to do is put axle grease on the wheels every few weeks and the wagon is all right."

Imagine a man buying a Packard automobile to-day and being told all he needs to do is put a little axle grease on the wheels every few weeks. May I ask you what is the difference between a Packard automobile and my uncle's two-horse wagon. Basically, they are the same. They run on four wheels. Ah, there is a wonderful difference in the automobile because the automobile has fifty oiling places whereas my uncle's two-horse wagon had only five points of contact on it—only five places that ever needed to be oiled at all. The automobile has become so highly ramified in its contacts, there are so many more places for friction, that we have to have ball bearings and piston rings and the very finest oils that we can get from nature to lubricate the contact in the automobile and make it run. I tell you that because I think business has undergone exactly that same change that has overtaken my uncle's two-horse wagon.

To-day you touch humanity in so many more places than you did formerly, you are coming in contact with people and with customers in such a different way to-day that you have to lubricate your selling organization, your machinery has to be more fluent and more highly perfected and skilled than it was formerly.

I want to mention briefly this morning some of these important points of contact in the development of the men who sell your merchandise. I shall have little to say about the merchandise for I know very little about it. I don't think the merchandise is half so important as the men selling it. As

I have said, if you can make your men as good as your crackers you are all right. I want to speak about some of these highly essential points of contact in the human machinery of your organization.

The first point I want to mention is the mental contact, the most important perhaps in the beginning—the mental contact. The human machine is much below par intellectually. Your selling organization, your directing organization, your producing organization, all the way through has a big lot of wasted motion in intellectual operation.

Rand McNally says the great American desert is out somewhere west of the Rocky Mountains, but he is wrong; the great American desert is under the hat of the average man. That is where we have the undiscovered country. It isn't out yonder, it is up here. There is where we have the waste motion of the world, gentlemen; there is where you have the waste motion in your organization, not in the wheel and different units that go to make up the whole of your fine product, but I say the waste motion is the loss in the intellectual operation of your men in relation to the customer. Yes, we have made a great mechanical progress, a fine mechanical progress, but we haven't made so much intellectual progress, we are just beginning. When we want to know something for certain we have to go back two thousand years and look it up in the source books. We have certain source books and certain source minds. If it is something about philosophy we go to Aristotle and Plato and Socrates; and if we want to know something about religion we go to the Bible. Those are our source books.

To-day in business we have a few source minds. I don't know who the source minds are in your industry, but I know it is a wonderful thing to be a source mind in the cracker business, to have it said your mental operations are right, that you can be relied upon to be accurate in calculating certain vital issues of this enterprise.

Down in Texas they don't have to make Democrats; they just come on down there one generation after the other. If you know what the vital statistics are going to be on the male side the next ten years, you know what the majority is going to be. And the same is true of Republicans in Pennsylvania.



I am a Methodist. Why? Not because I love John Wesley or understand his theology; I am a Methodist because it runs in the family like snoring and obesity and a lot of other things. Had I stopped and thought out my religion I might have been a Baptist or a Presbyterian, you can't tell. I believe in a large measure we are too lazy to think. Elbert Hubbard said: "We would rather go out and lie down and die than do constructive thinking."

Real constructive thinking—don't misunderstand this. Thinking is sometimes very much confused. The next time you are talking with a man about your line and he has been buying the other fellow's wares a long time, and you know yours are better and he ought to buy yours, he listens to you while you talk, but that isn't a sign he is thinking, not at all. He may even shove his nose glasses on the end of his nose and look into space, and you say, "I have got him thinking all right." He isn't thinking at all, he is just readjusting his prejudices, that is all. I say in a large measure we are too lazy to think.

I read somewhere the interesting report of your meeting last year. People over in England eat a great many more crackers than they do in America. Why? Because they think about crackers, that is why. Whenever you find a man who doesn't think about something, he doesn't understand it; and hear me, the high cost of this proposition comes right here, gentlemen, when a man doesn't think, he doesn't understand and whatever he doesn't understand he opposes. That is human nature the world over. Unless you make that man think in some way, unless you stir up his mind and get his mind concentrated upon the merits of your crackers, you can't sell him.

Yesterday in Omaha I saw a wonderful something that made me think of your business. I know it has been a long time since I have seen as attractive a thing as I saw in Omaha yesterday, and it attracted me because I was going to speak here to-day. It was a very fine exhibit of crackers in one of the big stores of Omaha. It was a wonderful exhibit of crackers. No man went down the street without thinking of crackers, in fact, his mouth watered when he looked in the window. The boys and girls were looking in because the man had connected

the exhibits with Wesley Barry and Jackie Coogan, both playing in a nearby theater on the screen, and they were supposed to like these crackers. That window was built up around local color and the real attractive thing about it was how clean the window and the store were. You know cleanliness is next to godliness, and in a grocery store it is next to impossible.

I say any man, any salesman that can give his customer an idea of how to keep the store clean, how to dress up the window, causes him to think along that line, is working up to the very heart of his own proposition. I know a great man who buys goods in the central states and he hasn't bought anything from the salesman for years that didn't give him a bright idea. He said: "After all, you know the products are pretty good, but I put it up to the salesman. He must give service along the line of ideas. I must have a salesman that thinks and enables me to think, so every time he gives me a bright idea I give him credit for it." That is service.

I want to speak about another contact very vital in the experience of your men. I want to speak about the language contact for a minute. The longer I live how much more certain I am I live by my language. Language is a large asset in my life, a large asset in the life of any man doing business anywhere with anything. Darwin made a great reputation by tracing down the origin of man and saying we sprang from a monkey. I don't know whether he is right or not, I don't care. He said we sprang from a monkey. Somebody said it took five thousand years for a monkey to change into a man, but it doesn't take that long to reverse the process. The point I want to make about that is here: Darwin was tracing the rise of the spark of life and he encountered the missing link and that missing link was a language link. We have made the monkey do nearly everything but talk.

So I say in your speech habits you are always superior to the lower animal order. There are a lot of men who look no better than monkeys and act no better, but they can talk better because they can talk some. Language to-day is the highly personified characteristic of this human machine. Language is a more vital part of the personality of your men and of you than your eyes and hair are, a far more vital part. I would

rather undergo a major operation for anything that ailed me in the body than have my language operated upon. I would rather give up my appendix than the adjectives and adverbs that are necessary to the clarity of my expression. I wouldn't mind having a lame body if I always had a strong language. I would rather have weak eyes than weak words. I wouldn't mind having a tin ear if I might have a silver tongue. I know what men do with silver tongues. I know what salesmen do with vital language. They are go-getters, they are the fellows that deliver the blue vase.

It is very sad, gentlemen, because the thing I am talking about this morning—language—can't be bought, borrowed or stolen. The only way to get it is just to take it for nothing. Yet we stagger along through life and allow our sales organization to be impeded in speech without the language to express the richness of the products they are trying to sell.

A man came into our store the other day to sell me something. I suppose I might have bought if I had known enough about it. Pretty soon I saw he was a language pauper. I backed him against the wall and asked him something about his product and pretty soon he began talking with his hands: "You know, Mr. Spillman, you know," and a great many times I don't know and that is the reason I don't buy.

I wonder how many of the organizations represented here to-day would have delivered more crackers last year than you did if your salesmen could have told men the things they wanted to know in the language they ought to have had to express the richness and fullness of your merchandise.

Words, the power of words! Wasn't it the National Biscuit Company that gave five thousand dollars for a single word? They ought to have been ashamed to have taken it for a paltry sum of money. For many years the National Biscuit Company made the people of America do what they would like to have them do by reason of that word. They haven't pre-empted all the English language. There are other words as vital as that one to be applied to the nutritiousness of your merchandise. I say it is language. All right, you say, what is the answer for that? The best way, of course, to make your men better—and there is only one best way—is to make yourself better. The quickest way I know to make men is by

being one yourself. Set the example, be it of mind or of language, before your men. All right, how? Well, you are to-day the same man you were the day you were born, plus the men you have met and the books you have read. That is all.

The Bible is the background of the language of all the great advertising experts of the world, and all the great salesmen have read the Old Testament through and through and memorized its language and mastered its philosophy, because it is true to-day. I am recommending it because I know it improves one's language, if for no other reason. The Bible is the paragon book of all books for vitalizing your language.

Sometimes when I want to vitalize my language a little I look in the New York Library. I don't know whether to take down "If Winter Comes" or "Wells' Outline of History," but I know there is always one book I can take down without any chance of wasting time so far as language is concerned. The longer I read the more certain I am that I shall take up last the book I took up first and finish my education in the University of Abraham Lincoln.

There is one other contact I would mention and that is the courageous contact.

A man at Atlantic City was spending his vacation; of course, he met a woman down there as part of his vacation. He was bashful and backward and wasn't making much progress. He was sitting near the ocean with her and she thought she would encourage him, so she took his arm and passed it affectionately around her waist and looked into his eyes and said, "Oh, why don't you kiss me?"

He said, "I would, but I have sand in my mouth."

She said, "Swallow it, darn you, you need it."

The quality of sand is like the yeast in your bread, just exactly. You need good yeast for your bread and you need good yeast for your men, something to make them rise up and be the men they ought to be and do the things they ought to do.

Sometimes our organizations are half dead and half alive, and sometimes they are more the former than the latter. You know death is a very mysterious something. It is very greatly misunderstood and frequently misrepresented. I want to tell you every man dies twice. He dies once in the spirit and once in the body, and these two departures from life are not



always made concurrently. The date on the tombstone isn't the date the man dies. That is the date society took formal note of his departure, that is all. When he has quit contributing to the thought and progress of his time, that is when a man dies. When hope flees from his breast and his mind ceases to adventure, then he is dead. I don't care whether he is buried or not, it makes no difference, he belongs to what we call the unburied dead. Oh, it is a wonderful thing to live a long life and remain vital through it all. We are dropping off too soon in this life. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years without a bath tub, without a tooth brush; he was never X-rayed, manicured or had his appendix removed. He set an example that shames all of us.

We find men like Chauncey M. Depew, vital past eighty, still contributing to the thought of his time, a man wholly alive; so I say in every human heart there is an evergreen tree, and the name of that tree is "Enthusiasm." As long as this tree flourishes I am a young man, whenever that tree withers, whatever my age, I am old. I have lived long enough to know youth and old age are not fixed stages in life to be written down and averaged up by the life insurance company. The life insurance company never lets me forget that some day I will be a very old man. Every man ought to think about it. The life insurance company can tell you the very day you will be old because they have it figured up and you have to pay by that schedule, but thank God you don't have to live by it.

We have always been afraid of something. Fear, you know, is the hallmark of humanity. We began to be by being afraid, that was what made us conscious. When we first recognized the danger around us, we ceased to be animals. I say fear has had a great part in building up society. But we ought now to lay it off. Now that we have fought off animal dangers we ought to act like men and substitute for that quality of fear something that is bigger and better and finer in the human nature, and that is faith.

Why, I have sometimes tried to recall when I first began to be afraid. It is like trying to remember when I was born; it goes so far back into my past. Fear of something has always existed with us. When I was a child I was afraid of the dark, afraid to go to bed; when I got older I was afraid of



my school teacher; when I got in the twenties, I was afraid of my job. Some of you men are afraid of your competitors. And through life great fears chain us down and block our way to larger progress and success in life.

I say to you, the human machine, speaking of our nation as well as your industry, needs to build up this vital point of contact with other nations—faith, courage, hope and belief in the things we want to undertake to do. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall say to a mountain, ‘Be thou removed,’ and shall not doubt it in his own heart, he shall have whatsoever he sayeth.” Now, I didn’t write that, but I have a very great measure of respect for that man who did, and when St. Mark said that he meant what he said. I believe every monument and great enterprise erected has been builded by some man who believed that statement of St. Mark, when he said a man to remove a mountain only needed to believe he could do it. So I believe in our life to-day, in the cracker business and every other business, we must have something greater in our lives and hearts than we have to-day and have had the last few years.

What do you believe you can do? What about your faith pattern? You say we live in the scientific age. I want to know for certain. We have learned a few facts about the machine and now we want to know the answer for everything. We have come to be too scientific. We are unwilling to take anything for granted any more. Mr. Edison said not long ago, “I don’t know one-half of one per cent. about anything.” It is rather surprising that he expects other people to know so much. Edison says, he does not know what electricity is. Of course not, probably he never will know. He knows something more important about electricity than to know what it is, he knows what it will do.

I was in Fort Myers, Florida, where Edison invented the incandescent light. I saw the very studio and laboratory in which he perfected it. He went to the little village of Fort Myers and said, “I have perfected my incandescent light. If you will stretch a wire down the main street of this town, I’ll make it the first electrically lighted city in the world.” Do you know what they said? “We don’t know anything about electricity, we won’t have anything to do with it.”

Sometimes it is hard to be an optimist. Recently I was riding down the street in New Hampshire to fill an engagement. I looked out the car window and saw one of the Rotary signs—those great, inspiring Rotary signs put over the United States. I looked out the window and said: "Let me see what this one says." It read: "Work hard, buy what you need, prosperity is just around the corner." Then the car turned at right angles, on the left I saw a graveyard, and on the right a county jail. I say, gentlemen, I believe it pays to have that attitude of mind.

A man came into my office to sell me life insurance, and after I had bought a little policy I said: "Old man, I meet a great many pessimists. How do you find the life insurance business?"

He reached in his pocket and said: "Mr. Spillman, it isn't so bad. Here is a policy I wrote yesterday on one man's life for five million dollars."

I said, "One man?"

He said, "Yes, one man, five million dollars, count the ciphers, they are all there."

I said, "Lay it on my desk, my contact with money is largely academic."

He laid the policy down there. He said, "Mr. Spillman, I wrote so much insurance yesterday on one man's life that all the insurance companies in America are not big enough to write it. I have got to go to Europe to get it underwritten."

I know a lot of life insurance agents starving to death in America to-day.

I said, "Mr. Rosen (for it was the great expert, Mr. Harry Rosen), I am speaking to a great many sales forces in America, I wish you would tell me how last year you wrote eighteen men for one million dollars or more, and the average insurance salesman is happy if he can write a quarter of a million all year."

He said, "I am not a genius at all. If there is a reason that I am better it lies here: I expect in large units. I taught myself a long time ago not to be satisfied, so I don't toy in my mind with small amounts, I think in large terms. No life insurance company has set a quota for me that I haven't been able to make."

Contrast Rosen's mental habits with those of another salesman to whom I said, "Did you get all the business last month you ought to have gotten?"

He said, "I didn't get all I expected to, but then I didn't expect to."

Gentlemen, I know no formula for failure that is so unfailing as that. Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. If I could only know what you are expecting, if I could only know about your faith contact with society, with your men, and with the world at large, I would prophesy something about the growth of the business. May I tell you what I expected once, as I come to the close of my address?

I was born and brought up in Kentucky, as I told you, in a little town of one thousand inhabitants. My North and South poles were on the same street, one off the school house, and the other by the court house. But I wanted something. Ah, yes, God was very kind to me when he put in me the desire to want things. I have always had a burning desire to get something. My wants haven't always been outrageous. Some of the things I wanted in life I got. The first thing I wanted I got. As I grew up in this little town I wanted something—I wanted a roll top desk. That is what I wanted so all my desires and ambitions were centered around this desk.

There was just one roll top desk in my whole world, and that was in the office of the bank president. He had the luxury of a roll top desk. I wanted that desk, oh how I wanted it! I wanted it so badly I used to stand before the bank of a night, and I guess I lost the sale of a good many papers, waiting to see the president lowering the mechanism of that roll top desk. If I had had the roll top desk, all things would have been added unto me. The important thing was that I began to expect it.

I hadn't been doing that very long until I went to my mother's millinery store one day and found an old fashioned spool case she had thrown out. I said, "Here is the foundation, here is the beginning of my roll top desk." I took it to our cottage and got a chisel and hammer and saw and went to work on it. Many nights and days I labored on that desk. When I finished it, it was very crude, no paint, no lock. You

wouldn't have it, but I look back upon the desk to-day as the finest piece of craftsmanship I have ever been able to build.

Then I said, "What will I do with it?" One of the neighbors said: "After all the roll top desk you have talked about to the neighborhood, you have got it, and what are you going to do with it? You haven't anything to put in it, no mail. You never get a letter."

I decided I would have to get a lot of mail. The banker got a lot of letters, ripped them open and filed them away. So a traveling man came along and I said: "You have been to Louisville, Nashville and Cincinnati, maybe you can tell me something. I have an ambition to get a lot of mail. I have a roll top desk and nothing to put in it, can you tell me how to get a lot of mail?"

He said, "Yes; I'll give you a bright idea, and won't charge you for it. Send your name away to Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward."

I sent my name away to Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward and they sent me catalogs and circular letters. Soon I began to get a remarkable mail. I guess the post office had its class changed because I got so much mail. We had a tri-daily mail service, very well named tri-daily; that is, the train went to the main line junction every morning and tried to get back that night. It couldn't always make it. Many nights in the winter it was midnight when she came in. It never found me dead, I was always at the post office waiting for my mail.

I took my circular letters home and filed them away and answered them as though I expected to buy something. I have a secret. All the months I carried on that heavy correspondence with Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward I never bought five cents worth of merchandise. That is hard on Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. They lost a lot of money on me.

A few years later when I got to New York and walked down Broadway and turned into the headquarters of a twenty-million-dollar corporation and got a good job which I had been writing about, the manager took me to the third floor and said, "Mr. Spillman, this is your office and there by the window is your roll top desk."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall say to a

mountain, 'Be thou removed'; and shall not doubt it in his own heart, he shall have whatsoever he sayeth."

Then may you never lose courage, man with a mind,  
Hope is a better companion than fear;  
Providence very benignant and kind,  
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.  
Face to the light, for all must be right;  
Morning is ever the daughter of night;  
That which is dark must be that which is bright.  
Stand in the van and fight like a man—  
That is the bravest and the cleverest plan.  
Trust well in thy cause and do what you can.



## OSCAR SOLOMON STRAUS

### THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES

[Oscar Straus (born 1850) was Secretary of the Dept. of Commerce and Labor in the cabinet of President Roosevelt and Ambassador to Turkey 1909-10. He has been the head of many civic and benevolent organizations and is well-known as author and speaker. The following address was delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Nov. 29, 1905. It is with his permission reprinted here from the volume of his addresses entitled "The American Spirit," published and copyrighted by The Century Co., 1913.]

"FEW greater calamities," says Lecky, "can befall a nation than to cut herself off, as France did in her great revolution, from all vital connection with her own past." Here in this historic hall, dedicated by that great commoner, James Otis, as "The Cradle of Liberty," were held town meetings throbbing with the nascent principles of democracy. Herein also, where a decade later Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren first organized resistance to arbitrary government, it is most fitting and proper to celebrate an historical event, insignificant in itself, yet whose threads, dyed in the blood of martyrs for soul-liberty, find a fitting place in the composite fabric of our continent's history and in the development of our civil and religious liberties. The historian of the persecution of the Jews, Dr. Kayserling, says, "Where the history of the Jews in Spain ends, their history in America begins; the Inquisition is the last chapter of the confessors of Judaism on the Pyrenean Peninsula and their first chapter on the continent of the Western hemisphere." The expulsion of the Jews from Spain and Portugal, and the discovery of America, are linked together not only as contemporaneous events, but also in some important contributory relations. Emilio Castelar, in his "History of Columbus," says that as soon as Luis Santangel, the comptroller-general of Aragon, "one of those antique Jews



OSCAR S. STRAUS



who have so greatly helped to enlighten the Christian world," heard of the dismissal of Columbus, he prevailed upon the Queen to order his return, and when she complained of the emptiness of the Castilian treasury, Santangel assured her majesty of the flourishing state of the Aragonese finances—doubtless, says the historian, because of the revenues derived from the confiscation of the property of the expelled Jews. From the archives of Simancas, which are still preserved at Seville, it is clear that Santangel, whom the historian has named the Beaconsfield of his time, and whose uncle of the same name, and other kinsmen, died at the stake in Saragossa, not only was instrumental in connection with Juan Cabrera, also of Jewish lineage, in successfully interposing in behalf of Columbus, but it is proven beyond question that out of his personal belongings he advanced the money that made the voyage of discovery possible. Furthermore, the first and second letters of Columbus narrating the facts of his great discoveries were addressed to Santangel and his brother-in-law, also a Marrano, a secret Jew, Gabriel Sanches.

In order to obtain the crews to man the caravels of Columbus, it was necessary to throw open the doors of the prisons of Palos and other seaports. Within their dungeon walls were found many members of the hunted and expelled race, and it is not surprising that to such men the dangers of the unknown seas would be an attractive escape from their pitiable condition. It is known that the interpreter, the surgeon, and the physician of the fleet, besides several sailors who were with Columbus on his first voyage, were Jews. Castelar says: "It chanced that one of the last vessels transporting into exile the Jews expelled from Spain by religious intolerance of which the recently created and odious tribunal of the faith was the embodiment, passed by the little fleet bound in search of another world, whose new born creation should afford a haven to the quickening principle of human liberty and be a temple reared to the God of enfranchised and redeemed conscience. . . . The accursed spirit of reaction was wreaking one of its stupendous and futile crimes in that very hour when the genius of liberty was searching the waves for the land that must needs arise to offer an unstained abode for the ideals of progress."

Among the earliest and certainly the most enlightened colonists who came to this continent, to South America, and to the islands in the Atlantic, were many Jews who left Spain and Portugal in order to escape the rack and the stake of the merciless bloodhounds of the Holy Office. The number of the children and grandchildren of those Jews who had been burnt and condemned by the Inquisition, and who settled on the American continent shortly after the discovery, was so large that in 1511 Queen Johanna considered it necessary to take measures against them.

In 1620, when the Dutch West India Company was formed, Jews became influential stockholders, and subsequently were directors therein; and in 1654, when the Dutch colony of Brazil came under Portuguese control, many thousand Jews had again to seek a new place of refuge. In September of that year twenty-three of these fugitives arrived at New Amsterdam. They did not receive a hearty welcome by the not over-amiable Dutch Governor, Peter Stuyvesant, whose conception of our future metropolis was to make it a comfortable village with a monopoly of fur trade with the Indians. When six months later, the Governor endeavored to expel the newcomers he was reprimanded by the directors of the Company in Holland, and instructed that the right of the Jews to live unmolested within the colony was unreservedly granted, because to prohibit them "would be unreasonable and unfair, especially because of the considerable loss they had sustained in the capture of Brazil, and because of the large amount of capital they had invested in the shares of the company."

This is the beginning of the first Jewish settlement within the limits of the United States, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of which we are commemorating to-night. The same year, 1655, through the persistent efforts of Menassah Ben Israel, through the kindly favor of the tolerant Oliver Cromwell, the Jews regained admission into Great Britain, from which country they had been expelled in 1290 under Edward I. Here it should be noted that one of the foremost advocates for the readmission of the Jews into Great Britain was Roger Williams, that immortal pioneer of soul-liberty, the first true type of an American freeman, who was then in London to obtain a new charter, uniting the several Rhode Island



towns, and to secure and safeguard those inestimable blessings to which he consecrated his life, under which "all men may walk as their conscience persuades them, every one in the name of his God."

Three and a half decades before the *Santa Catarina* brought to our shores the little band of hunted and despoiled fugitives from Brazil, another little bark had plowed its way in mid-winter through the stormy ocean, wafted by the airs of heaven to yon bleak coast. There she landed her little crew of refugees—men, women, and children—on Plymouth Rock, that stepping-stone to the temple of our liberties, whose capstone, bathed in the blood of their descendants, was placed two hundred and forty years later by the hands of the immortal liberator, Abraham Lincoln. They were purists without priests or priestly orders, separated from the national church, but at one with their God, and drawing their inspiration directly from the Bible, not from the catechism of Archbishop Laud, but from the open Bible of Moses and Luther. They were in all a hundred souls, whom two hundred years of struggle for freedom had prepared for this voyage. They studied the Old Testament in order the better to understand the New. From the former they drew their civil polity; from the latter their church discipline and ceremonials. Moses was their law-giver, the Pentateuch their code, and Israel under the Judges their ideal of popular government. The path of the crusaders to recover the holy sepulcher was dyed with the blood of the hunted professors of Judaism; and from a hatred organized by the church against "the people of the Book," the Book itself fell into disesteem—a feeling that was carried over with many of the Roman rites into the early Protestant church. With the rise of the Puritans, and their struggle for independence and freedom from ecclesiastical tyranny, came a revival of the study of the Old Testament, of Hebrew and of Hebraic learning. With the American Puritans especially, the Mosaic code and the Hebrew commonwealth were living realities, so intense was their interest, so earnest was their religious life. No architect drew his plans with more fidelity of purpose to reconstruct a building after an ancient model, than did the Puritans study this Biblical code and the Hebraic form of government which they endeavored to apply liter-

ally to their New Canaan. Elsewhere I have dwelt in detail upon the Hebraic mortar that cemented the foundations of our American democracy, and told how through the windows of the Puritan churches the new West looked back to the old East.

It was only a few years after their first settlement in New York when several of the fugitives and others who had arrived from over sea settled in Newport, where they were hospitably received in consonance with the spirit of the colony's founder, Roger Williams. With these early Puritans, austere in manner and with a church polity exacting and narrow, calling no man master, and with a deep sense of equality before God, it was but a step to equality among one another, and thus they built up their civil state upon a purely religious, democratic foundation. As Lecky says: "It is at least an historical fact, that in the great majority of instances the early Protestant defenders of civil liberty derived their political principles chiefly from the Old Testament, and the defenders of despotism from the New."

The American Jews, as loyal and faithful citizens, have shared willingly in all the trials our country has passed through, from the days of the Revolution until the present time, and she has found none more ready than they to make every sacrifice that true patriotism demanded. During the Revolution there were only a few hundred Jews within the limits of the United States, yet in the Continental army—not to speak of the ranks—there were two colonels, Colonel Baum of Pennsylvania, and the other Colonel Franks, who was closely associated with Washington, and was the bearer of the treaty of peace to England. Thomas Wentworth Higginson relates that in 1788 in Philadelphia, in honor of the adoption of the Constitution, a rabbi and two Christian ministers marched side by side, "really," are his words, "constituting the first parliament of religions in this country." In our Civil War more than seven thousand names of Jewish patriots have been identified, and in our lesser war with Spain two thousand and seven hundred participated, and several regiments were formed, but their services were not required.

The criticism is often made that the Jews are clannish, and do not amalgamate with the rest of the population. This is

only partly true. Clannish they are, not from choice, but from self-respect. They have amalgamated as far as the delicacy of social relations has justified, and there are not a few of the very best families in this and in other cities who have evidences of that amalgamation in their veins. John Howard Payne, who gave us that song which never fails to thrill a patriot's heart, "Home, Sweet Home," was the son of a Jewish mother. No people, ancient or modern, have made so great sacrifices for spiritual ideas and ideals as the Jews; the longest trail of martyrdom in all history is crimsoned with their blood. George Eliot, quoting the historian Zunz, says in "Daniel Deronda": "If there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows, and the patience with which they are borne, ennobles, the Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes?"

It is sad and a cause for regret that we must direct attention to the mournful pictures oppression has engraved in blood upon the pages of history; but alas! every day brings to our doors the haggard and hunted faces of fugitives from oppression. The Armenians, among the earliest professors of Christianity, once a proud and noble race, whose numbers have been decimated time and again by organized massacres, daily reach our shores, and give thanks to God that they are sheltered beneath the Stars and Stripes, far beyond the reach of their Russian and Ottoman oppressors. Only yesterday we read with throbbing hearts of the massacre of thousands of helpless men, women and children of Odessa, Kief, Kishinef, and a hundred other cities, towns and hamlets throughout Russia. So long as these terrible outbreaks of religious fanaticism and class hatred disgrace our age and our civilization, let us not forget the everlasting meaning of the imprint the feet of the Pilgrims made upon our continent, that it shall ever be a "shelter for the poor and the persecuted." To bar out these refugees from political oppression or religious intolerance, who bring a love of liberty hallowed by sacrifices made upon the altar of an enlightened conscience,

though their pockets be empty, is a grievous wrong, and in violation of the spirit of our origin and development as a free people; for they, too, have God's right to tread upon American soil, which the Pilgrims have sanctified as the home of the refugee.

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.

## THE ROOSEVELT PILGRIMAGE

[Address delivered by the Honorable Oscar Straus at Oyster Bay, January 6th, 1923, on the third annual Pilgrimage to the grave of Theodore Roosevelt.]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT when he departed this life this day four years ago, took his place among the immortals in our national history. This pilgrimage of the associates and friends first suggested itself to one of Roosevelt's closest friends, his graphic interpreter, Mr. E. A. Van Valkenburg of Philadelphia, who thereby gave expression to a universal sentiment which comes straight from the hearts of the American people.

This is our third pilgrimage. The former ones were led by Dr. Lyman Abbott who was selected as the permanent chairman. He too has now joined our leader in the great Beyond. I have been asked on this occasion to act in Dr. Abbott's place. Of course, I cannot fill that place except in sharing with each one of you the love and admiration we entertain for both of these two good and great men who in different ways served our country and have left their indelible impress upon the hearts and conscience of our people.

A great statesman is he who discovers the evil tendencies of his times and has the foresight, wisdom and courage to become the leader to correct these tendencies. Disraeli in one of his famous sentences, declared that it was the business of statesmen to effect by policy what revolution would effect by force. Again and again in varying and reiterating forms,



Roosevelt in driving forward his social justice measures, called attention to the widening breach between our political democracy and our social life. He pointed out that unless a fairer consideration be given to the human element by the leaders of industry, that reaction on the part of those at the other end of the economic scale would ultimately produce revolution of the social system. His famous phrase was "this country will not be a good place for any of us to live in unless we make it a good place for all of us to live in."

In consonance with this principle, he caused to be enacted into law his social justice measures. In all his reforms, he constantly had a care to keep the balance of right and justice even, and not to arouse unjustified bitterness, or to raise hopes of the masses which were impractical or impossible to realize. Again and again he said "we must set ourselves as resolutely against improper corporate influence on the one hand, as against demagoguery and mob rule on the other."

The reformers of the world were not so much innovators or creators of new ideas and startling measures as they were readjustors of the life of the people upon the basic principles of elementary right and justice. This was true of the Prophets of Israel no less than of Washington and Lincoln. It was likewise true of Roosevelt. He was sneeringly referred to by some of his enemies as preaching and acting as if he were the discoverer of the Ten Commandments. This criticism in itself is a confirmation of his high purpose to impress upon the conscience of the American people the elemental truths underlying our democratic system.

His consistent purpose throughout his political life was to shape our economic households so as to bring about an accord on the basis of justice, between the big man and the little man; between the employer and his worker. He foresaw that one of the greatest dangers to democracy we must provide against was that with the growth of our industries, and the larger they grew the more impersonal they became, it was of the first concern that the opportunities of the average man should not be abridged, and that every encroachment upon political equality should be jealously guarded against.

While partisanship has its high uses in a free Government, it also has its disadvantages in obscuring the greatness of



contemporary statesmen. No one suffered more from this mystification than Roosevelt; be it said however, that since his death the appreciation of his transcendent services to the Republic has continually grown in popular estimation not only in this country, but in all free lands. The rising generation recognizes Roosevelt as the personification of their ideals of Americanism. No one compares with him in the services he rendered in vitalizing the public conscience of our people in the world's great crisis, and year by year as his influence and ideals grow greater in the hearts and in the imagination of our people, "his truth is marching on."

# GEORGE SUTHERLAND

## PRIVATE RIGHTS AND GOVERNMENT

[Justice Sutherland of the United States Supreme Court was born in England in 1862, admitted to the bar in 1883, U. S. Senator from Utah 1905-1917, appointed to the Supreme Court 1922. He delivered the following address as the President of the American Bar Association at its annual meeting, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1917.]

FROM the foundation of civil society, two desires, in a measure conflicting with one another, have been at work striving for supremacy: first, the desire of the individual to control and regulate his own activities in such a way as to promote what he conceives to be his *own* good, and, second, the desire of society to curtail the activities of the individual in such a way as to promote what it conceives to be the *common* good. The operation of the first of these we call liberty, and that of the second we call authority. Throughout all history mankind has oscillated, like some huge pendulum, between these two, sometimes swinging too far in one direction and sometimes, in the rebound, too far in the opposite direction. Liberty has degenerated into anarchy and authority has ended in despotism, and this has been repeated so often that some students of history have reached the pessimistic conclusion, that the whole process was but the aimless pursuit of the unattainable. I do not, myself, share that view. In all probability we shall never succeed in getting rid of all the bad things which afflict the social organism—and perhaps it would not be a desirable result if we should succeed, since out of the dead level of settled perfection there could not come that uplifting sense of moral regeneration which follows the successful fight against evil, and which is responsible for so much of human advancement—but I am sure that in most ways, including some of the ways of government, we are better off to-day than we

have ever been before. It is, however, apparently one of the corollaries of progressive development that we get rid of old evils only to acquire new ones. We move out of the wilderness into the city and thereby escape the tooth and claw of savage nature, which we see clearly, only to incur the sometimes deadlier menace of the microbes of civilization, of whose existence we learn only after suffering the mischief they do. To-day, as always, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—liberty whose form has changed but whose spirit is the same. In the old days it was the liberty of person, the liberty of speech, the freedom of religious worship, which were principally threatened. To-day it is the liberty to order the detail of one's daily life for oneself—the liberty to do honest and profitable business—the liberty to seek honest and remunerative investment that are in peril. In my own mind I feel sure that there never has been a time when the business of the country occupied a higher moral plane; never a time when the voluntary code which governs the conduct of the banker, the manufacturer, the merchant, the railway manager, has been finer in tone or more faithfully observed than it is to-day; and yet never before have the business activities of the people been so beset and bedeviled with vexatious statutes, prying commissions, and governmental intermeddling of all sorts.

Under our form of government the will of the people is supreme. We seem to have become intoxicated with the plentitude of our power, or fearful that it will disappear if we do not constantly use it, and, inasmuch as our will can be exercised authoritatively only through some form of law, whenever we become dissatisfied with anything, we enact a statute on the subject.

If, therefore, I were asked to name the characteristic which more than any other distinguishes our present-day political institutions, I am not sure that I should not answer, "The passion for making laws." There are 48 small or moderate-sized legislative bodies in the United States engaged a good deal of the time and one very large national legislature working overtime at this amiable occupation, their combined output being not far from 15,000 statutes each year. The prevailing obsession seems to be that statutes, like crops, enrich the country in proportion to their volume. Unfortunately for this

notion, however, the average legislator does not always know what he is sowing and the harvest which frequently results is made up of strange and unexpected plants whose appearance is as astonishing to the legislator as it is disconcerting to his constituents.

This situation, I am bound to say, is not wholly unrelated to a more or less prevalent superstition entertained by the electorate that previous training in legislative affairs is a superfluous adjunct of the legislative mind, which should enter upon its task with the sweet inexperience of a bride coming to the altar. As rotation in crops—if I may return to the agricultural figure—improves the soil, so rotation in office is supposed to improve the government. The comparison, however, is illusory, since the legislator resembles the farmer who cultivates the crops rather than the crops themselves, and previous experience, even of the most thorough character, on the part of the farmer has never hitherto been supposed to destroy his availability for continued service.

I think it was the late Mr. Carlyle, who is reported to have made the rather cynical observation that the only acts of Parliament which were entitled to commendation were those by which previous acts of Parliament were repealed. I am not prepared to go quite that far, though I am prepared to say that in my judgment an extraordinarily large proportion of the statutes which have been passed from time to time in our various legislative bodies might be repealed without the slightest detriment to the general welfare.

Throughout the country the business world has come to look upon the meeting of the legislature as a thing to be borne rather than desired, and to regard with grave suspicion pretty much everything that happens, with the exception of the final adjournment, a resolution to which end, unless history has been singularly unobservant, has never thus far been withheld by general request.

The trouble with much of our legislation is that the legislator has mistaken emotion for wisdom, impulse for knowledge, and good intention for sound judgment. "He means well" is a sweet and wholesome thing in the field of ethics. It may be of small consequence, or of no consequence at all, in the domain of law. "He means well" may save the legislator from

the afflictions of an accusing conscience, but it does not protect the community from the affliction of mischievous and meddling statutes.

A diffused desire to do good—an anxious feeling about progress—are not to be derided, of course, but standing alone and regarded from the viewpoint of practical statesmanship, they leave something to be desired in the way of complete equipment for discriminating legislative work. Progress, let me suggest, is not a state of mind. It is a fact, or set of facts, capable of observation and analysis—a condition of affairs which may be cross-examined to ascertain whether it is what it pretends to be. But you cannot cross-examine a mere longing for goodness—an indefinite, inarticulate yearning for reform and the uplift—or an uneasy, vague state of flabby sentimentalism about things in general.

In matters of social conventionality we are still rigidly conservative, but in the field of government there is a widespread demand for innovating legislation—a craze for change. A politician may advocate the complete repudiation of the Constitution and be regarded with complacency, if not with approval as an up-to-date reformer and friend of the people, but let him appear in public wearing a skirt instead of a pair of trousers and the populace will be moved to riot and violence.

The difficulty which confronts us in all the fields of human endeavor is that we are going ahead so fast—so many novel and perplexing problems are pressing upon us for solution—that we become confused at their very multiplicity. Evils develop faster than remedies can be devised. Most of these evils, if left alone, would disappear under the powerful pressure of public sentiment, but we become impatient because the force of social organism is not sufficiently radical and the demand goes forth for a law which will instantly put an end to the matter.

The view which prevailed a hundred years ago was that the primary relation of the government to the conduct of the citizen was that of the policeman, to preserve the peace and regulate the activities of the individual only when necessary to prevent injury to other individuals or to safeguard the public; in short, to exercise what is comprehended under the



term "police power." It is true that the government was not rigidly confined to these limits, but whenever it undertook to go beyond them it assumed the burden of showing clearly the necessity for so doing. The whole philosophy found its extreme expression in the Jeffersonian aphorism—"That government is best, which governs least," while Lord Macaulay's terse summary was, "The primary end of government is the protection of the persons and property of men."

Of course with the tremendous increase in the extent and complexity of our social, economic, and political activities, alterations in the scope and additions to the extent of governmental operations become inevitable and necessary. To this no thoughtful person objects, but unfortunately the governmental incursions into the new territory are being extended beyond the limits of necessity and even beyond the bounds of expediency into the domain of doubtful experiment.

There is, to begin with, an increasing disposition to give authoritative direction to the course of personal behavior—an effort to mold the conduct of individuals irrespective of their differing views, habits and tastes to the pattern, which for the time being has received the approval of the majority. Under this process we are losing our sense of perspective. We are constantly bringing the petty shortcomings of our neighbors into the foreground so that the evil becomes over-emphasized, while the noble proportions of the good are minimized by being relegated to the background. We have developed a mania for regulating people. We forbid not only evil practices, but we are beginning to lay the restraining hand of law upon practices that are at the most of only doubtful character. We not infrequently fail to distinguish between crimes and vices, and we are beginning almost to put in the category along with vices and offensive habits any behavior which happens to differ from our own.

I do not, for example, question the moral right of the majority to forbid the traffic in intoxicating liquor, nor its wisdom in doing so. No doubt the world would be better off if the trade were entirely abolished, but some of the states have recently gone to lengths hitherto undreamed of in penalizing the mere possession of intoxicating liquor and—since no one can use liquor without having the possession of it—thereby

penalizing its personal use no matter how moderate such use may be. To put the consumer of a glass of beer in the penitentiary along with the burglar and the highwayman is to sacrifice all the wholesome distinctions which for centuries have separated debatable habit from indisputable crime. Such legislation, to say the least, constitutes a novel extension of the doctrines of penology. Hitherto, laws on the subject have taken the form of prohibiting and penalizing the traffic, but not the personal use, which seems to have been quite generally regarded as falling outside the scope of the criminal law. The use of intoxicants or tobacco, however injurious to the user, has not generally been thought to involve the element of immorality. Hence the attempt to coerce an abandonment of such use by punitive legislation directed against the user, however desirable the result itself may be, will inevitably run counter to the sentiment, still rather widely entertained, that the imposition of criminal penalties for any purely self-regarding conduct, can only be justified in cases involving some degree of moral turpitude.

It does not require a prophet to foresee that laws of this character exacting penalties so utterly disproportionate to the offense, can never be generally enforced, and to write them into the statutes to be cunningly evaded or contemptuously ignored will have a strong tendency to bring just and wholesome laws dealing with the liquor question into disrepute.

It is sometimes a matter of nice discrimination to determine, as between the liberty of the citizen and the supposed good of the community, which shall prevail. The liberty of the individual to control his own conduct is the most precious possession of a democracy and interference with it is seldom justified except where necessary to protect the liberties or rights of other individuals or to safeguard society. If widely indulged, such interference will not only fail to bring about the good results intended to be produced, but will gravely threaten the stability and further development of that sturdy individualism, to which is due more than any other thing our present advanced civilization.

In passing legislation of this character doubts should be resolved in favor of the liberty of the individual and his power to freely determine and pursue his own course in his own way

should rarely be interfered with, unless the welfare of other individuals or of society clearly requires it. "Human nature," says Mill, "is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing."

Human nature is so constituted that we freely tolerate in ourselves what we condemn in others, and we are prone to condemn traits of character in others simply because we do not find the same traits in ourselves. Very often the evil is in the eye of the beholder rather than in the thing beheld, for he is a man of rare good sense who can always distinguish between an evil thing and his own prejudices.

One objection to governmental interference with the personal habits, or even the vices of the individual, is that it tends to weaken the effect of the self-convincing moral standards and to put in their place fallible and changing conventions as the test of right conduct, with the consequent loss of the strengthening value to the individual of the free exercise of his rational choice of good rather than evil. *Enforced* discipline can never have the moral value of *self-discipline*, since it lacks the element of coöperating effort on the part of the individual which is the very soul of all personal advancement.

We may, therefore, well pause to consider whether the benefits which will result to society from a given interference of this character are sufficiently important to compensate for the loss of that fine sense of personal independence, which more than any other quality has enabled the Anglo-Saxon race to throw off the yoke of monarchical absolutism and substitute democratic self-government. It must not be forgotten that democracy is after all but a *form* of government whose justification must be established in the same way that the justification of any other form of government is established; namely, by what it does rather than by what it claims to be. The errors of a democracy and the errors of an autocracy will be followed by similar consequences. A foolish law does not become a wise law because it is approved by a great many people. The successful enforcement of the law in a democracy must always rest primarily in the fact that on the whole it

commends itself to a universal sense of justice, shared even by those who violate it. Any attempt, therefore, to curtail the liberties of the citizen, which shocks the sense of personal independence of any considerable proportion of the community is likely to do more harm than good, not only because a strong feeling that a particular law is unjust lessens in some degree the reverence for law generally, but because such a law cannot be successfully enforced, and a law that inspires neither respect for its justice nor fear for its enforcement is about as utterly contemptible a thing as can be imagined.

Another thing which may well give concern to thoughtful men is the tremendous increase during late years in the number and power of administrative boards, bureaus, commissions and similar agencies, the insidious tendency of which is to undermine the fundamental principle upon which our form of government depends; namely, that it is "an empire of laws and not of men"; the meaning of which is that the rights and duties of the individual as a member of society must be defined by preëstablished laws and not left to be fixed by official edict as they may be called into question from time to time. The American people have heretofore enjoyed a greater freedom from vexatious official intermeddling and arbitrary governmental compulsion than perhaps any other people in the world. Despotism has found no place among us because we have been subject to no restraint save the impartial restraint of the law, which has thus far stood superior to the will of any official, high or low.

It is not enough, however, that we should continue free from the despotism of a *supreme* autocrat. We must keep ourselves free from the *petty* despotism which may come from vesting final discretion to regulate individual conduct in the hands of lesser officials. To this end the things which organized society exacts from its members must be particularized as far as practicable by definite and uniform rules. Liberty consists at last in the right to do whatever the law does not forbid, and this presupposes law made in advance—so that the individual may know before he acts, the standard of conduct to which his acts must conform—and interpreted and applied after the act by disinterested authority—so that the true relation to one another of the conduct and the law may be clearly



ascertained and declared. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the authority which interprets and executes the law should not also be the authority which makes it. The law must apply to all alike. The making of law is an exercise of the *will* of the state; the interpretation and application of the law is an exercise of the *reason* of the judge. The legislator concerns himself with the question, Is the proposed law just in its general application? The official who administers the law has nothing to do with the abstract question of its justice; his function is to ascertain what it is and whether it has been violated. The two functions are so utterly different that the necessity of vesting them in separate hands has been long recognized. To confer upon the same man, or body of men, the power to make the law and also to administer it would inevitably result in despotic government by substituting the shifting frontiers of personal command for the definite boundaries of general, impersonal law. "The spirit of encroachment," said Washington in the Farewell Address, "tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism."

The danger, therefore, which is threatened by the multiplication of bureaus and commissions consists in the commingling of these powers. The authority conferred upon these administrative bodies is becoming less and less limited. The jurisdiction to deal with particular subjects involving the conduct of individuals is conferred in terms which tend to become increasingly indefinite.

While, however, "bureaucracy" is a word which we instinctively accept as connoting an offensive form of government, we must not allow ourselves to be carried away by mere expletives. As the tasks of government grow in magnitude, it becomes more and more difficult for the legislative authority to deal directly and completely with many matters which come within its powers. It, therefore, is becoming increasingly necessary to devolve upon administrative bureaus and commissions the duty not only of executing but to some extent of filling in the details of administrative legislation, which of necessity must continue to be expressed in terms more or less general and comprehensive.

A serious danger to the citizen in this situation, however, is



likely to arise from a failure on the part of the legislative authority to lay down explicitly and with sufficient care the primary standard which fixes the limits within which the power of the bureau or commission is to operate, and another danger lies in the fact that the persons composing the bureaus and commissions under our system of political appointments may be deficient in technical learning for the work which they are called upon to do. The duties to be performed by such bureaus and commissions are sometimes of a highly specialized character where thoroughgoing study and training are as essential as they are in the case of the judiciary.

There is moreover a growing tendency to make the findings of these bodies final, which, to be sure, obviates delay and adds a certain measure of vigor to administrative action, but on the other hand takes away the wholesome restraint afforded by the consciousness of the official that his acts are subject to review.

[After a discussion of the law creating the so-called Trade Commission, the speaker continued.]

Not only are the business activities of the country being investigated, supervised, directed and controlled in such a multitude of ways that the banker, the merchant, and the men of industry generally are afloat upon a sea of uncertainty where if they succeed in avoiding the mines of dubious statutes by which they are surrounded, they are in danger of being blown up by an administrative torpedo, launched from one of the numerous submarine commissions by which the business waters are everywhere infested, but the government is invading and is threatening to more seriously invade the market place itself, not as a regulator, but as a participant and competitor. We seem to be approaching more and more nearly the point where the old philosophy that whatever can be done by the individual should not be done by the government even though it may be well done, is to be abandoned for the new and dangerous doctrine that whatever can be done by the government, even though it may be badly done, should not be permitted to the individual.

Steps have quite recently been taken for putting the national government into the business of manufacturing armor plate and nitrates for use in making gunpowder, which may, of

course, be justified as measures for the public defense, but alternative provision is made for utilizing the nitrate plants when their product is not needed for powder—which, except in time of war, will be almost all the time—for the purpose of producing fertilizers to be sold to the farmers. While much can be said on the score of economy as to the doubtful wisdom of the government undertaking to make its own armor plate, yet after all it does not involve any departure from established governmental principles. But it is difficult to conceive of any legitimate basis for putting the federal government into the business of manufacturing manure as a trade commodity. The government is building a railroad in Alaska. Some of us opposed that as being a step in the direction of government ownership, but some excuse may be found for the action in the theory that the territory is really government property and that the same warrant exists for improving it as existed in the case of the arid lands whose reclamation was provided for by act of Congress. But Congress has gone quite beyond all this in the passage of the so-called “Ship Purchase Act” which proposes to put the government of the United States into the ocean-carrying trade as a common carrier for hire. The postmaster-general for several years has been insisting that the federal government should take over and operate the telephone and telegraph lines and the demand for government ownership and operation of the railroads is apparently growing. Personally I am opposed to all these schemes. Whatever may be said as to the power of a particular state or municipality to engage in some specific business activity, I have never been able to understand how the federal government with its precisely enumerated and delegated powers may constitutionally engage in business. Warrant may be found in the post office clause for the operation of the telephone and telegraph lines, but the only authority, even under the most strained construction, that can be cited as authorizing the government of the United States to become a common carrier of goods and passengers by land or sea is the commerce clause which gives Congress power to *regulate* interstate and foreign commerce. I have upon another occasion discussed this question at some length and I shall not undertake to go into it now further than to say that the power which is conferred is to

*regulate*, not to do the substantive thing which is the subject of regulation. To build a highway or even a railroad may be accepted as a regulation of commerce since its effect is to *facilitate* commerce, and thus to condition or regulate it, but the building of a road and the carrying of passengers over the road are two very different things. The building of the road may *regulate* commerce, but the carrying of passengers and goods over the road is *commerce itself*, and, under our system, always regarded as a private activity as distinguished from a governmental function. Regulation, however, is naturally and necessarily a matter for the government since it is unthinkable that one individual should have the power to regulate the activities of another individual. Had it been suggested to the framers of the Constitution that provision should be made whereby the federal government might engage in the carrying trade or in any other form of private as distinguished from governmental business, certainly the suggestion would have been instantly and emphatically rejected. The fathers intended that this should be a civil government; it was no part of their plan that it should ever become a business organization. Jealous to the last degree of individual rights and liberties their effort was to abridge rather than to extend the powers of government.

I cannot imagine any greater misfortune to the people than for the general government to acquire and operate the telegraph, telephone and railroad lines of the country. The duties imposed upon that government have already grown to vast proportions. To add the burden of operating all the railroads and telegraph and telephone lines would be to invite disaster. Persons now in the service of the government already number over a million. If to this number we add all the employees in the service of the great private corporations now operating these instrumentalities, the three millions or more, if organized—as they undoubtedly would be organized—would practically dictate the policy of the government. If to the annual rivers and harbors “pork barrel” and the biennial public buildings “pork barrel” we should add an annual railroad “pork barrel” bill, the public expenditures would increase to such a sum that the three billion dollar Congress

would be looked back to as an example of political self-restraint and economy. The Congressman from every district in addition to asking for a public building, would demand a new railroad station, a branch railroad and other expensive additions. Between the effort to decrease freight rates in order to cultivate the votes of the shippers and consumers, to increase wages in order to cultivate the labor vote, and the "log rolling" incident to the making of permanent improvements in order to make each Congressman solid with his constituents, the annual expenditures would be increased to a point beyond the wildest imaginings.

The Ship Purchase Act in one aspect presents the evil of government ownership in its worst form, for it does not propose that the government shall completely occupy the field, but that it shall partially occupy it in competition with its own citizens. The business, it is practically conceded, will not be carried on at a profit, but probably will be carried on at a loss, which of course must be recouped from the taxes imposed upon the private ship owners in common with the other citizens of the country. Think of a government in time of peace—for I recognize that anything may be justified in time of war—embarking in a business enterprise and taxing its own competitors to the end that the business may be carried on to their injury and perhaps to their ultimate ruin and bankruptcy, for successful competition between the government to whom profits are of no concern and the citizen to whom profits are vital, is of course impossible.

If the government were bound to an observance of the same conduct which it enjoins upon the citizen, the situation might present a case under the law forbidding "unfair methods of competition" for the thoughtful consideration of the Federal Trade Commission.

The regulation and control of merely self-regarding conduct, the multiplication of administrative boards and similar agencies and the invasion of the field of private business, which I have thus far particularized, illustrate rather than enumerate the various tendencies of modern legislation and government to depart from those sound and wholesome principles which hitherto have been supposed to operate in the direction of preserving the individual against undue restraint and oppression.

Class legislation, the most odious form of legislative abuse,



is by no means infrequent. In state and nation statutes are to be found which select for special privilege one class of great voting strength or set apart for special burdens another class of small numerical power at the polls.

Next to the separation and distribution of the legislative, executive and judicial powers, the most important feature of our plan of government is the division of the aggregate powers of government between the nations and the several states, to the one by enumeration and to the other by reservation. I believe in the most liberal construction of the national powers actually granted, but I also believe in the rigid exclusion of the national government from those powers which have been actually reserved to the states. The local government is in immediate contact with the local problems and should be able to deal with them more wisely and more effectively than the general government having its seat at a distance. The need of preserving the power and enforcing the duty of local self-government is imperative, and especially so in a country, such as ours, of vast population and extent, possessing almost every variety of soil and climate, of greatly diversified interests and occupations, and having all sorts of differing conditions to deal with. There is, unfortunately, however, a constantly growing tendency on the part of the general government to intrude upon the powers of the state governments, more by way of relieving them from responsibilities they are willing to shirk than by usurping powers they are anxious to retain. Especially does any inroad or suggested inroad upon the federal treasury for state purposes meet with instant and hearty approval. The grave danger of all this is that the ability as well as the desire of the people of the several states to carry their own burdens and correct their own shortcomings will gradually lessen and finally disappear, with the result that the states will become mere geographical subdivisions and the federal character of the nation will cease to exist save as a more or less discredited tradition.

These and many other matters afford temptation to further discussion to which I cannot yield without undue trespass upon your patience, which I feel has already been quite sufficiently taxed.



Fifty years ago a great French writer—Laboulaye, I think it was—speaking through the lips of one of his American characters, uttered these words of wisdom and of power, words which are as true to-day as they were when they were written:

“The more democratic a people is, the more it is necessary that the individual be strong and his property sacred. We are a nation of sovereigns, and everything that weakens the individual tends toward demagoguery, that is, toward disorder and ruin; whereas everything that fortifies the individual tends toward democracy, that is, the reign of reason and the Evangel. A free country is a country where each citizen is absolute master of his conscience, his person, and his goods. If the day ever comes when individual rights are swallowed up by those of the general interest, that day will see the end of Washington's handiwork; we will be a mob and we will have a master.”

It is now as it has always been, that when the visionary or the demagogue advocates a new law or policy or scheme of government which tends to curtail the liberties of the individual he loudly insists that he is acting for the general interest and thereby surrounds his propaganda with such a halo of sanctity that opposition or even candid criticism is looked upon as sacrilege.

But the time has come when every true lover of his country must refuse to be misled or overawed by specious claims of this character. Individual liberty and the common good are not incompatible, but are entirely consistent with one another. Both are desirable and both may be had, but we must demand the substance of both and not accept the counterfeit of either. Crimes, we are told, have been committed in the name of liberty. But either the thing that was called a crime was no crime or the name of liberty was profaned, as though one should become an anarchist in the name of order. Liberty and order are the two most precious things beneath the stars. The duty which rests upon us of this generation is the same that has rested upon all the generations of the past; to be vigilant to see and absolute to repel every attempt, however insidious or indirect, to destroy liberty in the name of order, or order in the name of liberty, for the alternative of the one is despotism and of the other the mob.

# WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

## THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

[Address of William Howard Taft, ex-president of the United States, chairman of the Lincoln Memorial Commission, in presenting the memorial to the president of the United States at Washington, May 30, 1922.]

MR. PRESIDENT: The American people have waited fifty-seven years for a national memorial to Abraham Lincoln. Those years have faded the figures of his contemporaries, and he stands grandly alone. His life and character in the calmer and juster vista of half a century inspire a higher conception of what is suitable to commemorate him.

Justice, truth, patience, mercy, and love of his kind, simplicity, courage, sacrifice, and confidence in God were his moral qualities. Clarity of thought and intellectual honesty, self-analysis and strong inexorable logic, supreme common sense, a sympathetic but unerring knowledge of human nature, imagination and limpid purity of style, with a poetic rhythm of the Psalms—these were his intellectual and cultural traits. His soul and heart and brain and mind had all these elements, but their union in him had a setting that baffles description. His humility, his self-abnegation and devotion, his patience under grievous disappointment, his agony of spirit in the burden he had to carry, his constant sadness, lightened at intervals with a rare humor all his own, the abuse and ridicule of which he was the subject, his endurance in a great cause of small obstructive minds, his domestic sorrows, and finally his tragic end, form the story of a passion and give him a personality that is vivid in the hearts of the people as if it were but yesterday. We feel a closer touch with him than with living men. The influence he still wields, one may say with all reverence, has a Christ-like character. It has spread to the four

quarters of the globe. The oppressed and lowly of all peoples, as liberty and free government spread, pronounce his name with awe, and cherish his assured personal sympathy as a source of hope. Their leaders quote his glowing words of patient courage, of sympathy with the down-trodden, of dependence on God's wisdom and justice, and of his never-ceasing prayer for liberty through the rule of the people. The harmony of his message with every popular aspiration for freedom proves his universality. It was this which Stanton was inspired to predict when, as Lincoln lay dead, he said, "He now belongs to the ages."

His own life without favoring chance in preparation for the task which Providence was to put on him, his early humble surroundings, his touch with the soil, his oneness with the plain people, and the wonder that out of these he could become what he was and is, give us a soul stirring pride that the world has come to know him and to love him as we do. We like to dwell on the fact that his associates did not see him as he was when on earth, and that it was for generations, born after he was gone, to feel his real greatness and to be moved by his real personality. Not with the lowly only, but with all, rich or poor, ignorant or learned, weak or powerful, untutored or of literary genius, has this aura about Lincoln's head at his death grown into a halo of living light.

Therefore it is well that half a century should pass before his people's national tribute to him takes form in marble, that it should wait until a generation instinct with the growing and deepening perception of the real Lincoln has had time to develop an art adequate to the expression of his greatness.

The years immediately following the Civil War were not favorable to art, and the remains of that period in our capital city and elsewhere show it. But new impulses in the expansion of our country's energies were soon directed toward better things. Our expositions have marked the steps in that progress. They called together men who had been struggling singly to practice, preach and bring home to us real conceptions of art and beauty in architecture and sculpture. For fifteen years following the Centennial at Philadelphia, the nucleus there begun grew until at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1892 and 1893, there were gathered a group of

artists who in the development of civic planning, landscape architecture and monumental and sculptural beauty were the peers of any. Burnham, McKim, Olmstead the elder, Saint Gaudens, Atwood and Millet were the leading figures. In 1894, they organized the American Academy in Rome for the graduate education of American students, where before entering upon their professional careers they should study thoroughly that reservoir of Greek art, the greatest of antiquity, which is at Rome, where "the noble buildings are a forest, the animals of bronze, a herd; the statues, a population in marble."

In 1901, under the generous and far seeing favor of James McMillan, in charge in the Senate of the affairs of the District of Columbia, a commission was appointed to bridge over the period between Washington's and L'Enfant's plan for the capitol, and on the basis of that plan to enlarge and give greater scope to the beauty of this seat of government. The four men who engaged in his work were, three of them, the creators of the "Court of Honor" and the "White City" at the Columbian Exposition, and the fourth, the younger Olmstead, was worthy of his sire. As a new feature in that plan, and referring to the place upon which we stand, they said in their report:

Crowning the *rond-point*, as the Arc de Triomphe crowns the Place de L'Etoile at Paris, should stand a memorial erected to the memory of that one man in our history as a nation who is worthy to be named with George Washington—Abraham Lincoln. Whatever may be the exact form selected for the memorial to Lincoln, in type it should possess the quality of universality, and also it should have a character essentially different from that of any monument either now existing in the District or hereafter to be erected. The type which the Commission has in mind is a great portico of Doric columns rising from an unbroken stylobate. This portico, while affording a point of vantage from which one obtains a commanding outlook, both upon the river and eastward to the Capitol, has for its chief function to support a panel bearing an inscription taken either from the Gettysburg speech or from some one of the immortal messages of the savior of the Union.

Here, then, was the first conception of the Memorial we dedicate to-day. Not until 1911 was the idea carried forward. Then two sons of Illinois, Shelby M. Cullom and Joseph G. Cannon, fathered the bill for the creation of the present commission, under whose official supervision this work has been

done. The Commission claims no credit for it except that it asked those who knew what to do, and did it. They consulted the Fine Arts Commission, made up of Burnham, Millet, Olmstead, French, Hastings, Gilbert, and Moore, who urged the present site and recommended as the man to design and build it Henry Bacon, the student and disciple of McKim. McKim was the dean of the architects in this country, and did most among us to bring the art of Greece to appreciation and noble use. Bacon has been his worthy successor.

For 10 years the structure has been rising. From the solid rock beneath the level of the Potomac, 50 feet below the original grade, it reaches a total of 122 feet above that grade. The platform at its base is 204 feet long and 134 feet wide. The proportions of the memorial are so fine that its great mass and height and length and breadth are suppressed in its unity. The outside columns are the simple Doric, the inside columns the simple Ionic. The marble of the structure is from the Colorado Yule mine, remarkable for its texture and the purity of its white, and for the size of the drums which make the columns noteworthy in the architecture of the world.

The colossal figure of the Beloved in Georgia marble, the work of another of the group of artists of whom I have spoken, Daniel French, one of our greatest sculptors, fills the memorial hall with an overwhelming sense of Lincoln's presence, while the mural decorations of another great American artist Guerin, with their all-embracing allegory, crown the whole sacred place.

The site is at the end of the axis of the Mall, the commanding and noteworthy spine of the L'Enfant plan. Burnham, McKim, and Saint Gaudens, who followed this plan through to its triumph, took the Mall under their peculiar protection. It was they who caused that wonderful bronze group of the Silent Soldier and his battling armies to be put upon this axis at the foot of the Capitol, which he did so much to defend. It was they who struggled against encroachments upon this capital feature of our wonderful seat of government. It was they who put this noble structure we celebrate to-day where it is. They sought the judgment of John Hay, secretary and biographer of Lincoln, statesman and poet. He answered:



The place of honor is on the main axis of the plan. Lincoln, of all Americans next to Washington, deserves this place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city—isolated, distinguished, and serene. Of all the sites, this one, near the Potomac, is most suited to the purpose.

And now, Mr. President, the ideal of these great American artists has found expression in the memorial as you see it. It is a magnificent gem set in a lovely valley between the hills, commanding them by its isolation and its entrancing beauty, an emblem of the purity of the best period of the Greek art in the simple Doric, the culmination of the highest art of which America is capable, and therefore fit to commemorate a people's love for the Nation's savior and its great leader.

Here on the banks of the Potomac, the boundary between the two sections, whose conflict made the burden, passion and triumph of his life, it is peculiarly appropriate that it should stand. Visible in its distant beauty from the Capitol, whose great dome typifies the Union which he saved, seen in all its grandeur from Arlington, where lie the Nation's honored dead who fell in the conflict, Union and Confederate alike, it marks the restoration of the brotherly love of the two sections in this memorial of one who is as dear to the hearts of the South as to those of the North. The Southerner knows that the greatest misfortune in all the trials of that section was the death of Lincoln. Had he lived, the consequences of the war would not have been as hard for them to bear, the wounds would have been more easily healed, the trying days of reconstruction would have been softened. Rancor and resentment were no part of his nature. In all the bitterness of that conflict, no word fell from his lips, tried as he was, which told of hatred, malice or unforgiving soul. Here is a shrine at which all can worship. Here is an altar upon which the sacrifice was made in the cause of Liberty. Here a sacred religious refuge in which those who love country and love God can find inspiration and repose.

Mr. President, in the name of the Commission, I have the honor to deliver this Lincoln Memorial into your keeping.

# CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE

## GOVERNMENT REGULATION

[Dr. Van Hise (born 1857, died 1918), president of the University of Wisconsin from 1903 until his death, was an eminent geologist, a leader in many progressive movements, and an authoritative speaker and writer on Conservation and other economic subjects. This address here abridged was given at the Twenty-first meeting of the Economic Club held at the Hotel Astor, November 1, 1912.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is with great pleasure that I find myself able to agree with much that Mr. Brandeis has said. Indeed, with his fundamental thesis that there should not be monopoly in this country, I coincide fully. The question before us, as stated in the program, is "Regulation of Competition *versus* Regulation of Monopoly." So far as I know, Mr. Brandeis was the one to whom this phrase is due. The phrase was indeed a stroke of genius, in that it struck popular fancy and was accepted as a correct statement of the trust problem. The alternative presented naturally led the people to turn toward regulated competition. However, I hold that no such necessary alternative is before us at the present time. There are other solutions of the question of the trusts than regulated competition or regulated monopoly. The scientific mind demands not simply that two of the various possible solutions be considered, but that all be taken into account, and the best one among them selected. [Applause.]

Thus far in the discussion this evening, magnitude and monopoly in industry have been treated as synonymous terms. They are not synonymous terms. Monopoly has a well-defined meaning in law, as you know, and it is that meaning which should be assigned to this term in a discussion before an economic club. There may be a great magnitude in a business, and not monopoly. Indeed, it is believed that by far the greater number of large organizations fall short of monopoly; but it has been tacitly assumed that all are monopolies. That

is a thing to be proved with regard to any one of them of which it is asserted. Only if we assume that all of the great concentrations of industry are monopolies, does the statement of the question as "regulated competition *versus* regulated monopoly" correspond with the problem.

It is generally agreed that concentration of industry up to a certain point is necessary in order to give efficiency. It would not be held by anyone, I imagine, that we should return to the situation of fifty or sixty years ago, in which industry was minutely subdivided, in which there were few organizations of large size, and very numerous minor organizations scattered all over the country. Do any here believe that we shall ever return from the great flour mill to the cross-roads grist mill? It is impossible. This illustration and many others which could be mentioned show that some degree of concentration is allowable. The practical question is, what degree of concentration is permissible and advantageous, not only for economy in production, but for the advantage of the people at large. It is, therefore, clear that it does not meet the question which confronts us in regard to the so-called trusts to assume that all of the concentrations of industry are monopolies. If we can make that assumption and place it as the foundation stone of our argument, it is easy to win approval of the idea of regulated competition.

Monopoly has never been recognized in this country by common law, nor by statute law; neither has it ever been so recognized in England. Coöperation in industry, both by combinations and by contracts, has been recognized by the laws of both countries. The distinction is fundamental. In England, in the middle ages, both common and statute laws were very stringent against combinations and contracts in restraint of trade. But Parliament more than sixty years ago wiped out all the statutes against such combinations and contracts, provided they were not monopolies, contrary to public policy, or immoral; and, of course, *immoral* refers to those practices which have been mentioned as objectionable by Mr. Brandeis, and which we all agree should be prohibited.

Also in this country in colonial days the laws were very strict against combinations and contracts in restraint of trade. But here again there was a gradual amelioration of the laws,

until coöperation was permitted along many lines, including division of territory, limitation of output, and even fixing of prices; provided always that, as a result of the coöperation, the combinations did not result in monopoly, were not general, were not immoral, and were not contrary to public policy.

Thus we see that the law in regard to combinations and contracts in restraint of trade went through a similar evolution in this country and in England, and that the laws finally became very liberal. In other countries than England and America the laws in regard to coöperation are also liberal. By gradual development the principle has been reached for most civilized nations that freedom in trade means freedom to combine as well as freedom to compete. This was the situation in this country also when in 1890 the Sherman Law was enacted, and immediately the wheels, so far as combination was concerned, were turned back to the conditions of the middle ages. All combinations and contracts in restraint of trade were prohibited, and this applied to the latter even if limited in extent or confined in time. This national legislation led to an influenza of similar legislation in the states, and within a few years more than thirty states had passed statutes against combinations and contracts in restraint of trade, many of them even more drastic than the Sherman Law.

But I must proceed to the constructive side of the question before us, in the few minutes that remain to me. My proposal, gentlemen, is neither regulated competition, nor regulated monopoly, but freedom in competition, prohibition of monopoly, permission for coöperation, and regulation of the latter. It has been proposed that the concentrations in industry should be so divided that no one corporation shall have more than fifty per cent. of any business. That is Mr. Bryan's suggestion. In the case of the Stanley bill the presumption of the violation of the Sherman Law is against a corporation having more than thirty per cent.; this is understood to be Mr. Brandeis's suggestion; at least it agrees with the percentage he has mentioned in this connection.

Now, it makes no difference, whether the great combinations are broken up so that no one has more than fifty per cent. or thirty per cent. of a line of business, or so that there are

ten with ten per cent., or twenty with five per cent. The demonstration of this lies in the fact already cited, that thousands of farmers may coöperate in marketing their products, just as perfectly as do the five great manufacturers of steel. This they do in various parts of the country for fruit, for cotton and for other products. Some of the smarter state legislatures appreciate this situation, and in order to prevent the farmers from being hit by their anti-trust laws exempted the products of the lands so long as in the hands of the producers. This was true for Texas, Louisiana, Illinois, and South Dakota. You see the farmers have so many votes that they have to be dealt with gently when they form a trust. [Laughter.]

But naturally the United States courts declared these features unconstitutional, as being special legislation, and not giving equal protection under the laws. I venture to predict that it will not be so popular a political game to shout, "Bust the trusts" when the farmers understand that their trusts are also to be "busted."

Therefore, I believe, we shall ultimately permit coöperation. If we, however, retain freedom of competition, permit concentration sufficient to give efficiency, allow reasonable coöperation, and prevent monopoly, this will require regulation just as it has been necessary to regulate the railroads. This done, the Sherman Law will be forgotten.

Has there been any prosecution of the railroads for violations of the Sherman Act because of collusion in fixing rates? And yet every one of us here knows that they are just as flagrant violators of the Sherman Act as any other class of corporations in the United States. Are the freight rates the same for different roads between any two points? Are the passenger rates between New York and Chicago identical on all roads? Can you do better in price by traveling over the Pennsylvania than over the New York Central, or any other road? The rate is the same, provided the speed is the same. How does it happen that the roads all got together? Just by Providence, I suppose. It was doubtless by the providential act that these rates were fixed identically upon all the roads, under the same conditions, all over the country. [Laughter.]

Why is it that nobody proposes to indict the railroads for



collusion? Simply for the reason that the rates which they can charge are controlled by commissions, national and state. Nobody has any longer any wish to make them any further trouble, because the public is protected by its commissions. That is the sum of the whole matter. The railroads are just as much amenable to attack under the Sherman Act as any other combination in the United States, but when the railroads are giving reasonable rates, and are competing in giving reasonable service, even if the law is on the statute book and is the hallowed thing that has been described, the sense of official justice [laughter] is such that they are not attacked in the courts. Will the attorney-general of the United States or the attorney-general of this or any other state, bring suit against the railroads for conspiracy in fixing rates when the public is properly protected? I have not heard the proposal made anywhere.

However, it is a wrong condition when we have on the statute books a law of a kind which requires the officers of justice to close one eye, whenever they pass by the men in control of one great group of industry, and at the same moment see and prosecute other men not one whit more guilty. We ought to remedy the condition so that honorable business men shall not be in the position, the unfortunate position, of being technically violators of statutes which it is not advantageous from the public point of view to enforce. [Applause.]

I have not time to more than touch upon the necessary modification of the law; but the substance of my remedial proposal is that there be an interstate trade commission and state trade commissions, which shall have substantially the same powers to regulate coöperation in industry that the Interstate Commerce Commission and the state commerce commissions have in regard to the public utilities. [Applause.] It seems to me that the interstate and state commerce commissions and the administrative bodies for the pure-food laws point the way for the next constructive step in the development of the laws regulating industry. It would perhaps be chimerical, with public opinion as at present, to propose the repeal of the Sherman Act; but by amendments to this act the situation may be met. The Sherman Act can be left to apply, as defined by the Supreme Court, to monopoly. Un-

reasonable restraint of trade may be defined as monopolistic restraint of trade, and it is rather generally agreed that monopoly should be prohibited. To make the matter perfectly clear, another amendment should allow reasonable coöperation, but such coöperation should be under the watchful eyes of administrative commissions in order to protect the public.

In the moments that remain to me I cannot define all of the powers which these commissions should have. My idea is that they should exercise powers under broad, simple rules of law, and that detailed regulations should be formulated by the commissions. For instance, Mr. Brandeis and I would agree that unfair practices should be prohibited, and by unfair practices we mean what was meant by immoral practices in the common law. But the most vital point of the law should be this—that when the individual is wronged, through unreasonable prices or rebates or other discrimination, it should be the duty of a public commission to handle his case. The aggrieved individual should not be obliged to carry his case through the machinery of the courts; he should make complaint to an administrative commission, and it should become the duty of that commission representing the public, and him as a part of the public, to secure redress. This, while the greatest, is but one of the many advantages which may be gained through the establishment of trade commissions, national and state. [Applause.]

# LEW WALLACE

## RETURN OF THE FLAGS

[Address by General Lew Wallace, lawyer, soldier, author (born in Brookville, Ind., 1827; died, 1905), delivered at Indianapolis, Ind., July 4, 1866, on the occasion of the return to the State of the colors of all its commands that took part in the Civil War. A vast multitude was gathered at the ceremony, which was conducted with great splendor. To this presentation address of General Wallace the Governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, made an appropriate response.]

GOVERNOR:—The Soldiers' Association of the State have had it in mind to signalize in some especial manner the happy conclusion of the recent Civil War. This they have thought to accomplish by a ceremonious return of the colors with which their respective commands were entrusted: and, not without a dash of poetry, they have chosen this as a proper day for the celebration. For them, therefore, and for the great body of comrades, present and absent, whom they represent, I have the honor to give you back their flags, with the request that measures be taken by the next General Assembly to preserve them forever.

Sir, I shall never forget my first interview with you upon the subject of the war. It was a day or two after the fall of Sumter. The National Government had not recovered from that blow, and we were in nowise better off. You told me that the President had called for six regiments of volunteers from Indiana, and asked me to accept the Adjutant-Generalcy, and help you raise them, and I agreed to. It may be to our shame now, but truth requires the admission that we spoke of the matter then as one of doubt. The President hoped, yet feared, and so did we. Ah, sir, that there should have been a suspicion of our people or a dread that they would fail their Government! Yet had a prophet told us then what proportions the war would assume, what other quotas it would demand,

what others exhaust, I much fear we would not have been stout enough to put despair aside.

Now, I congratulate you upon the firmness with which you did your duty. I congratulate you also upon having a State whose people never failed their Governor. I return you the colors of thirteen regiments of cavalry, twenty-six batteries, and one hundred and fifty-six regiments of infantry. Have I not reason to congratulate you upon the glory acquired by our native State during your administration—a glory which you in a great part share—a glory which will live always?

Most of the flags I return are grandly historical. I would like to tell their stories separately, because it would so much enhance the renown of the brave men to whom they belonged: that, however, is impossible; time forbids it; or rather it is forbidden by the number of flags. As the next best way to gratify curiosity concerning them, it is arranged that the sacred relics shall each be displayed before the audience, accompanied with a recital of the principal battles in which they figured. Still, I must be permitted to indulge in a kind of recapitulatory reference to them. There may be some citizen present who does not realize how necessary his State was in the great work of suppressing the Rebellion—perhaps some soldier who has yet to learn what a hero he really was.

When the war began, the military fame of Indiana, as you remember, was under a cloud. It was in bad repute, particularly with the Southern people. Why? It is unnecessary to say. Such was the case. I allude to it now to call attention to the fact that those sections in which our repute was worst bear to-day the deepest marks of our armed presence. A little over five years ago on this very spot a gallant regiment was sworn to "Remember Buena Vista"; to-day it can be said, with a truth which the long array of storied flags shortly to be displayed will eloquently attest, the slander of Buena Vista has been more than remembered—it is avenged. By a chance, much grumbled at in the beginning by the soldiers, much complained of by the historian, whose narrative it sadly complicates, our regiments were more scattered than those of any other State. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there has not been in the five years a military department without one or more of them; nor an army corps that has not borne some of

them on its rolls; nor a great battle in which some of them have not honorably participated.

As true lovers of our brave native State, let us rejoice at that distribution. It enabled our soldiers to serve the Union everywhere; it enabled them to convince all foemen, as well as friends, of their courage, endurance, and patriotism; it is the means by which the name of Indiana is or will be written upon every battle monument—through its chances every victory, wherever or by whomsoever won, in any degree illustrative of Northern valor, is contributive to her glory.

Three of our regiments took part in the first battle of the war; while another, in view of the Rio Grande, fought its very last battle. The first regiment under Butler to land at the wharf at New Orleans was the 21st Indiana. The first flag over the bloody parapet at Fort Wagner, in front of Charleston, was that of the 13th Indiana. The first to show their stars from the embattled crest of Mission Ridge were those of the 79th and 86th Indiana. Two of our regiments helped storm Fort McAllister, down by Savannah. Another was amongst the first in the assaulting line at Fort Fisher. Another, converted into engineers, built all of Sherman's bridges from Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to the sea, and from the sea northward. Another, in line of battle on the beach of Hampton Roads, saw the frigate *Cumberland* sink to the harbor's bed rather than strike her flag to the *Merrimac*; and, looking from the same place next day, cheered, as never men cheered, at sight of the same *Merrimac* beaten by a single gun in the turret of Worden's little *Monitor*.

Others aided in the overthrow of the savages, red and rebel, at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. Three from Washington, across the Peninsula, within sight of Richmond evacuated, to Harrison's Landing, followed McClellan to his fathomless fall. Five were engaged in the salvation of Washington at Antietam. Four were with Burnside at Fredericksburg, where some of Kimball's Hoosiers were picked up lying nearer than all others to the pitiless embrasures. Five were at Chancellorsville where Stonewall Jackson took victory out of Hooker's hand and carried it with him to his grave. Six were almost annihilated at Gettysburg. One, an infantry regiment, marched nearly ten thousand miles; literally twice around the Rebellion,



fighting as it went. Four were part of the besom with which Sheridan swept the Shenandoah Valley.

Finally, when Grant, superseding Halleck, transferred his headquarters to the East, and began the last grand march against Richmond, four of our regiments, joined soon after by another, followed him faithfully, leaving their dead all along the way—in the Wilderness, at Laurel Hill, at Spottsylvania, at Po River, at North Anna River, at Bethesda Church, at Cold Harbor, in front of Petersburg, down to Clover Hill—down to the final halt in the war in which Lee yielded up the sword of the Rebellion.

Sir, it is my opinion that our regiments were all equally brave and patriotic; that some achieved a wider distinction than others, was because their opportunities were better and more frequent. Such being my belief, I hope to be forgiven if I stop here and make special mention of the 7th, 13th, 14th, 19th, and 20th regiments. Theirs was a peculiar lot. Throughout the war they served in the East as our representatives. Commanded entirely by Eastern officers, who were naturally less interested in them than in the people of their own States, it was their fate to be little mentioned in reports and seldom if ever heard of in Eastern papers. In fact, they were our lost children; as effectually lost in the mazes of the great Eastern campaigns as De Soto and his people were lost in the wilderness of the New World, and like them again, wandering here and there, never at rest, seldom halting except to fight. The survivors—alas! that they should come back to us so broken and so few—were in the service nearly five years, and of that time they lived quite three years on the march, in the trenches, in rifle-pits, “on the rough edge of battle,” or in its very heart.

But, sir, most of the flags returned to you belong to the regiments whose theater of operations cannot well be territorially described; whose lines of march were backward and forward, through fifteen States of the Union.

If one seeks the field in which the power of our State, as well as the valor of our people, had the finest exemplification, he must look to the West and South. I will not say that Indiana's contributions to the cause were indispensable to its final success. That would be unjust to the States more populous and wealthy

and equally devoted. But I will say, that her quotas precipitated the result; without them the war might yet be in full progress and doubtful.

Let us consider this proposition a moment. At Shiloh, Indiana had thirteen regiments; at Vicksburg, she had twenty-four; at Stone River, twenty-five; at Chickamauga, twenty-seven; at Mission Ridge, twenty; in the advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta, fifty; at Atlanta, Sherman divided them so that exactly twenty-five went with him down to the sea, while twenty-five marched back with Thomas, and were in at the annihilation of Hood at Nashville. What a record is thus presented! Ask Grant or Rosecrans or Sherman if from the beginning to the end of their operations there was a day for which they could have spared those regiments. No; without them, Bragg might yet be on Lookout Mountain; or Sherman still tilting like a Titan among the gorges of Kenesaw and Resaca; or, worse yet, Halleck, that only one of all our generals who never saw a battle, might be General-in-Chief, waiting for the success at Vicksburg to reduce him to his proper level—chief of an unnamed staff.

I regret that time limits me to such a meager analysis of the services of our soldiers. Still it is enough to challenge inquiry concerning them; enough at least to show you how sacred these flags are. I know you will receive them reverently. I know you will do all in your power to have them put where no enemy other than time can get at them. Yet, with shame be it said, there are men who deny their sanctity. We have neighbors, all of us, who see or affect to see in them nothing but hated symbols of venality, ambition, and murder. God pity such a wretched delusion! The conflict is gone, let us hope never to return; but what a sum of human hopes and promises was involved in it! What a sum of human good will result from it! Its conclusion was a renewal of our liberty—a proclamation of eventual liberty to all mankind—a yielding up forever of that unhallowed thing called Christian slavery.

Put them away tenderly. They are suggestive mementoes of a glorious cause magnificently maintained. They will serve many good purposes yet. In the years to come the soldiers will rally around them, not as formerly called from fitful slumbers by the picket's near alarm, or in the heat and fury of the deadly

combat; but in the calm of peace, and in the full enjoyment of all they struggled for. If only from habit, where the flags are the veterans will come; and they will look at them through tear-dimmed eyes, and tell where they flew on such a day; what well-remembered comrades bore them through such a fight; who were wounded; who died under them. If only to make the veterans glad, and enable them, it may be, in old age to renew their youth, and with each other to march their marches and fight their battles over again, I pray you put the holy relics safely away.

Sir, we do not realize the war just ended; we only remember it while in progress; we only think of it by piecemeal. Our most vivid impressions of it are derived from mere incidents. Not merely what is thought of it now, but what has been said and written about it is colored by the misconceptions, prejudices, and partialities of the hour. But this will be changed. The day will come when the volumes of facts now under lock and key and withheld from fear, affection, or policy will be exposed; and there will be historians to collate and refine them, and poets to exalt them, and artists to picture them, and philosophers to analyze their effects upon society, religion, and civilization.

Then, and not until then, will the struggle be wholly realized. Meantime it will grow in the estimation of each succeeding generation, and be continually more and more sanctified. And in those days mementoes will be in request. There are unjeweled swords, not worth the looking at now, that will be fortunes then. Bullets, gleaned by the plowman from famous fields, will wear shining labels in richest cabinets; and letters, at present not as valuable as old colonial deeds, will then be of inestimable *virtu* because they are originals from the hand of a Lincoln or a Grant, written in the crisis of the great Rebellion. In that day what a treasure will this collection of flags be to our successors! And what pilgrimages there will be to see the tattered, shot-torn, blood-stained fragments which streamed so often with more than a rainbow's beauty through the vanished clouds of the dreadful storm! And at sight of them, how men will be reminded of the thousand battles fought; of Shiloh, that tournament to the death in which the vaunting chivalry of the Southwest met for the first time the despised

chivalry of the Northwest and was overthrown in the very midst of a supposed victory; of Vicksburg, that operation the most daring in conception, most perfect in execution, and the most complete in results of modern warfare; of the advance to Atlanta, in which the genius of the general was so well supported by the splendid endurance of the soldier; and of the march to the sea, memorable chiefly as a cold, rigid, retributive triumph in which the horrors of a ruthless progress were so strangely blent with the prayers and blessings of a race raised so sublimely and after such ages of suffering from the plantation to the school, from slavery to freedom, from death to life!

You know, sir, how prone men are in prosperity to forget the pangs of adversity. Ordinarily, what cares the young spendthrift, happy in the waste of his father's fortune, for that father's life of toil and self-denial? It is to be hoped these flags will prevent such indifference on the part of our posterity. Think of them grouped all in one chamber! What descendant of a loyal man could enter it, and look upon them, and not feel the ancestral sacrifices they both attest and perpetuate? And when the foreigner, dreaming, it may be, of invasion or conquest, or ambition, political or military, more dangerous now than all the kings, shall come into their presence, as come they will; though they be not oppressed with reverence, or dumb-stricken with awe, as you and I and others like us may be, doubt not that they will go away wiser than they came; they will be reminded of what the Frenchman had not heard when he landed his legions on the palmy shore of Mexico; of what a ruler of England overlooked when he was willing to make haste to recognize the Rebellion; of what the trained leaders of the Rebellion themselves took not into account when they led their misguided followers into the fields of war; they will be reminded that this people, so given to peace, so devoted to trade, mechanics, agriculture, so occupied with schools and churches and a Government which does their will through the noiseless agency of the ballot-box, have yet when aroused a power of resistance sufficient for any need however great; that this nationality, yet in youth's first freshness, so like a hive of human bees—stand by it quietly and you will be charmed by its proofs of industry, its faculty of appli-



ance, its well-ordered labor; but touch it, shake it rudely, menace its population, or put them in fear, and they will pour from their cells an armed myriad whom there is no confronting—or rather that it is like the ocean, beautiful in calm, but irresistible in storm.

Fellow soldiers! Comrades: When we come visiting the old flags, and take out those more especially endeared to us because under them we each rendered our individual service, such as it was, we will not fail to be reminded of those other comrades—alas! too many to be named—who dropped one by one out of the ranks or the column to answer at roll-call nevermore; whose honorable discharges were given them by fever in the hospital or by a bullet in battle; whose bones lie in shallow graves in the cypress swamp, in the river's deepening bed, in the valley's Sabbath stillness, or on the mountain's breast, blackened now by tempests—human as well as elemental. For their sakes let us resolve to come here with every recurrence of this day, and bring the old colors to the sunlight, and carry them in procession, and salute them martially with roll of drums and thunder of guns. So will those other comrades of whom I speak know that they are remembered at least by us; and so will we be remembered by them.

In the armies of Persia there was a chosen band called the Immortals. They numbered ten thousand; their ranks were always full, and their place was near the person of the king. The old poets sing of this resplendent host as clad in richest armor, and bearing spears pointed with pomegranates of silver and gold. We, too, have our Immortals! Only ours wear uniforms of light, and they number more than ten times ten thousand, and instead of a king to serve, they have for leader and lover that man of God and the people, Lincoln, the martyr. On their rolls shine the heroic names without regard to such paltry distinctions as rank or state. Among them are no officers, no privates! In the bivouacs of Heaven they are all alike Immortals. Of such are Ellsworth, Baker, Wadsworth, Sedgwick and MacPherson. Of such, also, are our own Hackieman, Gerber, Tanner, Blinn, and Carroll, and that multitude of our soldiers who, victims of war, are now "at the front," while we are waiting "in reserve."



# BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

## PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

[Address by Professor Booker Taliaferro Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., since 1881 (born near Hale's Ford, Virginia, 1859; died, 1915), delivered at the opening of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., September 18, 1895.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND CITIZENS:—One third of the population of the South is of the Negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race when I say that in no way have the value and manhood of the American Negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this magnificent Exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition that will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom. Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of at the bottom; that a seat in Congress or the State Legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill; that the political convention or stump speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy-farm or truck-garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal: "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and

was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and fourth signal for water was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are"—cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. And in this connection it is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this Exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is, that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the production of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat, what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the 8,000,000 Negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests,

built your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding, and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the Negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Effort or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent. interest. These efforts will be twice-blessed—"blessing him that gives and him that takes."

There is no escape through law of man or God from the inevitable:—

The laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed;  
And close as sin and suffering joined  
We march to fate abreast.

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull against you the load downwards. We shall constitute one-third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third its intelligence and progress;

we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic.

Gentlemen of the Exposition, as we present to you our humble effort at an exhibition of our progress, you must not expect overmuch. Starting thirty years ago with ownership here and there in a few quilts and pumpkins and chickens, remember the path that has led from these to the inventions and production of agricultural implements, buggies, steam-engines, newspapers, books, statuary, carving, paintings, the management of drug stores and banks has not been trodden without contact with thorns and thistles. While we take pride in what we exhibit as a result of our independent efforts, we do not for a moment forget that our part in this exhibition would fall far short of your expectations but for the constant help that has come to our educational life, not only from the Southern States, but especially from Northern philanthropists, who have made their gifts a constant stream of blessing and encouragement.

The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing. No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercises of these privileges. The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory just now is worth infinitely more than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera-house.

In conclusion, may I repeat that nothing in thirty years has given us more hope and encouragement, and drawn us so near to you of the white race, as the opportunity offered by this Exposition; and here bending, as it were, over the altar that represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate problem which God has laid at the doors of the South you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of

my race; only let this be constantly in mind that, while from representations in these buildings of the product of field, of forest, of mine, of factory, letters, and art, much good will come: yet far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good, that let us pray God will come, in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, in a determination to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of law. This, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.

## THE AMERICAN STANDARD

[Address by Prof. Booker Taliaferro Washington at the Harvard Alumni gathering, Cambridge, June 24, 1896, after receiving the honorary degree of Master of Arts from the University.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—It would in some measure relieve my embarrassment if I could, even in a slight degree, feel myself worthy of the great honor which you do me to-day. Why you have called me from the Black Belt of the South, from among my humble people, to share in the honors of this occasion, is not for me to explain; and yet it may not be inappropriate for me to suggest that it seems to me that one of the most vital questions that touch our American life, is how to bring the strong, wealthy, and learned into helpful touch with the poorest, most ignorant, and humble, and at the same time make the one appreciate the vitalizing, strengthening influence of the other. How shall we make the mansions on yon Beacon Street feel and see the need of the spirits in the lowliest cabin in Alabama cotton-fields or Louisiana sugar-bottoms? This problem Harvard University is solving, not by bringing itself down, but by bringing the masses up.

If through me, a humble representative, seven millions of my people in the South might be permitted to send a message to Harvard—Harvard that offered up on death's altar, young Shaw, and Russell, and Lowell and scores of others, that we might have a free and united country—that message would be,



"Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain. Tell them that by the way of the shop, the field, the skilled hand, habits of thrift and economy, by way of industrial school and college, we are coming. We are crawling up, working up, yea, bursting up. Often through oppression, unjust discrimination, and prejudice, but through them all we are coming up, and with proper habits, intelligence, and property, there is no power on earth that can permanently stay our progress."

If my life in the past has meant anything in the lifting up of my people and the bringing about of better relations between your race and mine, I assure you from this day it will mean doubly more. In the economy of God, there is but one standard by which an individual can succeed—there is but one for a race. This country demands that every race measure itself by the American standard. By it a race must rise or fall, succeed or fail, and in the last analysis mere sentiment counts for little. During the next half century and more, my race must continue passing through the severe American crucible. We are to be tested in our patience, our forbearance, our perseverance, our power to endure wrong, to withstand temptations, to economize, to acquire and use skill; our ability to compete, to succeed in commerce, to disregard the superficial for the real, the appearance for the substance, to be great and yet small, learned and yet simple, high and yet the servant of all. This, this is the passport to all that is best in the life of our Republic, and the Negro must possess it, or be debarred.

While we are thus being tested, I beg of you to remember that wherever our life touches yours, we help or hinder. Wherever your life touches ours, you make us stronger or weaker. No member of your race in any part of our country can harm the meanest member of mine, without the proudest and bluest blood in Massachusetts being degraded. When Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime, and in so much lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape—man drags man down, or man lifts man up.

In working out our destiny, while the main burden and center of activity must be with us, we shall need in a large measure in the years that are to come as we have in the past, the help, the encouragement, the guidance that the strong can

give the weak. Thus helped, we of both races in the South soon shall throw off the shackles of racial and sectional prejudices and rise as Harvard University has risen and as we all should rise, above the clouds of ignorance, narrowness, and selfishness, into that atmosphere, that pure sunshine, where it will be our highest ambition to serve man, our brother, regardless of race or previous condition.

# FRANCES WILLARD

## WORK FOR HUMANITY

[Miss Willard (born in 1839, died in 1898) became Secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1874. As editor, author, and speaker, she was a great leader in the prohibition movement. The selection given here is the conclusion of her address before the seventeenth convention of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union at Atlanta, Georgia, 1890.]

I WISH we were all more thorough students of the mighty past, for we should thus be rendered braver prophets of the future, and more cheerful workers in the present. History shows us with what tenacity the human race survives. Earthquake, famine, and pestilence have done their worst, but over them rolls a healing tide of years and they are lost to view; on sweeps the great procession, and hardly shows a scar. Rulers around whom clustered new forms of civilization pass away; but greater men succeed them. Nations are rooted up; great hopes seem blighted; revolutions rise and rivers run with the blood of patriots; the globe itself seems headed toward the abyss; new patriots are born; higher hopes bloom out like stars; humanity emerges from the dark ages vastly ahead of what it was on entering that cave of gloom, and ever the right comes uppermost; and now is Christ's kingdom nearer than when we first believed.

Only those who have not studied history lose heart in great reforms; only those unread in the biography of genius imagine themselves to be original. Except in the realm of material invention, there is nothing new under the sun. There is no reform which some great soul has not dreamed of centuries ago; there is not a doctrine that some father of the Church did not set forth. The Greek philosophers and early Christian Fathers boxed the compass once for all; we may take over choice of what they have left on record. Let us then learn a wise humility, but at the same time a humble wisdom, as we

remember that there are but two classes of men—one which declares that our times are the worst the world has seen, and another which claims our times as best—and he who claims this, all revelation, all science, all history witnesses is right and will be right forevermore.

The introspective is not the beautiful life. Suppose the eye should set out to see itself, the ear to hear itself! No, these organs are only in their normal use when applied to the outward world; and the soul is normal only when joined on to God and Humanity—its natural correlates, the atmosphere of its lungs, the air to its wings, the love for its heart. Introspective is the last infirmity of noble minds, it is repression's penalty and life's distemper; it reverses the soul's enginery and sets it grinding on itself. Let us rather fling ourselves out into the thickening battle; let us live the life of action which is the only true and happy life. Men tell us God is force—nay, He is that purposed force behind all forces, that combines head, hand and heart; God is action—let us be like God. God's word constantly sets before us images of vigor, of action, of power. Women need to study this; they need translating out of the passive into the active voice; out of aimless reverie and into resolute aim. The Women's Christian Temperance Union has no higher, holier mission than to help bring this about. The most perfect eye is the one of which its possessor is most unconscious except that he knows how well it sees. The most perfect ear is that of which its possessor is most unconscious except that he knows how well it hears. This which is true in detail is just as true in the wholeness of one's life. A morbid self-consciousness is the greatest hindrance to any heart. Man is like an engine—the greater and more perfect, the less conscious is it of its parts, but more conscious of its power. The Corliss engine swings its great levers and turns its mighty wheels a thousand times more quietly than the rattling little freight.

The most normal and the most perfect human being is the one who most thoroughly addresses himself to the activity of his best powers, gives himself most thoroughly to the world around him, flings himself out into the midst of humanity, and is so preoccupied by his own beneficent reaction on the world that he is practically unconscious of a separate existence. In-

trospection and retrospection were good for the cloister; but the uplook, the outlook and the onlook are alone worthy the modern Christian. To change the figure, a normal Christian stands in the midst of a great, beautiful and varied landscape. It is the landscape of beneficent work. Above him reaches the boundless skies, brilliant with the stars of God and Heaven.

Love and friendship form a beautiful rainbow over his landscape and reach up toward his sky. But the only two great environments of the soul are work for humanity and faith in God. Those wounded in love will find that affection, dear and vital as it is, comes to us not as the whole of life, not as its wide wondrous landscape of the earth, not as its beautiful vision of the sky, but as its beautiful embellishments, its rainbow fair and sweet. But were it gone there would still remain the two greatest and most satisfying pictures on which the soul can gaze—humanity and God.



# LEONARD WOOD

## NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS

[General Wood was born in Winchester, N. H., in 1860, and graduated M.D. at Harvard in 1884. He became Asst. Surgeon U. S. A. in 1886, commanding Colonel of the Rough Riders in the Spanish War, Major General of Volunteers, in 1899, Military Governor of Cuba from 1899 to 1902, Major General U. S. A. 1903. He was chief of staff U. S. A. 1910-1914, and as commander Dept. of the East, 1914-1917, was active in urging preparedness for war, and in organizing the Plattsburg Camp. In 1920 he was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for president. Since 1921 he has been Governor General of the Philippine Islands. The following speech was delivered before the New York Chamber of Commerce on March 22, 1916.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, MR. CHOATE AND GENTLEMEN.—Mr. Choate has told you to give this question of preparedness your most serious thought. If I were going to suggest a change in anything which Mr. Choate has said (and I should make such suggestion with great reluctance) it would be in the line of a slight change in his suggestion and to urge upon you that the time has come not only for serious thought but for action; the time has come to do something.

Of course, you understand my position here—there are a great many things that I cannot talk to you about at all. I came to this meeting to say what I can say with propriety, and nothing more. It is understood, I am sure, by all men of your kind, type and education, that it is a great deal better to get ready for war and not have war, than it is to have war and not be ready for it. This is the proposition that stands out before the American people to-day. You are all men of business and you know a great deal better than I do that it is impossible to do certain things without time for preparation. Willingness and money, while they are great forces for accomplishment, are not of themselves sufficient without the element of time.

Preparation for war requires a great deal of time and it requires a tremendous amount of organization—that you all understand.

Remember for a moment that the proposition which is put up to us soldiers is on a line with one which would be put up to you if you were asked to go out into the street and fill up your business houses, your factories, or whatever business you are engaged in with men who had no instruction whatever, no familiarity concerning them. You would hesitate at the proposition; it would mean ruin and disaster and all that sort of thing, but it means nothing more in your business than it means with the military affairs of the nation. We cannot take a million or two of men, despite the splendid promise of a former great statesman, and make them soldiers between daylight and dark; to attempt that sort of thing is simply murder. It would mean the destruction of tens of thousands of men and certainly ruin to the nation that depended upon that kind of preparation. We must take up this whole question from the foundation. It is a question of organization, organization thorough, far-reaching and complete. Of course we must do immediately the things we can do:—the increase of the regular army, the absolute and complete federalization of the militia, its conversion into a federal force, into a United States force, and its complete severance from the state as a state force, except perhaps under certain conditions of sudden and grave emergency such as would render the use of the United States troops proper and necessary; the immediate provision of reserves of men and material. Those things must be done and done quickly; but there is a much deeper foundation which must be laid—you must build up in this country a general sense of citizenship obligation. You cannot maintain a free democracy or representative government on any basis in which a mercenary military establishment plays the vital part in national defense. You must have a paid army for the everyday needs of the nation; but you must adopt some system which rests upon the basic principle on which this and every other democracy stands, has stood and always will stand if it is to resist any severe strain or go through any great crisis; and that is the basic principle that manhood suffrage means manhood obligation for service. [Applause.] It may not

be service in the line with a rifle in hand; it may be service as a minister of finance; it may be service as a surgeon back of the line; it may be as an aviator, or a pilot of transports, or a maker of munitions—it may be one of a thousand different things; but somewhere everyone has a place, if of the right age and physically fit, and he must know where that place is and the government must know what his qualifications are. All these little makeshifts of a few regiments here and a few guns there amount to almost nothing except as a stopgap. They are all right for the demands of peace but they mean very little as preparation for the strain of a great war.

You will remember during the Civil War, when the population was only one-third of what it is at present, we had over four million men in the armies, in the North and South, and we had 127,000 officers in the Northern Army and about 65,000 in the Southern Army, nearly 200,000; in other words, trained officers. Officers must be trained in times of peace, a very large proportion of them, and that is why we are asking for a corps of 50,000 reserve officers. It sounds like a lot, but it is very little when you think of the call to be made upon them.

We have recommended a million and a half of citizen soldiers, that is, men trained to come in behind the regular army and militia in case of trouble. Fifty thousand officers will be needed to officer them. This is one of the reasons why we are asking for a reserve corps of 50,000 officers. We must prepare them in time of peace.

I think Congress is going to give us this number. My personal opinion is we must eventually adopt some system not unlike the Swiss and the Australian, under which all of our youth, all our men, will receive a basic military training which will make it possible for them to become quickly, reasonably efficient soldiers. This republic can never maintain a standing army big enough to insure its security in time of real war. We never yet have had a war with a first class power prepared for war which we have waged unaided. It is an experience entirely ahead of us.

War to-day is based upon organization, organization of the resources of a nation. It includes organization of industry and many other things, and it rests upon the organization of

public sentiment—that is the big result we must work for, and it is some distance ahead of us.

There is another aspect of this moral organization quite apart from the military side, and that is the value on the citizenship side. We are taking in enormous numbers of alien people. They come in racial groups, they live in racial groups and they go to racial schools and are fed by a dialect press. We native born citizens have very little contact with them and do little to make them good citizens. I think some system of universal training would have a great influence in this direction. If we put ourselves shoulder to shoulder with these newcomers in a common cause, and that cause is preparation to defend the country, it will go a long way towards building up national solidarity and making real citizens of all concerned.

The men who have been at Plattsburg represent all classes from great wealth to the laboring class, and yet no man who has been there will ever look upon any other man there as belonging to a class apart—they have all worn the same clothes and they are all branded with the same brand, and that brand is the brand of the American man who has been trying to do something to help his country, something to fit himself to discharge his obligations as a citizen of a democracy in case his services should be needed in war. The work these men did altogether shoulder to shoulder has had a tremendous influence not only for preparedness but for better citizenship.

If we desire to protect this country effectively we must adopt, and promptly, some form of universal military training under which we can build up an adequate force of citizen soldiers to meet the demands of modern war. These men must be trained under conditions which interfere as little as possible with their educational and economic careers. We can do it and the result will be not only an adequate measure of preparation but it will give us a much better class of citizenship.

There are many things which give all of us who are at all thoughtful occasion for grave anxiety. Many of you gentlemen have been connected directly or indirectly with the great munitions contracts growing out of the present war and you all know how desperate the struggle has been to turn out arms and munitions; you know how vitally defective our equipment

has been in many instances. We have been able up to date to accomplish very little on many lines of effort. You all realize how few rifles have actually been built even after a year and a half of uninterrupted effort. In some instances we are just turning out the first samples. You appreciate the fact that our industrial organization is very imperfect. You realize that we could not make machines for the making of weapons because the amount of high speed tool steel was lacking. You appreciate some of you that the shortage of high speed tool steel was in a way dependent upon a shortage of certain kinds of tungsten, antimony and other things. Some of you appreciate the fact that we cannot make the best class of armor plate in large quantities because we have not the necessary tungsten to put into it. Many of you realize that chemistry to-day is one of the great factors in war and yet our chain of chemical resources is broken every few links. Take nitrates for instance, the very basis of our high explosives. We procure all our nitrate from Chile. We should be out of it in a very, very short period of time if we lost sea control. Here is a case in which we must take steps to provide nitrogen from another source. European countries have been doing it for a long time. We must take up the question of producing nitrogen from the air; in other words, we must develop our chemical resources.

War is not a matter of getting a certain number of men together in these days and putting arms in their hands and having a band march them out of town. War is opposing the organized might of a nation by the organized strength of your own, and you cannot do this in any happy-go-lucky way.

No amount of money, no amount of willingness, no number of men, unless there is organization, preparation and time for it, amount to much. One of my officers, speaking of the value of undeveloped military resources to some patriotic gentleman who was describing our resources in men, money and material, said that unorganized, undeveloped resources are of no more value in the onrush of a modern war than an undeveloped gold mine in Alaska in a Wall Street crisis. That is just about the situation. The fact that there are great numbers of men in this country means little in the way of defense unless these men are trained, equipped and organized.



Some of you gentlemen are connected with great railroads employing possibly from 100,000 to 200,000 men in different capacities. What would you think of a proposition which involved your putting 200,000 untrained men in charge of one of these great roads, men picked up without reference to antecedent, training or present qualifications? You would see ahead of you nothing but disaster. And yet you expect us in the military service to accept a million or more untrained, uninstructed, unequipped, unorganized men and in the short period of time which conditions of organization on the part of all our possible enemies would give to us to so prepare these men that they may meet equally intelligent men, men their equals in physique, men who have been trained, organized and equipped and who are led by thoroughly trained and well instructed officers. You know as business men that this proposition is impossible. We cannot accomplish the training and organization necessary to meet the conditions of modern war without time. Spread-eagleism and hot air are not a secure foundation for national defense. [Applause.] We need time just as you need it to build up a great business and to organize it. We must have time to train these men, to build up their physique, to develop leaders, to make the munitions and arms they will need and to teach the men to use these arms. War is of all games one in which team work counts, and yet you expect us to put into the field a million or more men and have them ready in a few days. You must realize that this is absolutely impossible, knowing as you do how quickly modern war comes. You have seen something of its onset recently. It is a matter of days rather than weeks or months.

Our early Presidents were patriotic men of sound judgment. You will find that they urged in almost every message sound measures of preparedness. They told us in effect that the best insurance for peace is preparation for war. If their advice was good in those days when the ocean was a real barrier, when it took months to get troops across the sea, when no nation in Europe had a large, well equipped army organized and prepared for oversea service, when the weapons of war were few and easy to learn to use, when our own forefathers knew something about the use of arms, when our territory was limited in area and we possessed no colonies, when our com-

merce was small, how much more important is preparation when steam has divided time and distance by ten, when every great power except China and ourselves, and I speak literally in this particular, is well organized and has the transport for oversea operations, when the weapons of war are intricate machines requiring a long time in their manufacture and a still longer time to become familiar with, when our people are absolutely unskilled in the use of arms, when our territory stretches from the Caribbean to the coast of China, when our wealth is enormous and our commerce aggressive and spreading all over the world. It does not seem to me that any argument is needed to convince men of ordinary intelligence that under the new conditions preparation is more important than ever before. It seems almost an insult to have to tell intelligent men these things. They are self-evident to the most casual student of affairs. If any of you gentlemen will sit down and consider carefully and thoughtfully the problem which would confront the United States in case of hostilities, the great problem of defense, and attempt to solve it, I think the need of action will be brought home to you very quickly. The dangers of the situation and the need of thorough organization and preparation are clearly evident to every one who has given this matter even the most superficial consideration.

Such weapons as the federal government has must be its weapons and not the weapons of any state nor under even a limited degree of state control. Those who know the militia and understand and appreciate the handicaps under which it labors realize that it has done all that could be expected under a fatally defective system, a system which makes a high degree of efficiency absolutely impossible. The officers and men are good. The regular army to-day put under administrative control of forty-eight different governors would soon cease to be a dependable force. The militia should be transferred absolutely to federal control. Attempts to continue control by the states and provide control by the federal government in time of emergency through dual oaths of enlistment will not, in my opinion, accomplish what we desire, which is a militia that is federal, whose control is vested absolutely in the federal government and whose instruction, discipline and personnel

are federal and not state matters. In time of emergency we want men and not lawsuits. We want a weapon which is certain and dependable. In my opinion, not less than ninety per cent. and perhaps more of the personnel of the militia want to establish such a condition as I have outlined above. They desire earnestly to be federal soldiers.

I have just returned from Texas and I found everywhere among the militia a strong sentiment for transfer to federal control. We must have a regular army adequate for the peace needs of the nation, which includes the garrisoning of our oversea possessions, an adequate mobile force at home and adequate coast artillery for our seacoast defenses. We must also have an absolutely first class navy ready at all times for immediate and effective action.

Gentlemen, to accomplish these ends requires time. Time is a great and determining element. The fact that we have unlimited resources in the way of men and money is an assurance only to those who do not understand that neither men nor money are of much value without time for organization and preparation. Our condition is understood thoroughly by all nations. Generally speaking it is more thoroughly understood by the intelligent observers of foreign nations than it is by the people of this great republic. Foreign nations appreciate the value of time and they know how much of it we need in order to complete our organization. If you made up your mind to attack a man and realized that he is absolutely unready you are not apt to give him time to prepare to meet you successfully. If any nation makes up its mind to attack us it is not going to give us time to get ready.

We must take an intelligent and business-like view of the situation. The army and the navy do cost a good deal but they are relatively small items compared with many others which are not as necessary for our safety. We pay every year more for automobile tires than we do for the army, some sixty millions more. For the building and maintenance of our automobile establishment as a whole we pay about seven and a half times as much as we do for the army and navy combined. What we spend for the army and navy is in the form of an insurance, an insurance in case we are involved in war and at

all times an insurance against it because it means preparation, and preparation is the strongest influence for peace. It is the strong, well prepared nation that determines whether issues are to be settled by arbitration or war. Congress will do whatever the people of this country want it to do. The whole proposition is squarely up to the people of this country.

We officers of the army and navy are looked upon sometimes as extremists and as professional fanatics but we are not so. We are your professional servants employed as are your engineers, doctors and lawyers. Our business is to do what we can in the way of organizing and training the elements of defense and recommending what should be provided. We do not want to see your sons and your young men thrown into war willing but unprepared and unready. Such a procedure is simply murder, not only murder but wanton murder, because it can only result from deliberate neglect and failure to heed conditions which exist to-day and to take heed from the lessons of all time. It is gross and brutal disregard of human life.

We as officers of the army and navy are simply citizens of the republic like yourselves. We have the same interests. We have our families, our small properties, our rights as citizens; and we are no more desirous of war than you are and we understand much better its horrors and dangers. When we urge preparation and give you the reasons for it we are simply giving you professional advice, advice based upon some experience and a great deal of study.

People tell you a nation cannot be prepared without becoming aggressive. Such a statement to our people is an insult. We can be ready and be conservative. We can be prepared and at the same time exercise self restraint. We can be strong without being vicious. The plain lessons of the moment written in language which even he who runs can read is that we must be prepared and be prepared quickly. It is true that preparation is going to cost money. We must pay for it. We have done little in the way of preparation for many years. The responsibility for this condition does not rest upon any particular group of men. It is a condition which has been growing up for years. But new conditions and new responsibilities have come up and we must meet them. That is all there is about it. [Loud and continued applause.]

# EMILE ZOLA

## APPEAL FOR DREYFUS

[Address by Emile Zola, novelist (born in Paris, April 2, 1840; died, 1902), delivered to the jury at his trial for libel in connection with the Dreyfus case, Paris, February 21, 1898.]

IN the Chamber at the sitting of January 22, M. Meline, the Prime Minister, declared, amid the frantic applause of his complaisant majority, that he had confidence in the twelve citizens to whose hands he intrusted the defense of the army. It was of you, gentlemen, that he spoke. And just as General Billot dictated its decision to the court martial intrusted with the acquittal of Major Esterhazy, by appealing from the tribune for respect for the *chose jugée*, so likewise M. Meline wished to give you the order to condemn me out of respect for the army which he accuses me of having insulted!

I denounce to the conscience of honest men this pressure brought to bear by the constituted authorities upon the justice of the country. These are abominable political maneuvers, which dishonor a free nation. We shall see, gentlemen, whether you will obey.

But it is not true that I am here in your presence by the will of M. Meline. He yielded to the necessity of prosecuting me only in great trouble, in terror of the new step which the advancing truth was about to take. This everybody knew. If I am before you, it is because I wished it. I alone decided that this obscure, this abominable affair, should be brought before your jurisdiction, and it is I alone of my free will who chose you,—you, the loftiest, the most direct emanation of French justice,—in order that France might at last know all, and give her opinion. My act had no other object, and my person is of no account. I have sacrificed it, in order to place in your hands not only the honor of the army, but the imperiled honor of the nation.



It appears that I was cherishing a dream in wishing to offer you all the proofs: considering you to be the sole worthy, the sole competent judge. They have begun by depriving you with the left hand of what they seemed to give you with the right. They pretended, indeed, to accept your jurisdiction, but if they had confidence in you to avenge the members of the court martial, there were still other officers who remained superior even to your jurisdiction. Let who can, understand It is absurdity doubled with hypocrisy, and it is abundantly clear that they dreaded your good sense,—that they dared not run the risk of letting us tell all and of letting you judge the whole matter. They pretend that they wished to limit the scandal. What do you think of this scandal? Of my act, which consisted in bringing the matter before you,—in wishing the people, incarnate in you, to be the judge? They pretend also that they could not accept a revision in disguise, thus confessing that in reality they have but one dread, that of your sovereign control. The law has in you its entire representation, and it is this law of the people elect that I have wished for,—this law which, as a good citizen, I hold in profound respect, and not the suspicious procedure whereby they hoped to make you a derision.

I am thus excused, gentlemen, for having brought you here from your private affairs without being able to inundate you with the full flood of light of which I dreamed. The light, the whole light,—this was my sole, my passionate desire! And this trial has just proved it. We have had to fight—step by step—against an extraordinarily obstinate desire for darkness. A battle has been necessary to obtain every atom of truth. Everything has been refused us. Our witnesses have been terrorized in the hope of preventing us from proving our point. And it is on your behalf alone that we have fought, that this proof might be put before you in its entirety, so that you might give your opinion without remorse in your consciences. I am certain, therefore, that you will give us credit for our efforts, and that, moreover, sufficient light has been thrown upon the affair.

You have heard the witnesses; you are about to hear my counsel, who will tell you the true story: the story that maddens everybody and which no one knows. I am, therefore,

at my ease. You have the truth at last, and it will do its work. M. Meline thought to dictate your decision by intrusting to you the honor of the army. And it is in the name of the honor of the army that I too appeal to your justice.

I give M. Meline the most direct contradiction. Never have I insulted the army. I spoke, on the contrary, of my sympathy, my respect for the nation in arms, for our dear soldiers of France, who would rise at the first menace to defend the soil of France. And it is just as false that I attacked the chiefs, the generals who would lead them to victory. If certain persons at the War Office have compromised the army itself by their acts, is it to insult the whole army to say so? Is it not rather to act as a good citizen to separate it from all that compromises it, to give the alarm, so that the blunders which alone have been the cause of our defeat shall not occur again, and shall not lead us to fresh disaster?

I am not defending myself, moreover. I leave history to judge my act, which was a necessary one; but I affirm that the army is dishonored when gendarmes are allowed to embrace Major Esterhazy after the abominable letters written by him. I affirm that that valiant army is insulted daily by the bandits who, on the plea of defending it, sully it by their degrading championship,—who trail in the mud all that France still honors as good and great. I affirm that those who dishonor that great national army are those who mingle cries of “Vive l’armée!” with those of “A bas les juifs!” and “Vive Esterhazy!” Grand Dieu! the people of St. Louis, of Bayard, of Condé, and of Hoche: the people which counts a hundred great victories, the people of the great wars of the Republic and the Empire, the people whose power, grace, and generosity have dazzled the world, crying “Vive Esterhazy!” It is a shame the stain of which our efforts on behalf of truth and justice can alone wash off!

You know the legend which has grown up: Dreyfus was condemned justly and legally by seven infallible officers, whom it is impossible even to suspect of a blunder without insulting the whole army. Dreyfus expiates in merited torments his abominable crime. And as he is a Jew, a Jewish syndicate is formed, an international *sans patrie* syndicate, disposing of hundreds of millions, the object of which is to save the traitor

at any price, even by the most shameless intrigues. And thereupon this syndicate began to heap crime on crime: buying consciences, casting France into a disastrous agitation, resolved on selling her to the enemy, willing even to drive all Europe into a general war rather than renounce its terrible plan.

It is very simple, nay childish, if not imbecile. But it is with this poisoned bread that the unclean Press has been nourishing our people now for some months. And it is not surprising if we are witnessing a dangerous crisis; for when folly and lies are thus sown broadcast you necessarily reap insanity.

Gentlemen, I would not insult you by supposing that you have yourselves been duped by this nursery tale. I know you; I know who you are. You are the heart and the reason of Paris, of my great Paris; where I was born, which I love with an infinite tenderness, which I have been studying and writing of now for forty years. And I know likewise what is now passing in your brains; for, before coming to sit here as defendant, I sat here on the bench where you are now. You represent there the average opinion; you try to illustrate prudence and justice in the mass. Soon I shall be in thought with you in the room where you deliberate, and I am convinced that your effort will be to safeguard your interests as citizens, which are, of course, the interests of the whole nation. You may make a mistake, but you will do so in the thought that while securing your own weal you are securing the weal of all.

I see you at your homes at evening under the lamp; I hear you talk with your friends; I accompany you into your factories and shops. You are all workers—some tradesmen, others manufacturers, some exercising liberal professions. And your very legitimate anxiety is the deplorable state into which business has fallen. Everywhere the present crisis threatens to become a disaster. The receipts fall off; transactions become more and more difficult. So that the idea which you have brought here, the thought which I read in your countenances, is that there has been enough of this and that it must be ended. You have not gone the length of saying, like many: "What matters it that an innocent man is at the Ile du Diable? Is the interest of a single man worth this disturbing a great country?" But you say, nevertheless, that the agitation which

we are raising, we who hunger for truth and justice, costs too dear! And if you condemn me, gentlemen, it is that thought which will be at the bottom of your verdict. You desire tranquility for your homes, you wish for the revival of business, and you may think that by punishing me you will stop a campaign which is injurious to the interests of France.

Well, gentlemen, if that is your idea, you are entirely mistaken. Do me the honor of believing that I am not defending my liberty. By punishing me you would only magnify me. Whoever suffers for truth and justice becomes august and sacred. Look at me. Have I the look of a hireling, of a liar, and a traitor? Why should I be playing a part? I have behind me neither political ambition nor sectarian passion. I am a free writer, who has given his life to labor; who to-morrow will reënter the ranks and resume his suspended task. And how stupid are those who call me an Italian;—me, born of a French mother, brought up by grandparents in the Beauce, peasants of that vigorous soil; me, who lost my father at seven years of age, who did not go to Italy till I was fifty-four. And yet, I am proud that my father was from Venice,—the resplendent city whose ancient glory sings in all memories. And even if I were not French, would not the forty volumes in the French language, which I have sent by millions of copies throughout the world, suffice to make me a Frenchman?

So I do not defend myself. But what a blunder would be yours if you were convinced that by striking me you would re-establish order in our unfortunate country. Do you not understand now that what the nation is dying of is the obscurity in which there is such an obstinate determination to leave it? The blunders of those in authority are being heaped upon those of others; one lie necessitates another, so that the mass is becoming formidable. A judicial blunder was committed, and then to hide it a fresh crime against good sense and equity has had daily to be committed! The condemnation of an innocent man has involved the acquittal of a guilty man, and now to-day you are asked in turn to condemn me because I gave utterance to my pain beholding our country embarked on this terrible course. Condemn me, then! But it will be one more fault added to the others—a fault the burden of which you will bear in history. And my condemnation, instead of restoring the



peace for which you long, and which we all of us desire, will be only a fresh seed of passion and disorder. The cup, I tell you, is full; do not make it run over!

Why do you not exactly estimate the terrible crisis through which the country is passing? They say that we are the authors of the scandal, that it is lovers of truth and justice who are leading the nation astray, and urging it to riot. Really this is a mockery! To speak only of General Gillot—was he not warned eighteen months ago? Did not Colonel Picquart insist that he should take in hand the matter of revision, if he did not wish the storm to burst and overturn everything! Did not M. Scheurer-Kestner, with tears in his eyes, beg him to think of France, and save her from such a catastrophe? No! our desire has been to facilitate everything, to allay everything: and if the country is now in trouble, the responsibility lies with the power, which, to cover the guilty, and in the furtherance of political interests, has denied everything, hoping to be strong enough to prevent the truth from being shed. It has maneuvered in behalf of darkness, and it alone is responsible for the present distraction of conscience!

The Dreyfus case! ah, gentlemen, that has now become a very small affair. It is lost and far-away in view of the terrifying questions to which it has given rise. There is no longer any Dreyfus case. The question now is whether France is still the France of the rights of man, the France that gave freedom to the world, and that ought to give it justice. Are we still the most noble, the most fraternal, the most generous nation? Shall we preserve our reputation in Europe for equity and humanity? Are not all the victories that we have won called in question? Open your eyes, and understand that, to be in such confusion, the French soul must have been stirred to its depths in face of a terrible danger. A nation cannot be thus upset without imperiling its moral existence. This is an exceptionally serious hour; the safety of the nation is at stake.

And when you shall have understood that, gentlemen, you will feel that but one remedy is possible,—to tell the truth, to do justice. Anything that keeps back the light, anything that adds darkness to darkness, will only prolong and aggravate the crisis. The rôle of good citizens, of those who feel it to be imperatively necessary to put an end to this matter, is to de-



mand broad daylight. There are already many who think so. The men of literature, philosophy, and science are rising on every hand in the name of intelligence and reason. And I do not speak of the foreigner, of the shudder that has run through all Europe. Yet the foreigner is not necessarily the enemy. Let us not speak of the nations that may be our adversaries to-morrow. Great Russia, our ally, little and generous Holland; all the sympathetic peoples of the north; those lands of the French tongue, Switzerland and Belgium,—why are men's hearts so full, so overflowing with fraternal suffering? Do you dream then of a France isolated in the world? When you cross the frontier, do you wish them to forget your traditional renown for equity and humanity?

Dreyfus is innocent. I swear it! I stake my life on it—my honor! At this solemn moment, in the presence of this tribunal, which is the representative of human justice: before you, gentlemen, who are the very incarnation of the country, before the whole of France, before the whole world, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By my forty years of work, by the authority that this toil may have given me, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By the name I have made for myself, by my works which have helped for the expansion of French literature, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. May all that melt away, may my works perish, if Dreyfus be not innocent! He is innocent. All seems against me—the two Chambers, the civil authority, the most widely-circulated journals, the public opinion which they have poisoned. And I have for me only the ideal,—an ideal of truth and justice. But I am quite calm; I shall conquer. I was determined that my country should not remain the victim of lies and injustice. I may be condemned here. The day will come when France will thank me for having helped to save her honor.









